# Liberty

SEPT. 21, 1946 10c

## Book:

## THE FOXES OF HARROW

Best-selling novel of passion in New Orleans

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## TEN WAYS TO LABOR PEACE

RESERVE
At its pre-war best
THREE FEATHERS
Blended Whiskey
RESERVE

## For brighter Parties . . .

Gracious host, smart company, exciting food and Manhattans made with *Three Feathers! It's the finest-tasting Three Feathers in 63 years*... smoother, lighter, richer than ever. It makes a Manhattan a gourmet's delight!

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*Reserve*
First Among Fine Whiskies

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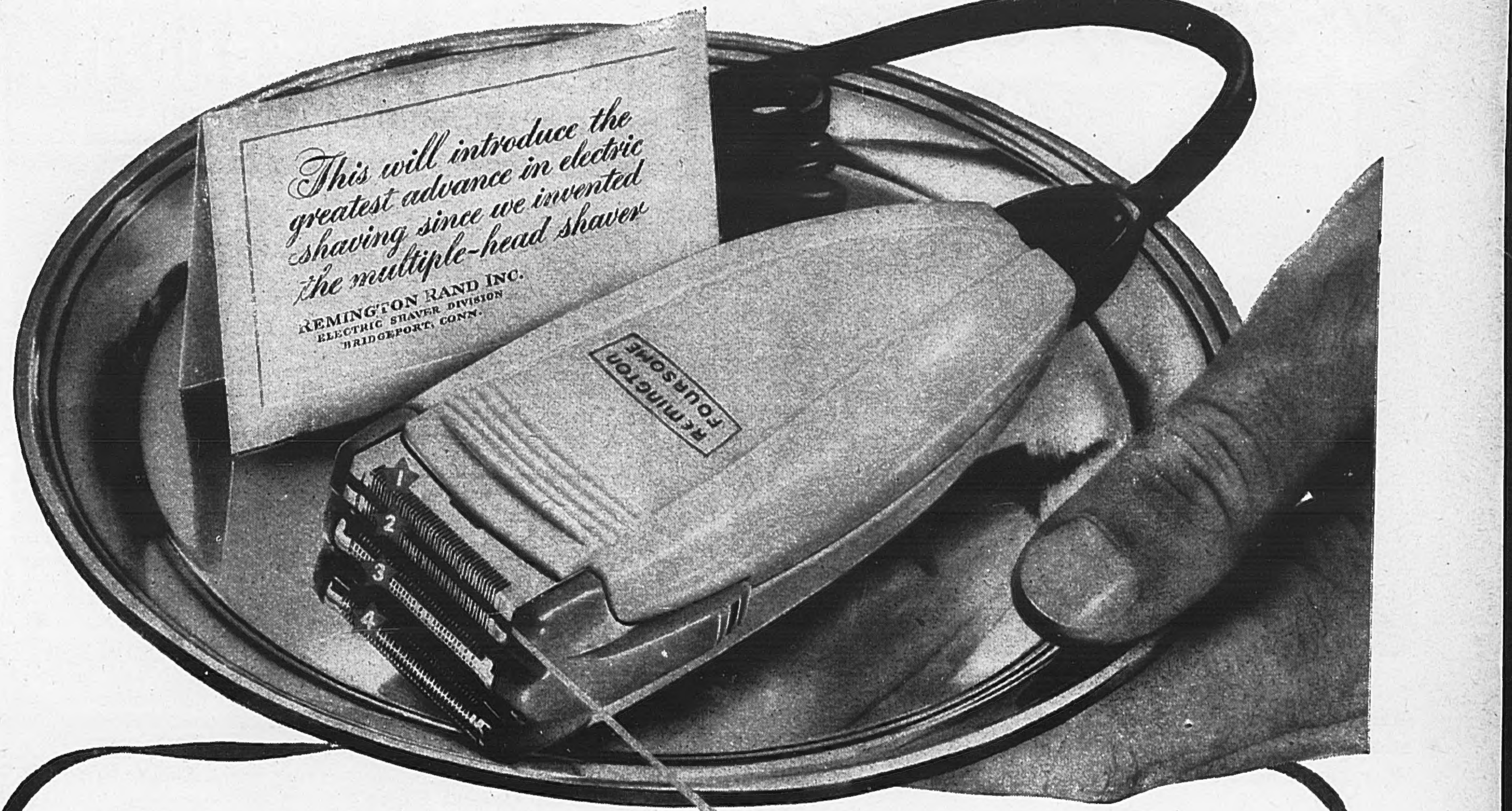


*This will introduce the greatest advance in electric shaving since we invented the multiple-head shaver*

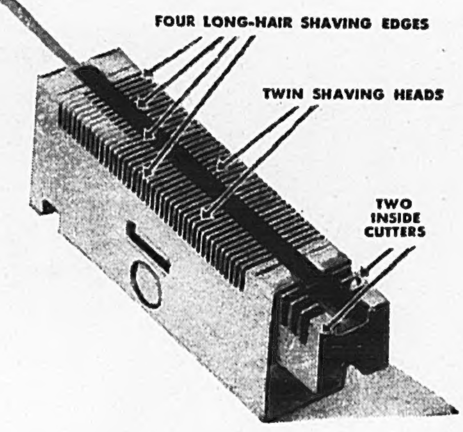
REMINGTON RAND INC.
ELECTRIC SHAVER DIVISION
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

*First showing of the new*

# REMINGTON FOURSOME

*with the new*

***BLUE STREAK** twin shaving head*



There's no doubt about it—Remington Rand engineers have crashed through with an electric shaver that is five years ahead of anything on the market. This new shaver will handle any type of beard—shave it clean, close, smooth and *fast!*

There's a tremendous concentration of shaving power on the business end of the new Remington Foursome. Count the shaving heads and you'll see why the Foursome can shave *four* times as fast as an old-fashioned single-head shaver.

There are the two highly effective and famous Remington round heads plus the twin cutters of the new Blue Streak head . . . the equivalent of four single-head shavers. This combination of cutters, driven by an improved, more powerful motor, handles long and short hairs with equal ease—gives you a shave that *is* a shave!

One shave with the new Foursome is worth a thousand words. This new Remington Foursome, Model 78B (AC-DC), is priced at $19.50. Supply still limited.

Remington Rand, Inc., Electric Shaver Division, Bridgeport, Connecticut. Service stations in 86 cities. In Canada, Remington Rand Ltd., Toronto.

**You've never seen a shaver head like this.** The new Blue Streak is two heads in one with a "twin" inside cutter. This construction provides two shaving areas that, combined with the two highly effective round heads, give the Foursome *four times the shaving power of a single-head shaver.* In addition—and this is important—*you get four shaving "edges"* that whisk away long hairs. There are no hairs too long, none too short!

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A PRODUCT OF *Remington Rand* INCORPORATED

SHAVE DRY NO LATHER NO BLADES

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

**". . . IT BEATS ME** how a man can be so smart about music and so dumb about his hair! It looks impossible to comb, and it's simply lifeless! Full of loose dandruff, too. A bad case of Dry Scalp. Why hasn't somebody told him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic?"

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Vaseline HAIR TONIC

**PERFECT GROOMING! . . .** You can check Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic, too. A few drops a day make your hair look better, your scalp feel better. Your hair can be combed with ease. Remember, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Excellent also with massage before every shampoo to check loose dandruff. It's double care . . . both scalp and hair . . . and more economical than other hair tonics, too.

**Vaseline HAIR TONIC**
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

**Used by more men today than any other hair tonic**

# In This Week's Liberty

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## ★ ARTICLES

Ten Ways to Labor Peace, *Richard P. Doherty* .......... 15
Harvard Goes to Market, *Will Cloney* .................. 18
The Million-Dollar S-q-u-e-a-k, *Thomas Newman* ........ 20
The Great Stampede, *Dickson Hartwell* ................ 21
Homes for Americans—No. 5, *Darrell Huff* ............. 24
Queenmaker, *Allen Rankin* ............................ 26

## ★ STORIES

The Man Who Won the War, *Samuel W. Taylor* ........ 16
The Look in Mama's Eyes—Short Short, *Lucille Graceman* 22
Address: Central Park, *S. P. Walker* ................. 30
The Curse of the Pryors—Conclusion, *Frank Bonham* .... 32

## ★ PICTURES

The Camera Eye ........................................ 28

## ★ BOOK CONDENSATION

The Foxes of Harrow—*Frank Yerby's fascinating story of an Irish adventurer and Creole beauties—abridged to a reading time of one evening* .......................... 35

## ★ FEATURES

Vox Pop ............... 6
Woman-Talk ........... 8
On the Beam ........... 10
Veterans' Bulletin Board 12
Books in Review ....... 50
Crossword Puzzle ....... 50
Liberty Goes to the Movies .............. 64
The Thropp Family .... 78

## ★ EDITORIAL

We Can't Risk Isolation, *Paul Hunter* ................... 82

*Cover: Lovely Lady*
*Painted by Pat Holbrooke*

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# JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

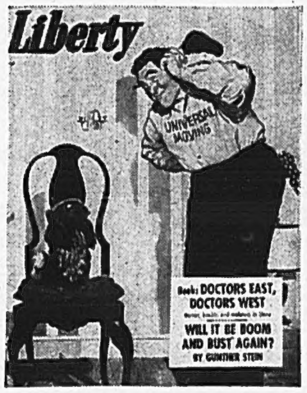
### DOWN BOSTON WAY

WILL CLONEY, the author of HARVARD GOES TO MARKET on page 18, hasn't strayed far from the gridiron of his alma mater since he was graduated from Harvard 12 years ago. During his freshman year he tied up with the Boston Herald as sportswriter and, except for a four-year Army interruption, stayed there. He also does some teaching at Roxbury Latin School and Northeastern University in Boston. There's plenty to keep him busy at home, too, what with the recent arrival of William Thomas Cloney III to join three heiresses.

### COVER GIRL

SHARON LEE, the Conover girl who was the model for Pat Holbrooke's cover illustration, hails from Detroit where she worked as a secretary, sold War Bonds, and dreamed of becoming a model. Two years ago she boarded a train for New York and, after brief jobs with the Society of Models and as a mannequin at Jay Thorpe, she was snapped up by Harry Conover. The lovely Miss Lee (five feet seven in her stocking feet) lives in Manhattan, loves to dance, and is a whiz on the tennis court. The hat she's wearing, by the way, was designed by Mary Goodfellow.

# NEXT WEEK


Liberty
UNIVERSAL MOVING
Book: DOCTORS EAST, DOCTORS WEST
WILL IT BE BOOM AND BUST AGAIN?
BY GUNTHER STEIN

FOR the most explosive story of the year, see ARE THE VETERANS CHISELING? By Dickson Hartwell. Here are the actual facts of how some ex-servicemen are refusing to work, racketeering and threatening to milk their nation dry. . . . Stanley Frank steps behind the scenes to reveal why baseball's $50,000-a-year commissioner, UNHAPPY CHANDLER, is being by-passed by the club owners. . . . In CRAZY LIKE A FOX, Lewis B. Funke introduces the fur tycoon who puts more furs on women than any man in history. Here's how. . . . PROVINCETOWN BUS by Win Brooks is the dramatic short story of a stormy ride that changed several people's lives. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, DOCTORS EAST, DOCTORS WEST by Edward H. Hume, M.D., is the vivid and entertaining account of an American doctor's experiences in an ancient Chinese city.

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Down from the breeze-swept hills of Puerto Rico comes this distinctive "mountain" rum! And the smoother, mellower flavor, Señor—âh, it is *delicioso!* The better the rum, the better the drink. Better ask for Ron Merito!

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# ★ VOX POP ★

## "The Voice of the People"

### GIBBONS REMEMBERED

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—I was glad to see Floyd Gibbons highlighted in your Thanks for the Memory feature (Aug. 10). I am one of those people who remember Mr. Gibbons with gratitude. As a radio commentator and as a writer, he gave our generation (now the fifty-year group), plenty to think about, and plenty to remember.—*Mrs. R. A. Freiler.*

Liberty is proud to have featured him as one of its star reporters.—VOX POP EDITOR.

### WEEK-END ABROAD

AMBRIDGE, PA.—In On the Beam (Aug. 10) Wayne Parrish informs us that one can spend one's week-end in Europe these days. Transatlantic flying is that advanced. Fine and dandy. Now all we need is a Europe worth spending a week-end in.—*Eleanor A. Slezak.*

AW COME ON, WEEKEND IN EUROPE

### HARVESTING FORESTS

TACOMA, WASH.—The general public has been very much misled in believing that clear-cutting a timber crop is always bad forestry.

It is a favorite device of some publicists to photograph a relatively small area of clearcut timber, harvested when the trees were mature, and label it as an area "stripped by the logger without regard to a second crop." That seems to be the case in the photograph used to illustrate Harold L. Ickes' article, Our Vanishing Forests (June 29). A more appropriate camera view would show the adjacent seed trees which have been left to seed in the logged land and which will be protected from fire through an intensive lookout system and road development.—*Walter J. DeLong, Weyerhaeuser Timber Company.*

### TALK TURKEY

DENVER, COLO.—The UNO sessions call to mind Eddie Cantor's one-time definition of a diplomat: "Soft soap in a silk hat." When will we Americans and all the freedom-loving nations of the world learn that "soft soap" can never solve any international problem? It's a poor substitute for talking turkey in a straight-from-the-shoulder, he-man's language.—*John J. Gleeson.*

Mr. Byrnes, Mr. Molotov, and most present-day diplomats can hardly be accused of "soft-soaping" one another.—VOX POP EDITOR.

### PARENT TRAINING

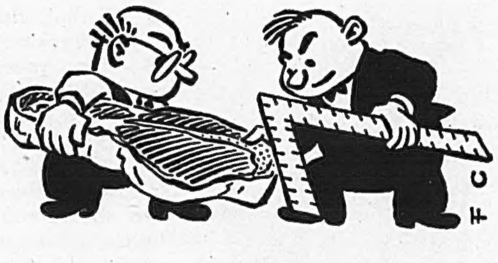
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—In Vox Pop (Aug. 3) Carol Prestine suggests that somebody do something about the delinquent parent situation, like offering a decent course of training for all parents.

Perhaps you will be interested to know that there IS such a course available to all parents. It is the Parent-Student Educational Program, by Junior Britannica, publishers of Encyclopedia Britannica, Inc., Chicago.

How do I know? I am a parent, and also a subscriber to this much-needed program. It has helped my wife and myself and my young son very much.—*D. A. Grant.*

### MEASURING STEAKS

MONTGOMERY, ALA.—Your question "Anybody got a thick steak?" in Vox Pop (Aug. 3) can be answered "Yes." It so happened one of my customers had a ruler, and we measured some T-bone steaks in my cooler. They were 1⅓ to 1¾ inches thick.—*Wm. C. Beck.*



We'll be right down.—VOX POP EDITOR.

### STRIKE SOLUTION

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In the editorial, What Causes Strikes (July 27) Paul Hunter says: "The answer to the strike problem is realistic labor legislation which places both sides on an equal basis and then lets them bargain it out to a mutually satisfactory agreement."

How can labor ever get on equal terms with industry as long as Big Business controls Congress?—*Mrs. C. Schell-Roby.*

Whoa! Who says Congress is under industry's thumb? Did Big Business dictate the high taxes Congress levies on corporations? —Vox Pop Editor.

## SHAME THE ROAD HOG

Philadelphia, Pa.—Road Blocks by Philip and Phyllis Newill (July 20) is most opportune in view of the increasingly heavy traffic of our highways at this time.

I would suggest that the state governors have this article reprinted in booklet form and present a copy with each new license plate.

It is apparent that traffic laws mean nothing to the Road Hog (provided no traffic cop is in sight), and this article being forced to his attention might shame him into becoming a decent law-abiding citizen. —*Frederick H. Timberlake.*

## KEWPIE DOLLS

Hot Springs, Ark.—I notice there are still a lot of Wacs out sightseeing. The war has been over for some time, so why is the Army holding onto the Wacs? Do the taxpayers want our soldiers to have kewpie dolls?—*M. L.*

## AUTO HISTORY

Chicago, Ill.—Bernard N. Crandell's article, The Automobile's Golden Jubilee (June 8), brought back many memories of days long past. In 1904 I was in charge of the forestry work on the land of the Bretton Woods Company and spent many pleasant evenings listening to the tales of the Gliddenites as they sat around the fireplace of the Mount Pleasant Hotel (now a rubble-filled hole in the ground). There were many stories of the exploits of the two young men who darted past the big cars that became stalled on the steep hill in Crawford Notch, and offered to tow them with their little Stevens-Durea.

As a result of the 1904 tour, the Bretton Woods stable of fine carriage horses was dispersed and replaced by a fleet of seven cars. When one of these cars caught fire and burned on the road, it was shipped back to the factory, great pains being taken to keep news of the accident from being publicized.—*Alfred C. Weed.*

ROAD UNDER REPAIR

If your car feels like *this*... it's time for MARFAK Chassis Lubrication

THAT CUSHIONY FEELING LASTS LONGER WITH **MARFAK!**

No fly-by-night hundred-mile grease job is *Marfak* Chassis Lubrication! It's made tough and long-lasting, for at least 1,000 miles of 100% wear-resistance *plus* smooth cushioned riding and easy handling. Try it and see. *Marfak* sticks to the job, resists shock and squeeze-out from one lube job to the next! Applied by chart, never by chance! Ask your Texaco Dealer to give your car that "*Marfak* feeling" now!

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No test we could figure would cause him to fall."*

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ANOTHER BRAND

*"So stripping the wrappers to hide them from view
A stick of each gum he proceeded to chew."*

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what do you know – he called LEAF GUM the best!"*

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Compare LEAF'S quality and you'll prove to yourself... prove beyond the shadow of a doubt, that of all brands—old or new THERE IS NO BETTER GUM THAN LEAF GUM!

LEAF

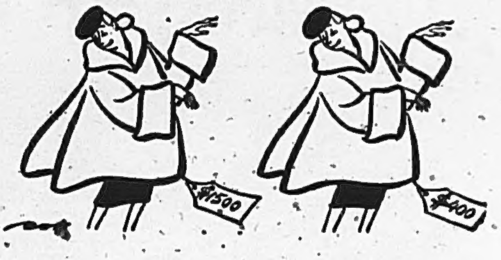
THE FLAVOR LINGERS LONGER...

# Woman-Talk

### BY MARGARET FISHBACK

WHAT FUR?—This is a year when even an expert furrier may have trouble identifying his own pet pelts. At the I. J. Fox annual fur fashion preview, presented to the press on a midsummer afternoon, the guests were shown a succession of "twin" fur coats, styled alike and similar in texture and color. Which one was "illusion" raccoon, sheared and dyed to resemble beaver, and which was the real beaver?

A smartie sitting behind me was sure that he knew, and I am happy to report he guessed wrong. Both coats were three-quarter length and had enormous, push-up sleeves and flared, rippling backs. But they differed sharply in price. The beaver (at $1500) was almost four times as costly as the $400 raccoon. Another set of twins looked like nutria, but only one was; the other was sheared Australian opossum. Other surprises included a white Persian lamb, and brown mouton, double breasted, knee-length box coats for college boys as well as girls. Most outstanding fashion was the huge, draped sleeve, which manifested itself in wide, bell-shaped, pleated, caped, tiered, and push-up effects. There was much emphasis, too, on combinations of two furs in the same coat and also on combinations of fur and cloth.



FURTHER DECEPTIONS: Macy's is another New York store which is going to make it hard for you to badger a real mink out of your husband unless you manage to keep it from him that he can buy you a muskrat coat dyed and sheared to look like mink for less than five hundred smackers. This winter we will see more elegant duplicity in the animal kingdom than ever before, and it will take a wise skunk to know its own child, when Baby is dyed to look the spitting image of Russian sable. Muskrat masquerades as Hudson seal, raccoon as beaver, and Macy's has even contrived to spot the humble mouton into a dead ringer for leopard.

HOT TIP: Perhaps other housewives know that uncooked meat should not be kept covered in the refrigerator, but I didn't, until told by my butcher who has seen me and my family through the lean years in valiant fashion without ever involving himself or us in the black market. Says he, "Meat must breathe," and having followed his advice, I now relay it with confidence to other housewives. In an electric or gas refrigerator, where the temperature can be kept way down and controlled, the meat may be parked successfully under the ice trays in a dish without a cover. In an old-fashioned ice box, a steak, frankfurters, bacon, roast, or fowl should be placed on a platter to roost on top of the ice. Putting meat directly on the ice results in discoloration though the meat is still okay. To leave it wrapped in wax paper or airless in a paper bag is no good.

### LINES TO A LAD ON HIS GLORIOUS FOURTH

**I watch you frisk, and wish once more
That I were just exactly four!**

ALL AROUND THE NECK: "All around the neck" doesn't half describe the fall neckwear presented in a fashion show for the press at the Commodore on one of summer's most sizzling mornings. Accompanied by scrambled eggs and bacon, honeydew melon, and a blow-by-blow description of the collars, dickeys, and ponchos modeled by the usual streamlined mannequins, neckwear revealed itself as a fashion that takes care of the shoulders and waistline—even hips and wrists. "Neckwear" in this intriguing collection embraced bibs and tuckers, not to mention cuffs and peplums, pure silk scarfs with and without sequins, faille dickeys, boucle blouses, and rabbits-hair ponchos. Glamorous silk scarfs in new designs featuring birthstones, flowers, and other forms of good clean fun were worn not only around the neck, but as aprons, peplums, halters, and headdresses.

# TOO INTERESTING ... FOR SAFETY!

**The startling story of a mind that lost itself... of a man who couldn't forget a kiss... couldn't remember a KILLING!**

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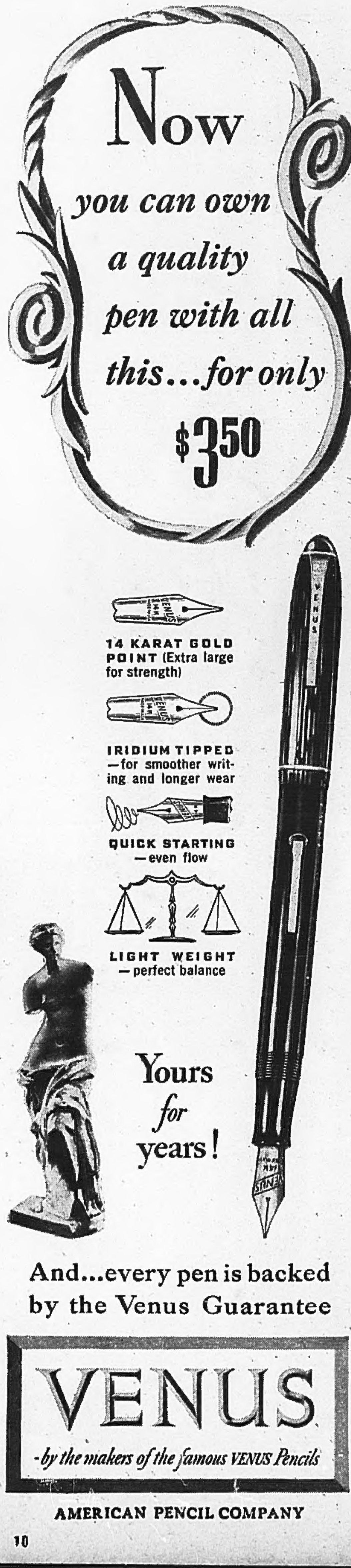
PICTURES



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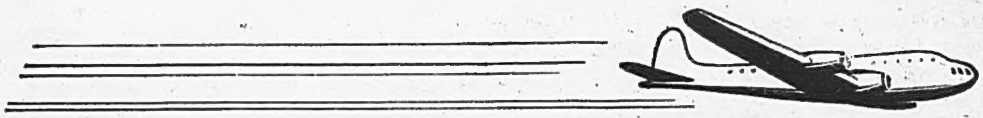


# ON THE BEAM

## BY WAYNE PARRISH

**No good aviation show for your town? Too bad—but in Cleveland and Los Angeles there are to be great indoor shows, humdingers!**

If you have attended aviation shows this year and have been disappointed because you didn't see very many of the airplanes you'd read about and seen in news photos and in the newsreels, here is the reason: the aircraft manufacturers decided last winter to concentrate their efforts into two big shows each year, one for the east and one for the west, and not to participate in every show that somebody might want to promote.

The result is that no really complete aircraft show has been held since before the war. The Army and the Navy have participated in quite a few, but what civil airplanes have been displayed were provided by local distributors and were mostly private-owner planes. There was a World's Fair of Aviation at Omaha in July, but the indoor displays were quite meager.

The first big and officially-sanctioned indoor aircraft show will be staged in the aircraft plant on Cleveland Municipal Airport, November 15 to 24 inclusive. The second will be staged in Los Angeles next April. Plans for both are terrific, and if they are carried to fruition, the public will more than get its money's worth. The Cleveland show will be worth traveling many miles to see.

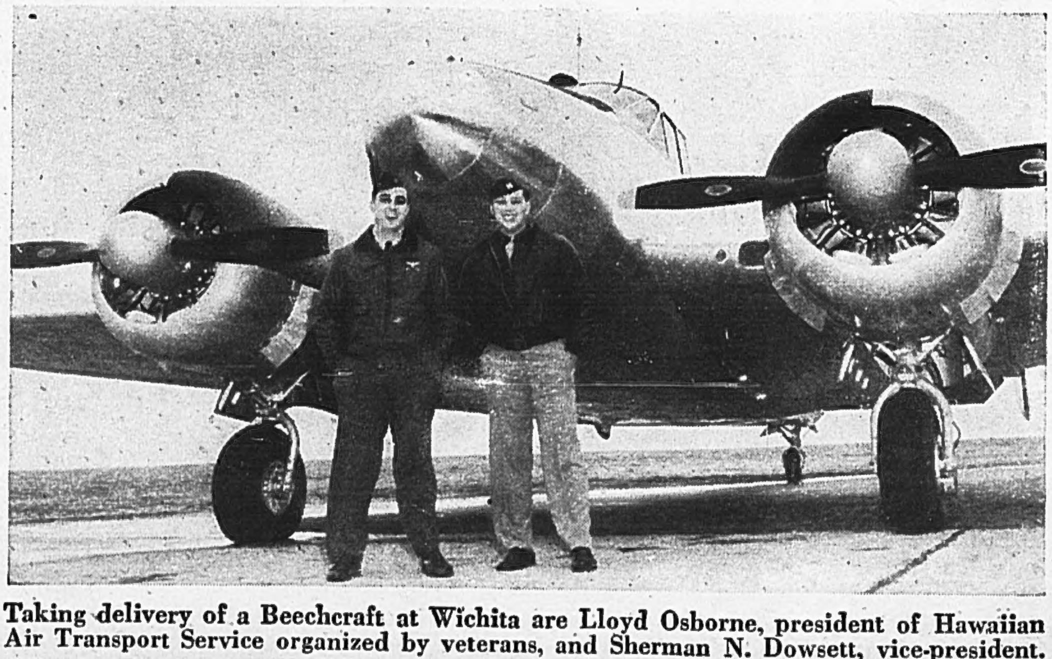
The Aircraft Industries Association selected Clyde Vandeburg to be director of the National Aircraft Shows, a non-profit organization created especially for the purpose. Army, Navy, air lines, aviation organizations—all are participating. Vandeburg was a director of the California Pacific International Exposition at San Diego in 1935, the Texas Centennial Exposition at Dallas in 1936-37, and the San Francisco World's Fair. During the war he was general manager of the Aircraft War Production Council, East Coast.

The new show policy of the industry has met with opposition from many communities. But since the bulk of the industry sells only to Army and Navy, and perhaps to a few air lines, those manufacturers cannot undergo the expense of exhibiting in many shows. Often they don't even own the airplanes they build; the planes belong to the Army and the Navy. Also, there are few places in the country with factories big enough to hold a real show. The problem came down to holding many regional shows which would have to be incomplete, or concentrating on two big complete shows a year. The latter choice was made. And the public will find at Cleveland a fabulous collection of the biggest and best in world aviation.

### Round-the-World Competitors

The United States now has two round-the-world air routes and a greatly expanded air-line network in the Far East, although it will be some time before the routes are in full operation.

With the approval of the President, the Civil Aeronautics Board has extended Northwest Airlines



Taking delivery of a Beechcraft at Wichita are Lloyd Osborne, president of Hawaiian Air Transport Service organized by veterans, and Sherman N. Dowsett, vice-president.

from New York, Chicago, and Seattle to the Orient by way of Alaska. Northwest will serve Tokyo, Shanghai, and Manila, as well as points in Manchuria and China. It will connect at Shanghai with Trans-World Airlines, which was extended from Bombay, India, to Shanghai. Thus a through connecting service around the world is established, since TWA already operates from New York to Egypt and India.

The other round-the-world route was given to Pan American Airways, which was already certificated from New York to Calcutta, India, and across the Pacific from San Francisco to Hong Kong. Pan American will serve Tokyo and Shanghai and fill the gap between Hong Kong and Calcutta, and also was extended from New Zealand to Australia.

These routes not only provide service by American companies to many sections of the world not heretofore served, but provide competitive routes to most points. On a Mercator-projection map of the world, the trans-Pacific route across the islands may seem to be the shortest route to Asia, but Northwest Airlines' route via Alaska is actually much shorter. However, it will probably be a toss-up as to which route the average passenger desires to take to Shanghai: the route via Alaska which may have delays because of weather at some times of the year, or the longer but interesting island-hopping route via Honolulu.

Several Alaska air lines were very anxious to connect the U. S. and this growing territory. But the CAB denied all applications. Instead, it felt that Northwest Airlines should provide competitive service with Pan American between Seattle and various cities in Alaska.

## An Electronic Pilot Trainer

Real news in aviation circles is the electronic flight trainer developed at a cost of $1,000,000 by Curtiss-Wright Corporation. It will be of great aid in training pilots.

You may have heard of the Link trainer which has long been used by the military services and air lines for training of pilots. The Curtiss-Wright Dehmel electronic flight trainer goes a step farther and provides simulated flight training for instrument flight and radio navigation. It's a cockpit with all the instruments exactly as they are in the largest airplanes, and the pilot trainee "flies" under a hood in conditions similar to those in the air.

The Dehmel trainer is the only one of its kind employing electronics for the computation of flight characteristics. In these days when instrument flying and radio navigation are relied upon more and more in commercial and military flights, it should find a warm and ready acceptance by Army, Navy, and air lines. Curtiss has developed it as an Army Air Forces project.

of our love, a symbol

Into this gift, a Rensie Watch, goes so much love and tenderness and hope. A Rensie Watch, so beautiful and so good a teller of time, is a symbol of our love and tenderness and hope.

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BOTTLED
IN
BOND

# VETERANS' Bulletin Board

### BY MATT URBAN

IF "experience is the best teacher," maybe veterans of World War I can tell us a thing or two. As veterans, these old-timers are no different from what we are. They fought a war, a big one. Their postwar reconversion period was very much the same as ours.

For one thing, they are well qualified to tip us off on how to get—or not get—a federal bonus.

In my talk with Robert L. Holmes, an artilleryman of the other war and now a prosperous shoe-store proprietor, Mr. Holmes observed that back in 1920 some veterans were for a bonus and some were against it—but when the time came, everyone was darn glad to get it. "But," advises Mr. Holmes, "don't go after it the way we did." He is sure that strong pressure tactics such as the bonus march on Washington won't be nearly as effective today, when high-pressure tactics are commonplace, as they were years ago. He thinks we should oppose "Adjusted Compensation Certificates" that can't be redeemed for too long a period. So many were sold "short" across the counter, he points out.

The drive is on for a bonus, however. The American Legion, which played such a large role in getting the previous bonus, is already bent on exerting strong influence on the pending question.

World War I bonus payments weren't bad: $1 a day for home service and $1.25 for service abroad. Thus the average received was anywhere from $500 to a little over $1,000. But that falls far short of the Veterans of Foreign Wars' present demand for a top of $5,000.

The word from those with experience is that we will have to be patient. Our bonus campaign is likely to be as long drawn out as theirs was.

Up until 1932, President Coolidge's veto was as close as War I veterans could get to the bonus. The President's denial was based on his theory that patriotism was too sacred to be paid off in money. War I veterans put the dampers on this belief by claiming that the bonus was not to be a pay-off, but merely adjusted compensation that was to make up the difference of pay between what the enlisted forces received and what many industrial workers at home were getting.

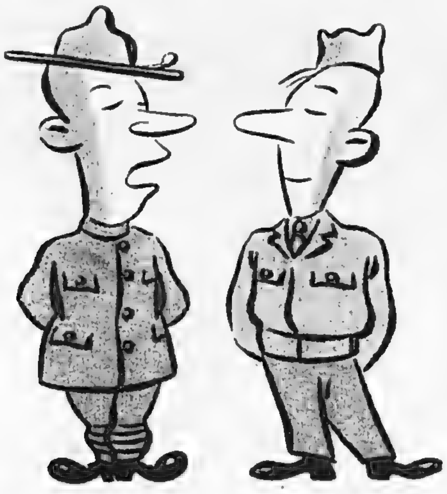
This department does not agree that a bonus is necessarily justifiable. In our opinion, all the country owes the veteran is an opportunity to get back to making a living. It would be naïve, however, to suppose that with World War I as a precedent, the boys won't go after—and get—a bonus again.

* * *

*Paul Raeton, Des Moines, Iowa.* It sure is tough that a veteran in your shoes can't get more for a disability such as yours. But Uncle Sam claims that pension payments are based on degree of disability rather than number of persons dependent upon the veteran. So for your 10 per cent disability all you can expect is a monthly payment of $11.50.

* * *

*Mrs. V. H., Fort Worth, Tex.* As the wife of a serviceman, you do have commissary rights during his absence. All you have to do is make an application and await written authority of the post, camp, or station commander. Contact the nearest Army post in order to make the necessary arrangements.



**Veterans both**

* * *

*Robert M. Moss, Madison, Wis.* The only way you can secure a government guaranty to buy an automobile is by proving that the vehicle is to be actually used in the conduct of a business or a farming operation.

* * *

*R. M., Portland, Ore.* In your case, I would apply at the Civilian Production Board (formerly War Production Board), for they handle the granting of priorities on scarce articles for small businesses being started by veterans.

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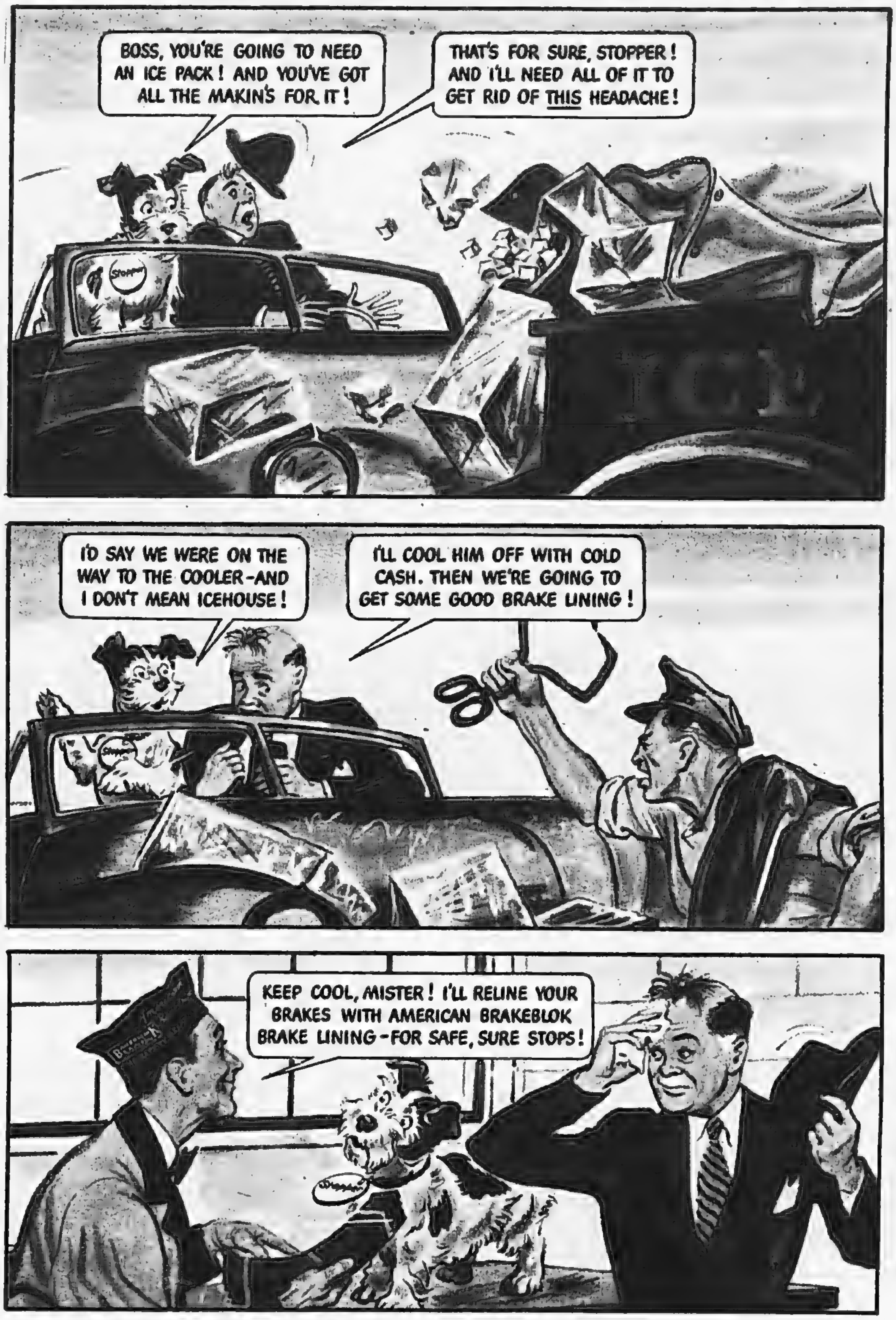
**VETERANS:** The Bulletin Board is your department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

# Trouble with a hot ice-man


BOSS, YOU'RE GOING TO NEED AN ICE PACK! AND YOU'VE GOT ALL THE MAKIN'S FOR IT!
THAT'S FOR SURE, STOPPER! AND I'LL NEED ALL OF IT TO GET RID OF THIS HEADACHE!
ICE
I'D SAY WE WERE ON THE WAY TO THE COOLER-AND I DON'T MEAN ICEHOUSE!
I'LL COOL HIM OFF WITH COLD CASH. THEN WE'RE GOING TO GET SOME GOOD BRAKE LINING!
KEEP COOL, MISTER! I'LL RELINE YOUR BRAKES WITH AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK BRAKE LINING-FOR SAFE, SURE STOPS!

**STOPPER SAYS—** "If you can't *stop,* don't *start*—until you've had your brakes relined! And why not play it safe, with American Brakeblok Brake Lining? Your repair man knows all brake lining isn't alike, and he'll be glad to explain the difference."

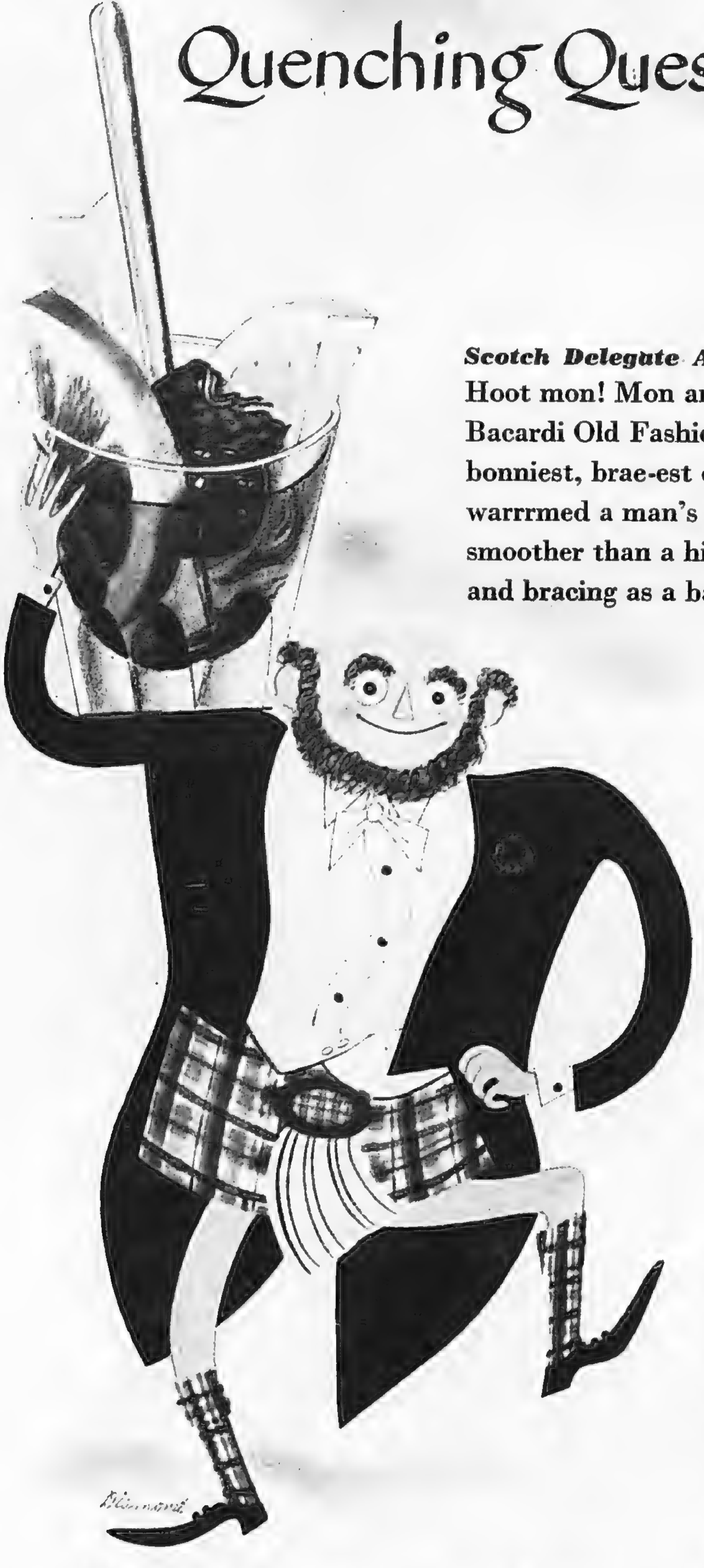
American Brakeblok

**BRAKE LINING**

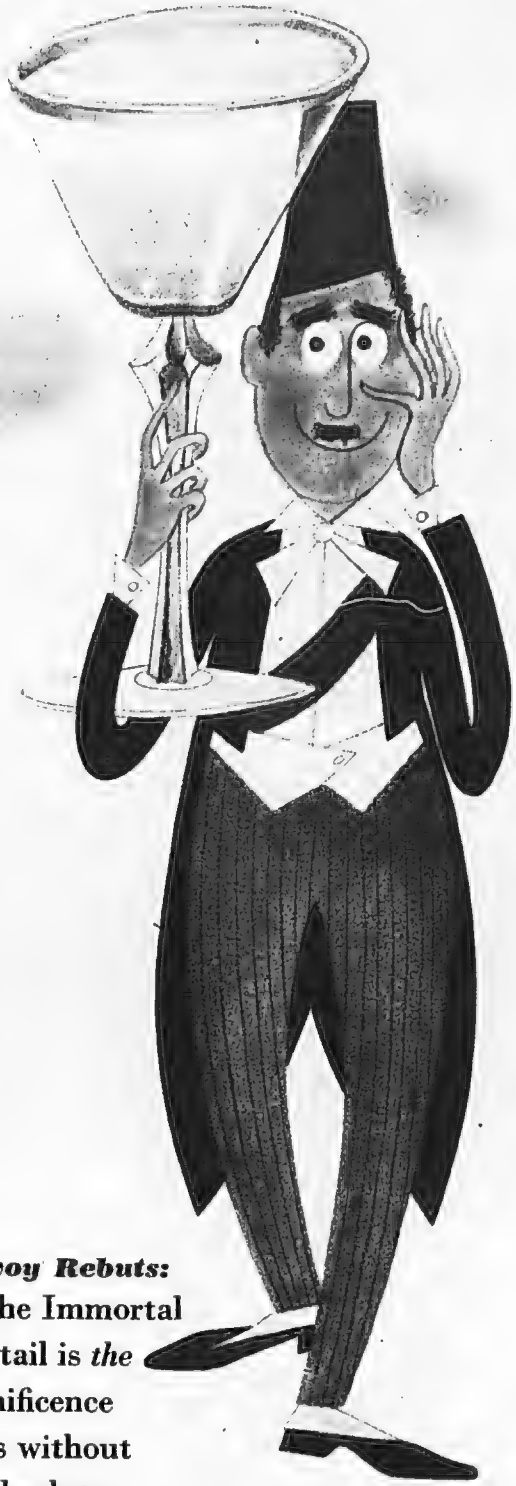
AMERICAN Brake Shoe COMPANY

AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK DIVISION
DETROIT 9, MICHIGAN

# How do You Vote on This Quenching Question?

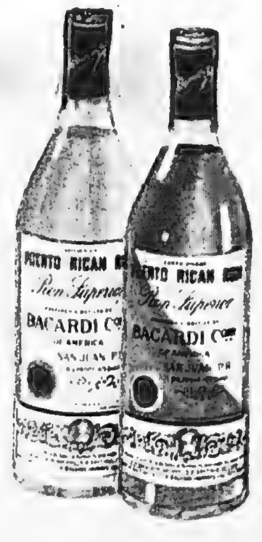


***Scotch Delegate Aver-r-r-s:*** Hoot mon! Mon and boy this Bacardi Old Fashioned is the bonniest, brae-est drink that e'er warrrmed a man's hearrrt! It's smoother than a highland dew and bracing as a bagpipe's tune!



***Egyptian Envoy Rebuts:*** Tut, tut . . . the Immortal Bacardi Cocktail is *the* drink of magnificence supreme! It is without compare for absolute deliciousness!

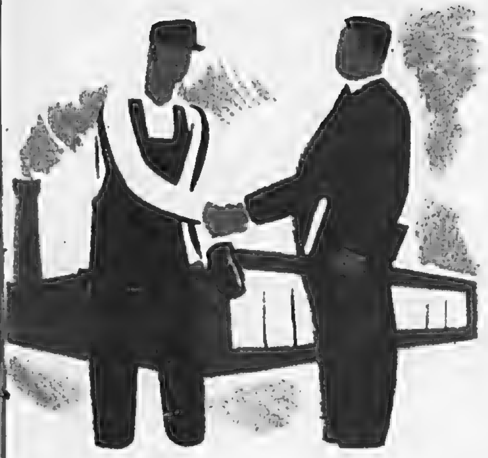
***From the evidence*** the verdict seems clear: Bacardi Wins! But, how can there be any question about that matchless flavor, imparted exclusively by carefully guarded 84-year-old Bacardi secret formula?

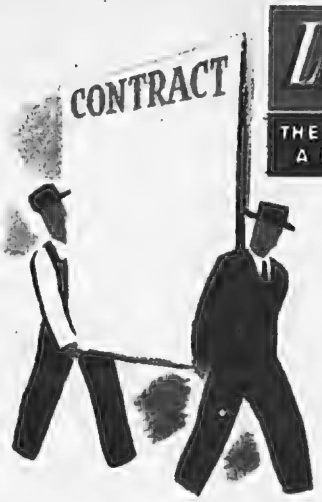

PUERTO RICAN RUM
Ron Supremo
BACARDI Co.
SAN JUAN, P.R.
PUERTO RICAN RUM
Ron Supremo
BACARDI Co.
SAN JUAN, P.R.

## all nations agree — BACARDI

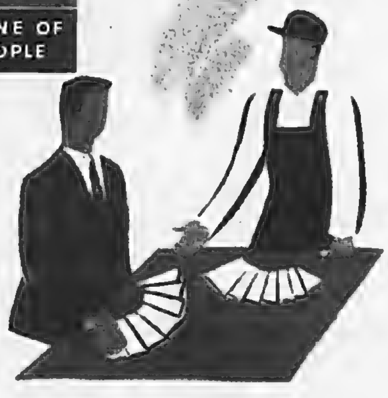
**RUM . . . 89 Proof. Bacardi Imports, Inc., New York**

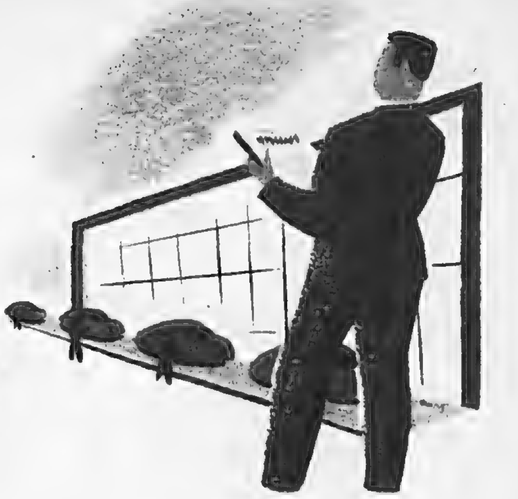
Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE


Sincere intent to bargain collectively

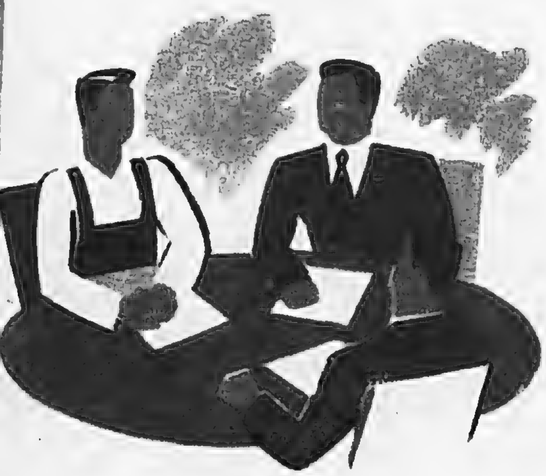


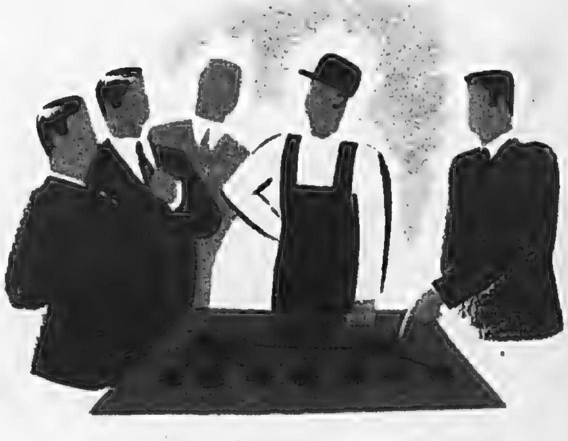
Sense of responsibility by both parties


Frank statement of reasonable demands


Agreement on management's authority

# TEN WAYS TO LABOR PEACE

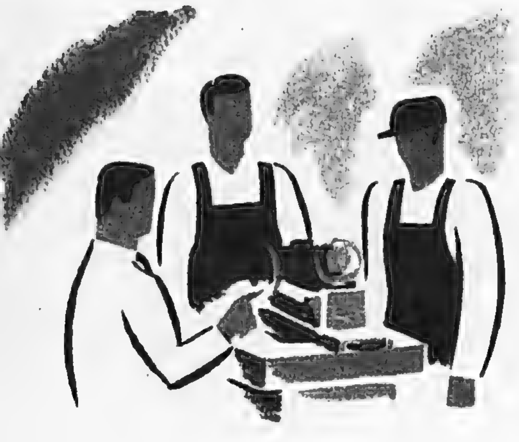

Cordial day-to-day relationships

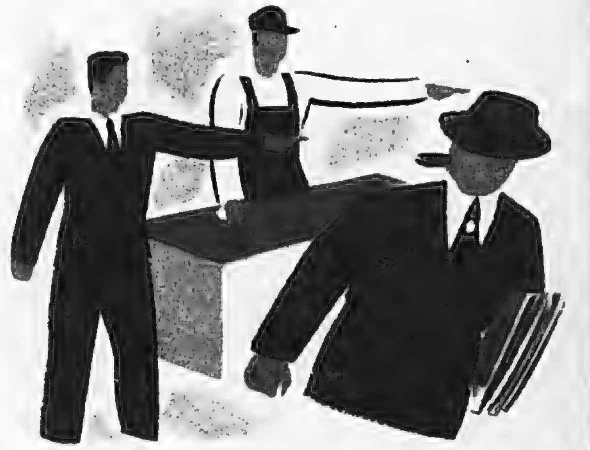

Adequate preparation before bargaining

**Collective bargaining must work or the American way of doing business is through. An experienced mediator is sure it can work and tells how**

### BY

### RICHARD P. DOHERTY


Properly trained supervisory employees


Common front against sowers of distrust

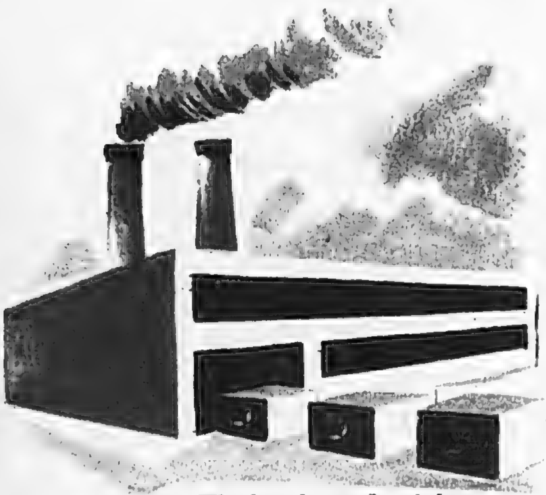
[EDITOR'S NOTE: The author is executive director of the Industrial Relations Council of Metropolitan Boston, an organization of unions and companies which is doing much to broaden the area of understanding between labor and management. He was a labor arbitrator and conciliator from 1933 to 1945 and held many important wartime posts, including the chairmanship of the East Coast War Services Conference. Mr. Doherty is also professor of economics and head of the economics department of the Boston University College of Business Administration.]

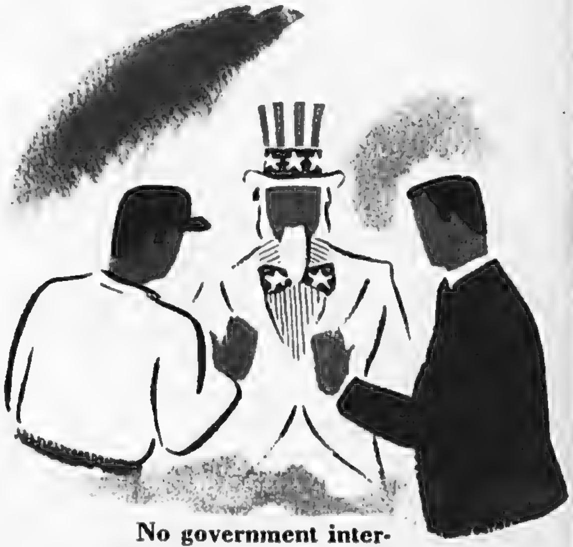
WE must make collective bargaining work. If we fail, some form of national socialism seems inescapable.

We cannot turn back the clock and repudiate collective bargaining. The urge or impulse for it is too deeply rooted, and every economic system must adapt itself to fundamental trends or die.

The primary faults and inadequacies of the collective method of employer-employee relations rest not with the process but with some persons who are responsible for its operation. There are still certain management and union officials who weaken collective bargaining by their inept, destructive, militant, and even amateurish techniques. Obviously there are fundamental prin-

(*Continued on page 74*)


Workers' productivity as a basis for wages


No government interference in disputes

PICTOGRAPH

# The Man Who Won the War

Being some hitherto secret data about a certain buck private who, with all due respect to Generals Eisenhower and Marshall, masterminded the knockout punch against Germany

### BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY DUN ROMAN

SUBJECT: The man who won the war.
TO: General of the Armies Ike Eisenhower.

1. It has come to my attention, sir, that there is considerable confusion in the popular mind, and even in official channels, as to just who won the war. Ever since I got out of the Army, sir, it has been practically impossible to drop in for a beer or eat lunch on the job without getting involved in some argument about Air Force, Infantry, Com-Z, First Division, Ordnance, Seabees—you've no idea how many claims there are as to who won the war.

*a.* Not to mention foreign claims.

2. While I must admit, sir, that I know little about the Limeys and the Frogs, and while nobody at all knows anything about the Russians, I am confident that this communication will clear the matter up. I am only concerned in giving credit where credit is due.

3. The war was won by Private Oscar Pratt of the Army of the United States. The following account will substantiate this claim:

PRIVATE OSCAR PRATT was a driver in the headquarters motor pool in London. When some brass wanted a car, Private Pratt drove the brass. One day Lt Klang took a shine to Pvt Pratt and got him assigned as his personal driver. When Lt Klang became Capt Klang, then Pvt Pratt became Pfc Pratt. Capt Klang became Major Klang, and Pfc Pratt became Cpl Pratt. Major Klang became Lt Col Klang, then got his chickens, and what with the Bronze Star and Legion of Merit, which were also good for stripes, Oscar Pratt, who'd started out as a buck private in a jeep, was a master sergeant tooling a big shiny staff car. Such are the breaks.

And then, sir, Col Klang got transferred to the Pentagon and M/Sgt Pratt became driver for General Forge who'd just taken command at London headquarters. General Forge was an old Regular Army GI who'd had a reserve commission.

General Forge had his own way of doing things, which was the Army way. And, sir, with your wide experience you no doubt know what that means. The chicken was terrible. The officers at headquarters got transferred right and left.

As for the GIs—well, sir, there's nothing a GI dreads more than an old Regular Army ex-GI. The stripes were falling like autumn leaves in Hyde Park.

Now, sir, M/Sgt Oscar Pratt was no dummy. He kept that big staff car gleaming. And he kept strictly on the ball. The headquarters personnel used to envy M/Sgt Pratt's ability to get along with the General when practically nobody else could, except for S/Sgt Ephraim Murray, the General's secretary, the less said about whom, the better.

One day the General called for his car and M/Sgt Pratt reported as usual. "Yes, sir!" The General leaned back in his chair and gave M/Sgt Pratt the eye. The General had the cold gimlet eye that seems peculiar to old Regular Army GIs, and he took M/Sgt Pratt in from shoes to eyebrows. M/Sgt Pratt's shoes were shining and his hair freshly cut. He was shaved down through the first layer of hide, his blouse was sharp, his pants were creased, his brass sparkled, his stripes and shoulder flash were cross-hatched with white thread, and he had just sewed on four brand-new gold Hershey bars.

"HOW long have you been overseas, sergeant?"

"Two years, sir!"

"H'mm." The General lifted the phone and asked for the clerk of Headquarters & Headquarters Company. "General Forge. How long has Master Sergeant Oscar Pratt been overseas? I'll wait. . . . H'mm." He put down the phone and turned his gimlet eye on M/Sgt Pratt. "When I ask a question, I expect the truth."

M/Sgt Pratt was sweating. "Yes, sir. I had a little time this morning, so I sewed on the overseas stripes—"

"You lack three days of being overseas two years, sergeant. You saw the notice regarding improper wearing of the uniform?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is all, Private Pratt. Report back as soon as you are in proper uniform."

"Yes, sir."

So Pvt Pratt went to the barracks and cut off his master sergeant stripes and the one Hershey bar that had caused the trouble, and he reported back to the General.

In the barracks that afternoon Pvt Pratt as usual greeted the entrance of S/Sgt Ephraim Murray with a loud kissing sound made by drawing air through the pursed lips. This was the usual greeting accorded S/Sgt Murray by all of equal or superior rank among the GIs, for the General's secretary was notorious for ingratiating himself with officers. But instead of passing with haughty disdain as customarily, S/Sgt Murray whirled on Pvt Pratt and said, "Try that once more, soldier, and I'll have you on KP for a month! And no back talk!"

Rank has its privileges.

*(Continued on page 68)*

**With a pointer, a map, a piece of chalk, and a blackboard, Pvt Pratt explained the information he had given the enemy.**

PHOTO BY RICHARD TUCKER

Harvard's Dick Harlow is one of the most popular football coaches. He talks a language his players understand and respect.

# Harvard Goes to Market

## An Act of Congress has given Harvard's coach Dick Harlow gridiron material that may yet keep Ivy League football from dying on the vine

## BY WILL CLONEY

HARVARD is beginning to look at muscles as well as minds. With Uncle Sam providing legal subsidization through the G.I. Bill of Rights, the Crimson has been doing a little highly moral proselytizing that may keep Ivy League football from withering on the vine.

Chief individual benefactor from this subtle change in policy will be Richard Cresson Harlow, whose coaching road at Cambridge has been paved with poor material most of the time since he took over on a snowy winter day in 1935. The advent of several young gentlemen who know that a football is blown up and not stuffed may keep him at Harvard for the rest of his coaching days, despite highly attractive offers from other institutions that don't demand genealogical charts and financial data from prospective athletes.

Harvard hasn't lowered its standards, nor has it deviated from its policy of requiring all athletes to certify the source of their tuition money, but it is making every effort to give returning veterans an educational break. By mid-semester, Harvard's normal peacetime enrolment of 3,500 will have ballooned to 7,500, so it's only natural that a few good athletes should appear at Cambridge. Maybe some of them needed a little persuading, but it has been done on a highly ethical plane.

Take the case of Emil Drvaric, whose name is a little harder to pronounce than the ordinary run of Harvard football material. Drvaric is twenty-three, of Croatian extraction, and has a size-18 neck. He was a fair high-school player in Milwaukee and good enough to captain the freshman team at Wisconsin, but not until he got into the Navy did he really put his 180 pounds to work. He played on the Great Lakes team that beat Notre Dame, on the Navy team that beat the Army All-Stars at Pearl Harbor, and on the Fleet City team that beat practically everybody.

IT is bruited about that upon his discharge Emil had six professional offers (the best of which promised $10,000 a year for a two-year contract) and invitations from eighteen colleges whose inducements made the G.I. Bill look like Boy Scout stuff. But he met an enthusiastic alumnus who convinced him that Harvard provided the best premedical instruction in the world. So he has come to Cambridge to become a doctor. He'll manage to play a little football, too.

Then there should be another fine old New England name in the Harvard backfield this fall—210-pound Vincent Moravec. Last season this bone crusher operated for the New London submarine base and was largely responsible for defeating Harvard 18-7. He's from Beaver, Pennsylvania, and went to Lehigh for a year, but he became interested in electronics during the war, and Harvard has a splendid electronics course. So Harlow also has a trip-hammer fullback, the like of whom he hasn't seen in the past decade.

Among those expected to keep Moravec company in the backfield are Yankees like Ralph Petrillo, 185-pound triple threat from Newburgh, New York, who starred in the spring practice game; Frank Miklos, 190-pound passer from Donora, Pennsylvania, who just escaped the clutches of Fordham; Tom "Chips" Gannon, 185-pound left-handed passer from Westbury, Long Island, who had Lou Little rolling out the welcome mat at Columbia; and Bob Sheesley, 175-pound scatback from Ashland, Pennsylvania, who comes highly recommended by Herb Kopf, coach of the professional Boston Yanks.

Those backs, so promising as to be practically unique in the Harlow era at Harvard, won't go unsupported up front, barring sudden defection in the ranks of the linemen. Emil Drvaric comes first, because he promises to be the greatest thing to wear a Crimson jersey since the days of Percy Haughton. At the other guard spot should be Nick Rodis, a 205-pound Greek from Nashua, New Hampshire, who supplemented a promising high-school career with football activity in the athletic-minded Army Air Corps.

TOPPING the center candidates is the 195-pound Charlie Glynn from Endicott, New York, who played at Vanderbilt for five months as an air cadet and went on to star on Jock Sutherland's team at Pearl Harbor. The Harvard trainer, Eddie Noonan, bumped into Glynn in service and sold him on Cambridge.

No football team is any good without formidable tackles. The government is paying the freight at Harvard for Walter Meserve, 215-pounder from Lynn, Massachusetts, and Howard Houston, 200-pounder from Haverhill who is the best freshman tackle Harlow has ever seen. Leading the ends is John Fiorentino, 185-pound pass-snagger from Everett, Massachusetts.

That's just hitting the high spots, since veterans will claim all but two or three positions on the first three Harvard teams this fall. As at most institutions, veterans may play as freshmen at Harvard if they never attended any other college as civilians. Transfers must complete one semester before they are eligible for athletic competition, so right this minute the coaches are sweating out the results of the recent examinations that closed the summer term. If the men just catalogued survive the examinations, Harvard will have its best raw football material since the first world war.

Harlow, who will be fifty-seven next month, is perhaps the most admired and respected college coach in America today, partly because he left a semiprofessional job at Western Maryland that paid him a reported $17,500 for a purely amateur

(*Continued on page 60*)

Vincent Moravec, 210-pound back. Says Dick Harlow: "Best I've seen in a decade."

Frank Miklos, 190-pound passer from Donora, Pa., just escaped Fordham clutches.

Ralph Petrillo, 185-pound triple threat, expected to spark the Harvard backfield.

Paul McGrath, "your host," opens the squeaking door with a sinister chuckle, and eerie Inner Sanctum is on the air.

# THE MILLION-DOLLAR SQUEAK

[illegible]

BY THOMAS NEWMAN

AT 8 on Monday nights in the CBS building in New York City, the studio clock flashes red, a cue is thrown to the sound-effects man, and on millions of radio sets all over America a sinister creaking noise is heard. The Squeaking Door is opening. Inner Sanctum is on the air!

The story that follows is always nightmarish and gruesome. A dead man returns from the grave and impales his wife on a harpoon. A bell-maker throws his enemies into a vat of boiling metal and makes bells out of them. An Indian legend is responsible for the death of escaped Nazi prisoners. There are always at least two murders, for that is the Inner Sanctum minimum.

Through the story run the comments of the host, the ghoulish character who supposedly lives behind the squeaking door. His remarks are witty but callous, tongue-in-cheek, mocking the story and the people in it. He is delighted when a character is exceptionally bloodthirsty, but distressed when the murder is slow in happening. Then he threatens to go in and show them how to "pour gore." He twits the radio audience and gives them all sorts of outrageous advice such as, "If you feel like stretching, go hang yourself." Or, "Never keep a corpse in the house for more than five days —after that, it becomes slabhappy." He is an egoistic individual and applauds his wisecracks with a sinister chuckle that sends a shiver from coast to coast.

This is Inner Sanctum. It has a 12.5 Hooper rating, which means that approximately three and a half million radio sets tune in to it every Monday. Its present sponsor is Bromo-Seltzer. It has never been without a sponsor since it went on the air early in 1941. All of which proves that a great number of people, the majority of them women, are amazingly fond of tales of morbid horror, diabolic torture, superstition, and psychological aberration.

Behind all this brimstone is a nice smiling young man. At the mere age of thirty-five he's the top success in the highly paid field of independent director-producers. His name is Himan Brown and Inner Sanctum is his "package," which means that he owns it, buys scripts, hires actors and musicians—and keeps the rest. The rest is plenty.

As radio directors go, Hi Brown is considered eccentric because he has no eccentricities. He has no ulcers and looks just like the average, good-looking young man that he is. He even has a wife and two children and goes home to dinner at night, promptly at six thirty. And, to top it all, his wife makes her own hats.

Hi Brown, despite his age, came up in radio via the back road. His father was an impoverished Brownsville (Brooklyn, not Texas) tailor, and Hi's entry into show business was as a *Tummler* at a Catskill mountain resort hotel. A *Tummler* is supposed to entertain the guests during that logy hour between dinner and the time for evening activities in the social hall.

At nineteen, Hi was playing the part of Jake in that well-known radio serial The Rise of the Goldbergs. Jake is a man in his early fifties and Hi wasn't entirely convincing, so, instead of acting, he became the program's manager and promptly sold it to a network. That launched him on his buying and selling career. At the present time, in addition to Inner Sanctum, he also owns Bulldog Drummond, The Thin Man, and Joyce Jordan, M.D., all healthy shows, but none doing so well as the opus of the Squeaking Door.

Many people write to Brown asking for tickets to Inner Sanctum, but he refuses to have a studio audience. He believes that the reality of Inner Sanctum would go up in smoke if a listener ever saw what happens at the working end of the mike. But it's not *verboten* to describe a broadcast.

The Squeaking Door is a real door mounted on a heavy wooden frame and weighed down with rusty hinges that make it squeak and creak. Hi Brown feels very tenderly toward that door; he regards it almost the way Bergen regards Charlie McCarthy. And actually the door is temperamental. When Inner Sanctum first moved from its first-floor studio to one on the second floor, the door refused to squeak.

A few seconds before Inner Sanctum goes on the air, the engineer leisurely takes his place at the control board, the organist tests out the electric organ to see if it's connected,

(*Continued on page 76*)

# THE GREAT STAMPEDE

PHOTO BY GODSEY FROM MONKMEYER

**A crowd of the curious listen to Utopian ideas in Los Angeles's Pershing Square. Many people believe California to be Utopia but thousands live in shacks and trailers and unemployment is above the national average.**

ONE million veterans of World War II, who used to live elsewhere, are planning to settle permanently in California. Two hundred and fifty thousand have already arrived and thousands more are pouring in each month, in spite of warnings that there are no jobs and no places to live. In addition, a host of civilians, variously estimated at from three to five million, also will move to the Golden State during the next few years. This migration may develop into the biggest in the nation's history.

Some say it will be the greatest thing that ever happened to California. Others can see no good in it. But all Californians seem agreed that they are in no way prepared for this influx of settlers. And on top of all this there's the tourist traffic—an annual stampede of up to 2,000,000 visitors, 10 per cent of whom eventually come back to stay. For the first time in the state's history some Californians are wondering if they didn't brag too loud for too long.

Only a few deep thinkers in the chambers of commerce, however, are asking themselves what these newcomers are going to do to California's high-income economy. Most native sons are whooping for a population of 14,000,000 by 1960. The more people there are, they figure, the higher the price of real estate. And for two generations the price of real estate has been, they say, the one unfailing barometer of California prosperity.

The facts on what is ahead for California are not easy to come by. What California has to offer its new settlers varies sharply with where you look and whose colored glasses you look through. Business leaders are willing enough to talk. And with seven hotly competitive major tourist agencies and innumerable big and little chambers of commerce pouring out statistics for them, California business men are the best-informed citizens in the country on what is going on in their state.

What they predict for the future is a cross between boom and doom; a period of free spending and high unemployment; a mad construction scramble, pock-marked with overpriced jerry-built houses; smoldering race and labor problems; an exploded real-estate bubble; and more crackpot ham-and-egg politics, more soothsayers, more new religious cults, and more rosy predictions than in any other state in the Union. But these are merely the signs of another transition, the optimists predict, out of which will emerge a greater California, richer than ever before.

Upward of four million people are pouring into California in a migration so colossal that some Californians wonder whether they haven't bragged too loud for too long

BY

DICKSON HARTWELL

This kind of talk doesn't mean much to the average man. He wants to know if he can get a job, make money, raise a family decently, and enjoy life. Bluntly, the outlook for jobs in California is dim. Unemployment is far above the national average. Women employed in industry some time ago reverted to a prewar status which means jobs predominantly in the clerical, secretarial, and service trades. Wages for men are high, however, and there is currently a demand for labor in some industries. The shortage is desperate in the construction business, where a black labor market flourishes. Plasterers, for example, who get $1.75 an hour on the books often actually are paid $2.50 an hour, contractors slipping them the difference in cash on the side. That's $20 a day. But time and a half for overtime and double time on Sunday is also paid at black-market rates. By working on Sundays a plasterer can make $40 in eight hours, and some of them do.

But, except for a few special skills, the present labor shortage is synthetic. The labor pool is sufficient to meet needs once workers are driven

(*Continued on page 80*)

# The Look in Mama's Eyes

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

*As of this instant, Donna, the roughest, toughest tomboy in the neighborhood, had become someone wondrous and lovely*

**BY LUCILLE GRACEMAN**

ILLUSTRATED BY GLEN THOMAS

SHORT little spikes of grass poked into Donna's back as she lay in the sprawled ungainly position that Mama disapproved of. Donna sighed when she thought of how Mama was always reminding her to be a lady.

"Keep your skirts down, Donna," Mama would say. Or, failing to impress her with constant reminders that she was no longer a child, Mama would appeal to the highest court.

"Jack," she'd say to Papa, "I don't know what to do with Donna."

"Oh?" Papa would say without a trace of excitement in his voice. "What's she done now?"

"She plays with a gang of noisy, rowdy boys instead of nice girls."

"She'll probably grow up to be a regular madonna, but for the present I think we'd better shorten her name to Don." And then Papa would pat Mama on the cheek and smile at his joke. "Anyway she's healthy," he'd say.

Donna would grin, because Papa didn't sound disappointed like Mama. He made her feel that she wasn't some kind of freak. But pleasing Papa wasn't the same thing as pleasing Mama.

Donna sighed now and sat up, scratched her back idly and wished she could be like other girls. For Mama's sake. But she kept thinking about a ball curving toward the center of a bat and the satisfying sound the bat made when it connected with the ball. She was proud of being the best girl ballplayer in the neighborhood. It was when she thought of baseball that she forgot all about the disappointed look in Mama's eyes. And Mama's eyes were important to her. Donna yearned to have them look at her with pride and approval.

"Gee, Donna," a somewhat familiar voice said a bit to the left of her. "Don't move." The voice sounded like Hank Gordon's, but not quite. She'd never heard that husky whispering quiet and awed sound come from Hank's mouth before. He was the toughest guy on the lot and his voice was always raised in bloodcurdling yells of "Smack it down first base!" But Hank Gordon or not, Donna held her position and unconsciously raised her chin a little to make her profile more clear cut against the flaming bush of June roses. But her curiosity about this strange moment was overwhelming.

"Why shouldn't I move?" she whispered. She had never whispered in broad daylight before and it gave her a funny feeling. It made her feel different and strangely shy.

"You look like an angel," Hank said, still and whispering.

Donna's breath caught in her throat. She felt trembly all over and she looked down at her hands to see if they had taken on an angel's look. But there they were, the same brown grubby paws that still seemed to hold the shape of a good grip on a baseball bat. For a moment she almost jumped to her feet to give Hank a rough push and to bawl out, "Tag, you're it!" But the melody of that whispering voice made her shaky again and her muscles relaxed.

"AN angel?" she asked softly, her lashes drooping over her eyes. The baseball hands bothered her and she turned them in her lap, pointing the fingers upward in a helpless gesture with the palms exposed. She'd never noticed that her fingers were so long and that her hands were really pretty. Too pretty, in fact, to spoil them with a splintery bat. She blinked at this thought. Perhaps she'd been a sap. Could be.

"Yeah," Hank said breathlessly. "When I came, you were looking far away and you looked just like an angel." The awe in his throat made the words slide out unevenly. It was all a bit frightening and she wished she had a mirror to see her face. She was tempted to break this frightening moment with a smart retort, but she couldn't. Instead, she raised her lashes slowly, turned her head and looked at Hank with her big brown eyes. She tried to make them soft and dewy like her sister Cassie did when Jeff came to whisk her away for an evening. The effect must have been successful because Hank sort of wilted right before her.

"Gee," he mumbled, looking dazed, "you're pretty, Donna."

She let a slow smile slip softly over her face and let her lips lie gently in a frame around her white glistening teeth.

"Thank you, Henry," she said demurely. Hank blinked.

"Could I come by for you tomorrow and take you swimming?" Henry asked softly.

"Who else is going?"

"Mack'n' Ted—well, the kids—the boys," Hank stammered.

Donna looked at him with the same disapproving look Mama always gave Donna. "You know very well, Henry, that I can't go swimming with a gang of boys," Donna said severely. Suddenly, it seemed, things had changed. The fact that just the day before yesterday she had gone swimming with a gang of boys had nothing to do with the way things were now. A lady just didn't go bouncing around town with a crowd of rowdy boys. Hank looked very unhappy.

"Well," he hesitated. "Bring some girls, then," he muttered uncomfortably. Donna smiled softly.

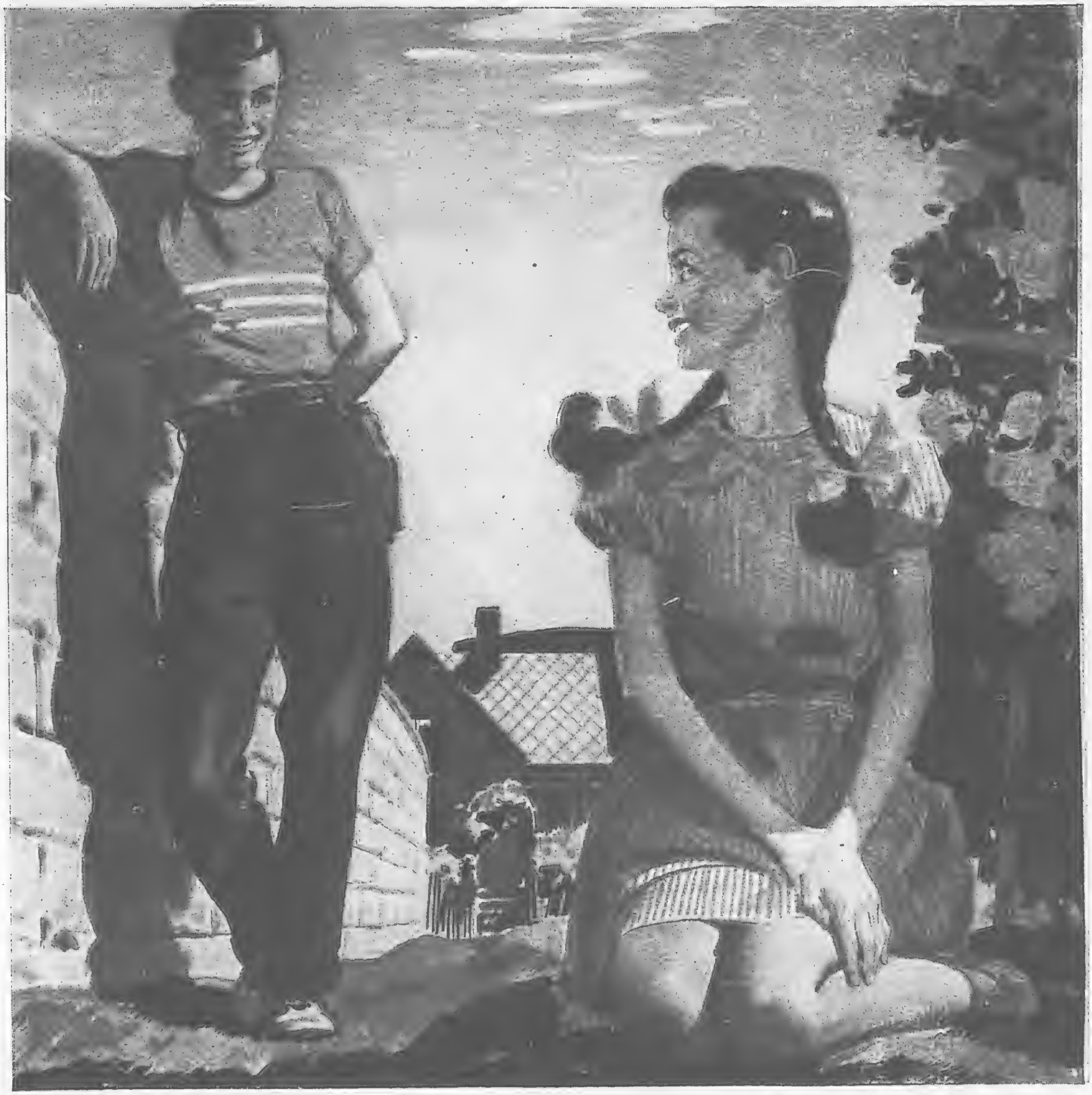
"That is a wonderful idea," she said happily. "You're so—clever, Henry," and her voice wrapped honey around his name. Hank's eyes were happy again.

"We'll meet you at the pool," she said with a lofty graciousness. And then she got up from the grass with a movement all of one piece, turned away from him and walked toward the house. Just before she went around the corner of the house, Hank called to her.

"Donna," he said in that new husky voice, "remember, you're my girl."

SHE turned slowly like a model on a revolving floor and gave him her new slow soft smile. Then Hank was off in a rush, stumbling over his feet, running very fast like a track man just before breaking the tape.

As Donna opened the screen door to the enclosed porch, the swat of a bat against a baseball intruded into her new world. A wistful expression came over her face, and then her eyes snapped with excitement as she heard the exciting call, "Play Ball!" Then she remembered a voice saying, "You look like an angel." With a little sigh she lifted her head gracefully, walked into her bedroom and got her sewing box down from the top shelf.



"You look like an angel," Hank said, still and whispering. Donna's breath caught in her throat. She felt trembly all over.

DONNA was very tired and listless when Papa came home. It was much more tiring to sew for two hours than run like a wild Indian on a baseball lot.

After dinner Papa gave Donna a long cardboard box and she opened it eagerly. This box was almost like the long boxes of extra-length roses that Jeff sent to Cassie. But surely Papa wouldn't bring roses to Donna. Or maybe he would. Today had been a strange day. Anything could happen. She was excited now and she kept putting her nose to the box and sniffing. But she couldn't smell anything but the pulpy smell of the wrapping paper. Her eyes were on Mama as she reached in the long open box and took off the inner wrappings. And before she even saw what was inside, her exploring fingers knew. She tore the paper away from the object inside the box, and just before she lowered her eyes, she saw Mama's crestfallen face.

"Jack!" Mama said with emphatic disapproval. "A bat!"

Donna sat and stared at the bat. It was the finest bat she had ever seen, but she made no effort to take it out of the box. Suddenly she felt like crying.

"Don't you like it?" Papa asked. "Sam Kevins said it was the best bat in town. I thought you'd be pleased."

Donna couldn't hurt Papa's feelings. Besides, she knew it was the finest bat in town. She'd been begging for a baseball bat ever since she could remember. Well, now she had it, and didn't want it. Then she heard Mama's voice, kind and low.

"Perhaps Donna would like something else instead." There was a little pause and Donna could feel Mama looking at Papa with one of her knowing looks. "She's a little past the ballplaying stage."

Then Mama came over, put her arms around Donna and lifted her to her feet. "It's been a hard day, dear," Mama said. "You need a good night's sleep. Come, dear, I'll tuck you in."

And Donna looked up into her mother's eyes and found that approval she'd been hankering for for ever so long.

THE END

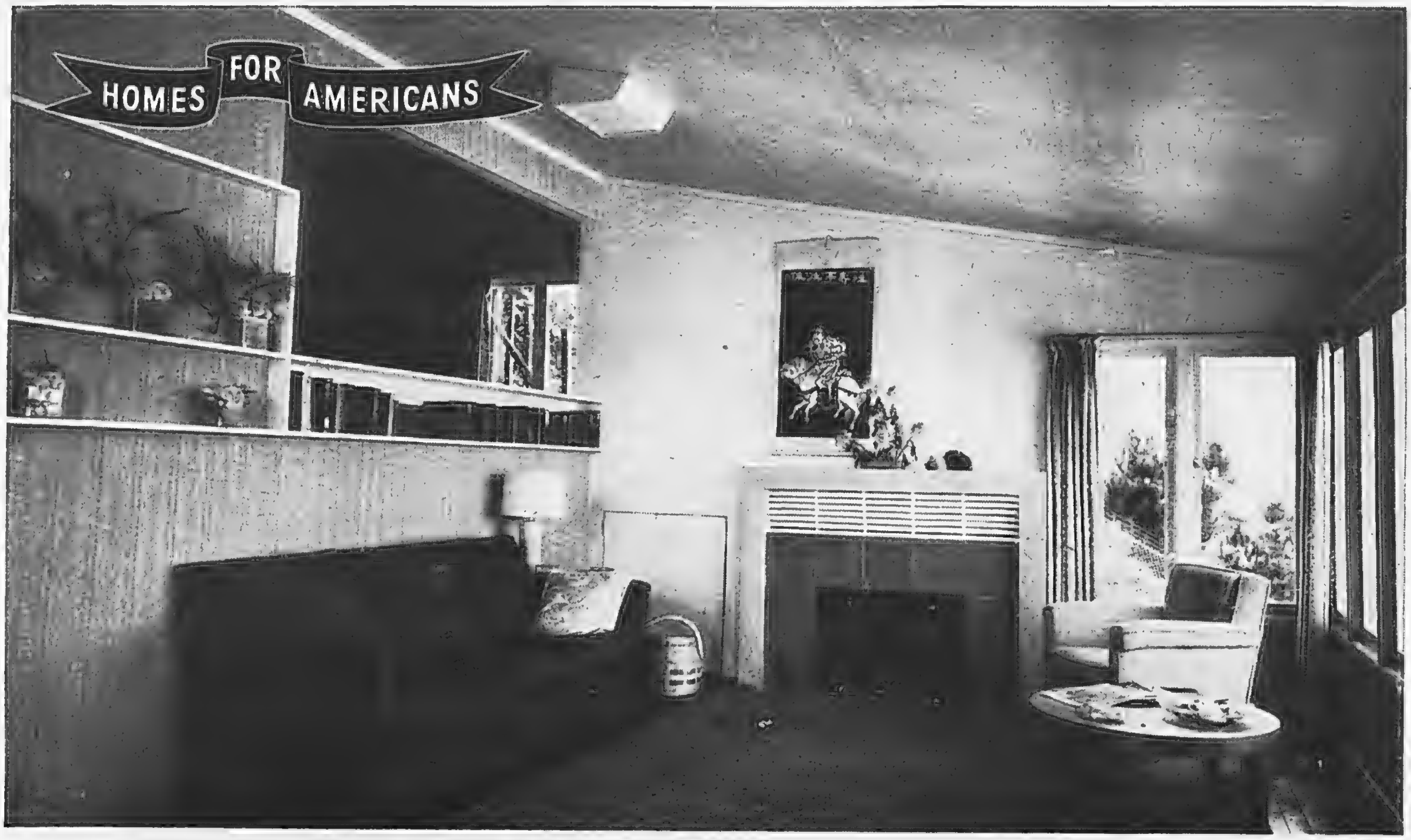


PHOTO BY SONYA NOSKOWIAK

The living room's red tile fireplace is set against combed plywood walls and yellow-green trim. The opening above the couch is to the bedroom. Chinese influence in architect Wong's work is seen in the pattern of shallow shelves.

# Big Little House

**Even today, this unusual small house probably can be built for less than $6,000**

## BY DARRELL HUFF

THIS is a house for today. It has modern simplicity without the coldness and mechanical feeling of much prewar modern architecture. It is small enough and simple enough in design to be built at a cost within present limitations even at today's prices.

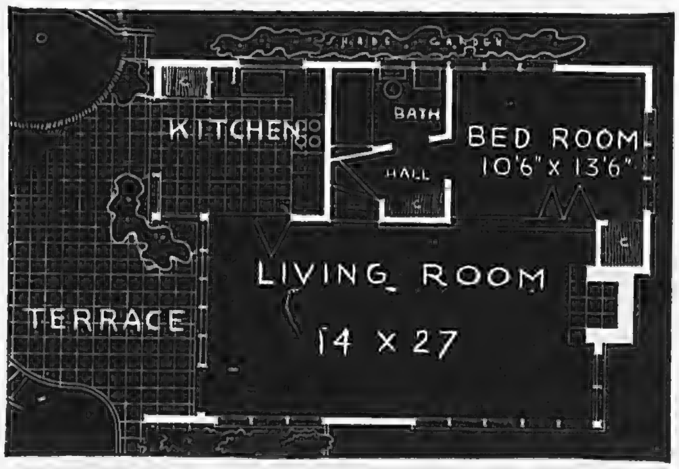
A house as good and as small as this one offers a solution to a common problem of the day. A couple needing a home at once, but unwilling or unable to build at present prices the size house they will eventually need, could build this one now with confidence in its resale value.

This house is nothing like most low-cost houses. The plan is so open, the use of glass so lavish, that the house seems spacious. Unlike many skimpy houses now being planned or built, it will always be a handsome house. The materials have been chosen to wear well. The design, years ahead of its time, will wear well too.

All this took a lot of planning, of course, and co-operation between the owners and the designers. The owners, Robert Watts and Alice Beretta Watts, knew what they wanted: "a small house with distinction and charm, as useful and as spacious-seeming as possible."

They set to work on their extremely small lot—sixty by sixty-four feet of steeply sloping ground above San Francisco. Mr. Watts built sixty brick steps and a round terrace wall. Mrs. Watts drew floor plans and constructed models, to see how the house would look when set on a hillside.

Then they turned their work over to partners John Garden Campbell, designer, and Worley K. Wong, architect. What Campbell and Wong created is essentially a three-room house. It has, in addition, an above-ground storage space under the living room, a bonus resulting from the steep pitch of the site. The same house without storage room could be built on a flat site anywhere in the country.



Estimating present building costs for this type of structure at eight dollars a square foot, the designers figure that the house could be built now for $5,200.

An under-$6,000 house in which a discriminating owner can take pride is a rarity today. It should be worth any prospective home builder's while to examine how Campbell and Wong achieved so much for so little.

"We started out," they say, "to see how much livable space we could get out of a small area. The feeling of space is not governed by size. Mirrors, windows, rooms that open into each other, related materials—all add to it. So do good furniture arrangements, built-in equipment, and folding panels that make the rooms flexible and useful for more than one purpose."

Because the Watts' site provided three attractive views, it was possible to open up the house to the outdoors: San Francisco and the Golden Gate

Bridge, Mount Diablo, Sutro Forest. And there are trees and garden around the house, to boot.

"We had the tremendous advantage," the designers say, "of not being held to some period style. If period—Colonial, for instance—had been a consideration, we could not have produced a house as livable as this one. Contemporary houses are infinitely more flexible, variable, and adaptable to different sites, climate, and ideas."

Campbell and Wong made the living room large, since that is the room most used and the one in which many people often gather. Many a large house might envy the twenty-seven-foot length of this room. They made it seem even larger by letting it open into bedroom and kitchen, and by giving it three walls made almost entirely of glass.

The bedroom, necessarily rather small, avoids any cramped feeling by the long opening into the living room. And anyone using the bedroom as a study (it has a desk) can see right through the living room out to the distant view. Living room and kitchen are divided by doors that fold out of the way. There is dining space in the kitchen. For larger dinners there is a dining table at the kitchen end of the living room.

THE kitchen opens directly onto a terrace which is, among other things, a third dining area. Because of the direct opening and the use of similar tile for kitchen floor and terrace, these become one room in good weather—a room that is half indoors and half outdoors.

By closing the folding doors you can cut the kitchen off.

The other floors, except for linoleum in the bathroom, are random-width oak plank, stained dark. The fireplace and hearth are split hollow tile to match kitchen and terrace.

Roofing is crushed brick. The architects call it "a colorful replacement for tar and gravel." The outside walls are ten-inch redwood boards with half-round battens. To keep the small house unified, the color scheme is related throughout—natural wood with accents of tile red and yellow green. The outside trim is yellow green also. For the kitchen, the blue green of a near-by acacia was used.

Mrs. Watts is particularly fond of her kitchen arrangement. "I could not enjoy a house in which the kitchen lacked direct access to a terrace. Open wide the French doors and the kitchen and breakfast nook are outdoors. We eat on the tiny lawn, sheltered and private."

One of Mrs. Watts' original requirements was that her house should be extremely easy to keep clean. She finds that it is "delightful in its simplicity and so easy to take care of that housekeeping is just fun." The stained redwood exterior need never be touched again, the wood becoming mellower and softer in appearance as it ages.

Just as there is a saying that no book has ever been printed without an error somewhere, it is axiomatic that every house must contain its quota of mistakes. In the Watts house, what would the owners change if they were doing it over again?

"We enjoy the large front window—but we would like it even better if the entire front were glass. Also, if we were building this house again, we would set back all windows that do not reach the floor so there could be at least a foot of ledge to sit on and to put flower pots on."

CONSIDERING that the living room already has two glass walls and a third that is mostly glass, this is a substantial testimonial to the value of glass walls. It is indisputable that this little house would lose its sense of spaciousness and most of its charm if the walls contained no more than the usual small windows.

After living in her house, Mrs. Watts has concluded that she much prefers it to one of conventional design. "I have not tired of the design, nor has taking care of it tired me. As the redwood walls mellow with age and the garden and vines and trees grow up around it, the house becomes prettier every day."

THE END

The view from the terrace is of San Francisco, and on clear days mountain peaks are visible.

PHOTOS BY MAX HEINEGG

The house has a simple shed roof, crisp modern lines. Steps lead from street to the terrace.

# QUEENMAKER

## It's uncanny how boss bees can be mass-produced for the $45,000,000 honey industry, but heaven help somebody if the worker bees ever get wise!

### By ALLEN RANKIN

THERE'S a celebrity aboard the northbound train today, a queen bee, and she's traveling as queens are supposed to travel—de luxe. Though her special compartment in the baggage car is only a fourth as big as the smallest letter envelope, it is large enough for her and an escort of ten ladies in waiting. These buzz about, fanning her, bathing her, and feeding her from the block of white sugar candy which walls in a third of the drawing room.

Here in her tiny screened-in traveling cage, as elsewhere, the queen is accustomed to attention. Attendants even soften her candy for her. Left without attendants for as long as an hour, she'd die of her own royal helplessness.

If she thinks she's going places, she's right. She is one of about a million queen bees shipped from the South and Southwest each year to restock hives throughout the world. She happens to come from Alabama, the country's largest queen-shipping state. She could be going almost anywhere, for Alabama ships its 193,000 queens a year to every state in the Union, to Canada and to Europe.

IF these journeying queens think they're important, they're right again—right beyond their fondest conceit. They are the chief potentates of the OWBA, Organized Worker Bees of America. Last year this produced $45,227,000 worth of honey and beeswax and performed pollinating services to crops estimated at $945,767,000 in the United States alone.

Each journeying queen, costing an average top price of $1.35, is worth her weight in platinum and diamonds. Since she weighs only one five-thousandth of a pound and is guaranteed to dictate the success of a colony of as many as 80,000 workers, she is, by weight, perhaps the most valuable article shipped through the mails. She is the unique product of beekeepers who are experts in their special line, and of whom there are none too many. They are called the queenmakers.

Milton C. Berry, sixty-three, is the oldest and most experienced queenmaker in North America. His queen factories near Montgomery, Alabama, are famous for many reasons. He originated the package-bee business by shipping the first swarming packages of bees by parcel post. He has been in the business fifty-one years and is just now beginning to think he knows "a little something about queenmaking."

This year he is shipping about 25,000 queens. About half of these are mailed individually; dropped, cage, helpers and all, into any good mailbox for the price of a one-and-a-half-cent postage stamp. The others travel with packages of from 4,000 to 20,000 worker bees, which they will rule after arrival at their destination. Those packages go mostly to northern honey producers who have found they do better by killing off their bees in the fall and importing new hives, complete with queens, in the spring and summer. The worker bees which accompany queens are taken from surpluses in the prolific Southern hives, and are drained off in packages weighing from two to five pounds and costing from $3.75 to $6.75.

Queens are produced by an entirely different set-up—queen-factories which turn out royalty mass production and on a big-business basis.

The things Berry has learned about what to do with a queen after he "makes" her are comparatively simple. The main trick is to make her in the first place, and it's a nice trick if you can do it. It's the art of making just any female into a queen. If it could be worked on women, it would be worth fabulous fortunes. Even in the bee world it comes under the head and the income-tax bracket of big industry.

These queen bees must be guaranteed to lay their weight in eggs each day, a standard of from 1,500 to 3,000 eggs every twenty-four hours which will hatch into a daily three quarts of worker bees, best quality. They must lay the eggs in special even patterns. They must produce enough honey to supply their winter needs and give their owners from 50 to 600 pounds a year, depending on the number of "sweet" flowers within flying range. They must be resistant to disease. Finally, they must be gentle and cultured and not promiscuous with their stingers.

How to produce such an article? To do it unaided would be a difficult chore even for so ingenious a man as queenmaker Berry. The trick is to make the bees do it for him and on an assembly-line basis. So far, he is one industrialist who hasn't had a single striker; but if the bees ever woke up to what's happening, they would elect Berry and other queenmakers the Number One stinger targets of the nation. For the bees who make extra queens are the world's most imposed-upon insects. For years they have been wondering why their mistresses have been snatched away from them every twelve days! Industriously they produce queen after queen, only to have them kidnaped. Subjects may even see their queens snatched up and beheaded before their eyes.

QUEENMAKERS know that bees can produce a new queen any time they want one by injecting specially prepared nectar called royal jelly into any common worker bee egg, provided this is laid in a special compartment called a queen cell. They know that bees normally produce their queens under three circumstances:

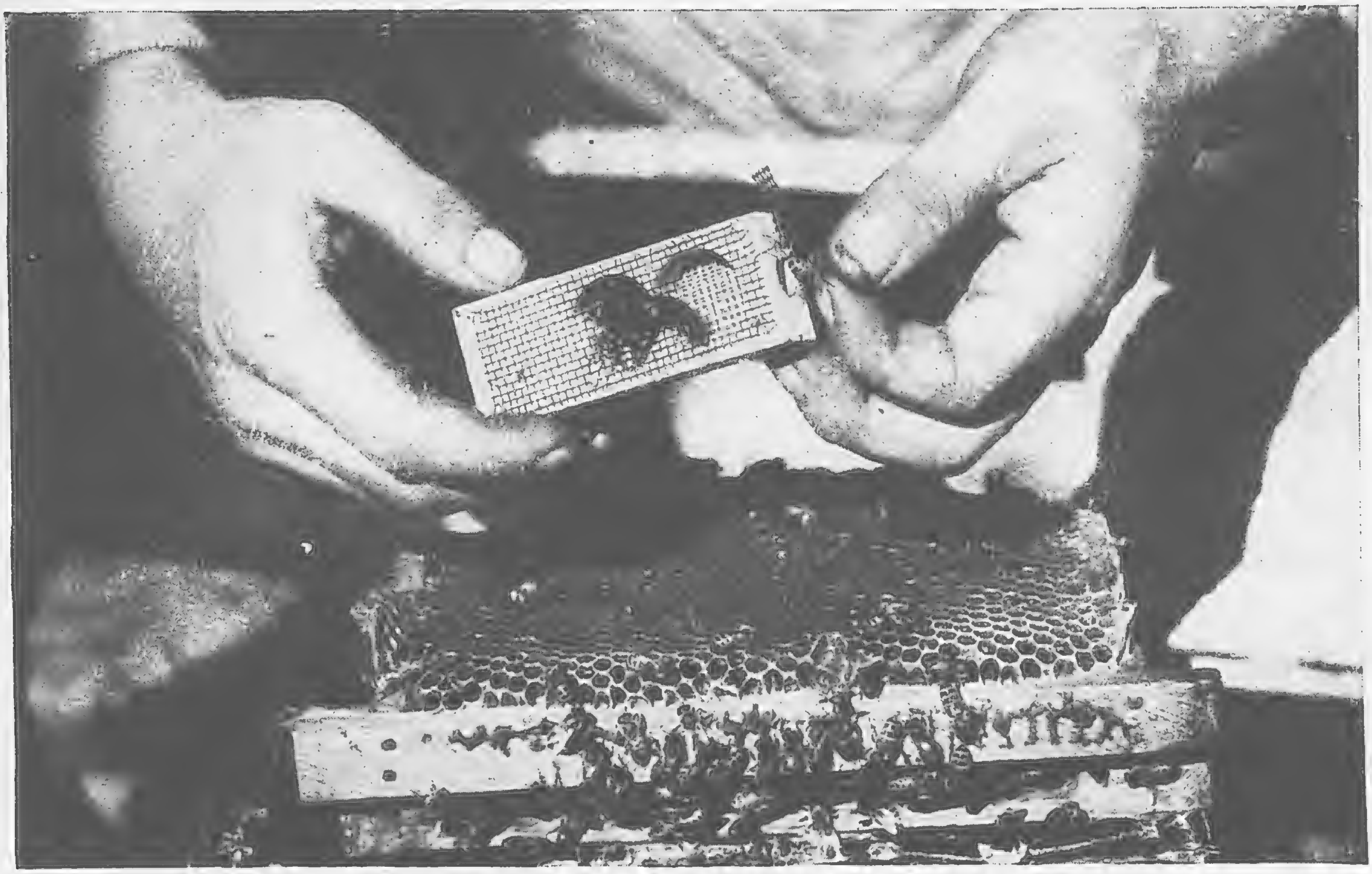
1. When they find themselves queenless. In this case their old queen may have been lost in flight, accidentally killed, or murdered.
2. When they are preparing to swarm. This is the phenomenon in which most of the bees in a prosperous full hive decide to leave and seek a new home. Bees getting ready to swarm produce queen cells to furnish a queen for those bees which prefer to stay in the old hive, while the adventurous members swarm away with their old queen to a new location.
3. Finally, bees produce a new queen when they are dissatisfied with the queen they have and wish to impeach her and put another in her place.

Berry doesn't tamper with the last condition. To understand why bees wish to rebel against a particular queen he would have to read the mind of each one of 80,000 subjects. Often, in fact, he produces a beautiful golden queen which looks perfect to him, but so imperfect to the discerning bees that they kill her immediately.

So he sets up his assembly lines by artificially causing the first two situations: bees queenless, and bees about to swarm.

It looks simple. First he selects an outstanding queen ruling a prosper-

(*Continued on page 62*)



A queen is placed in her "royal carriage." Ten attendants will guard and feed her sugar candy during the trip by rail.

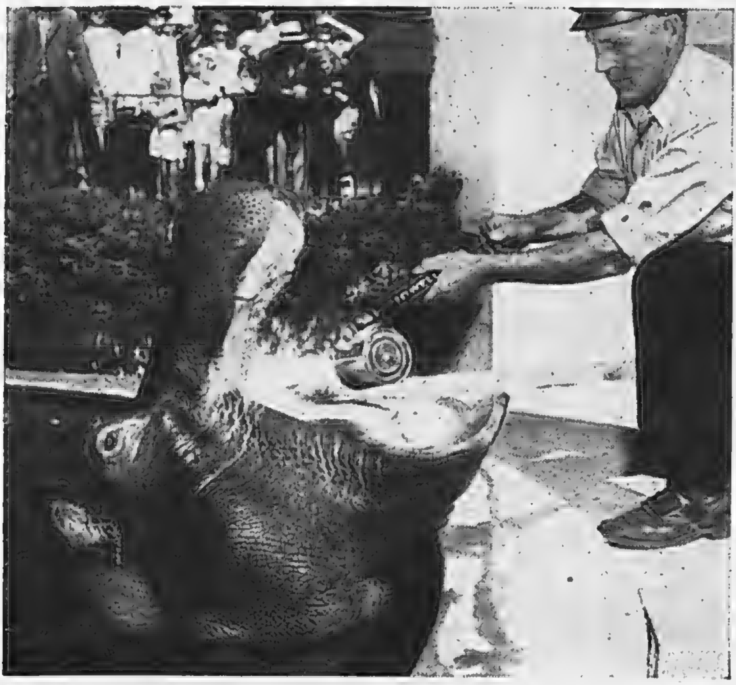
Worker bees are feeding honey to the queen's thousands of offspring in a frame of wax cells.

HORACE PERRY PHOTOS

Here is where queens are hatched, mated, and tested for egg laying qualities. Smoker is used to pacify queen's guards.

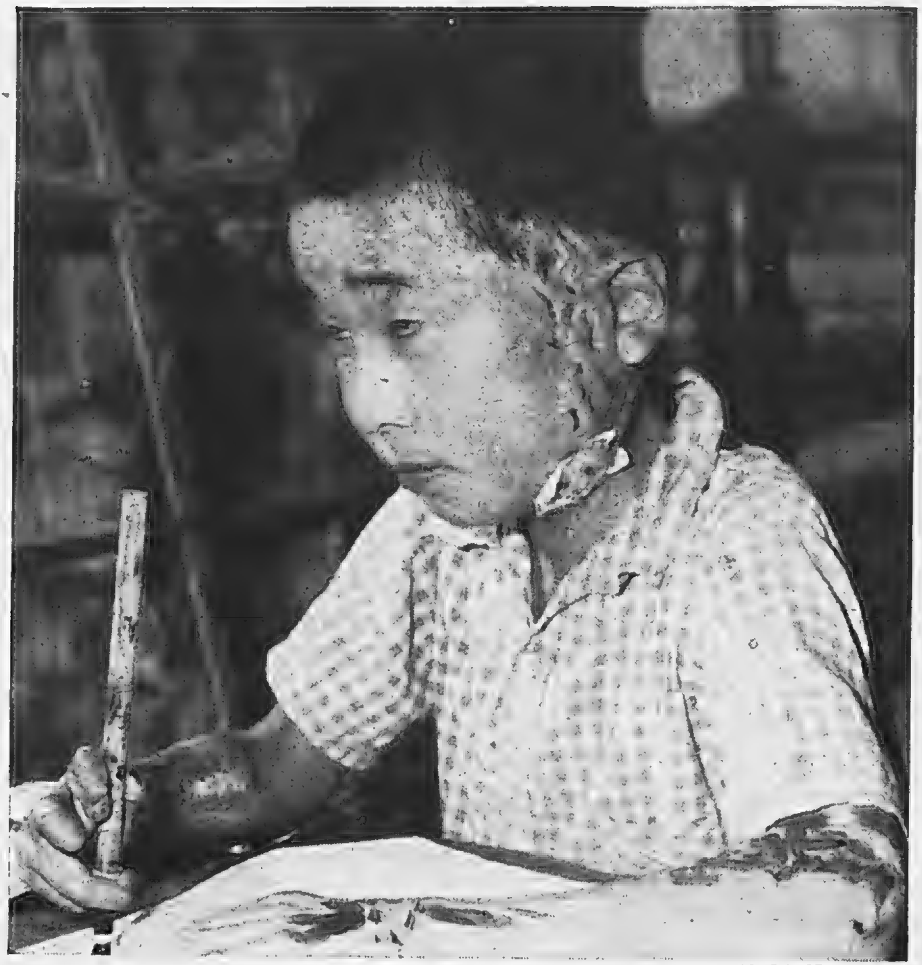
# The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



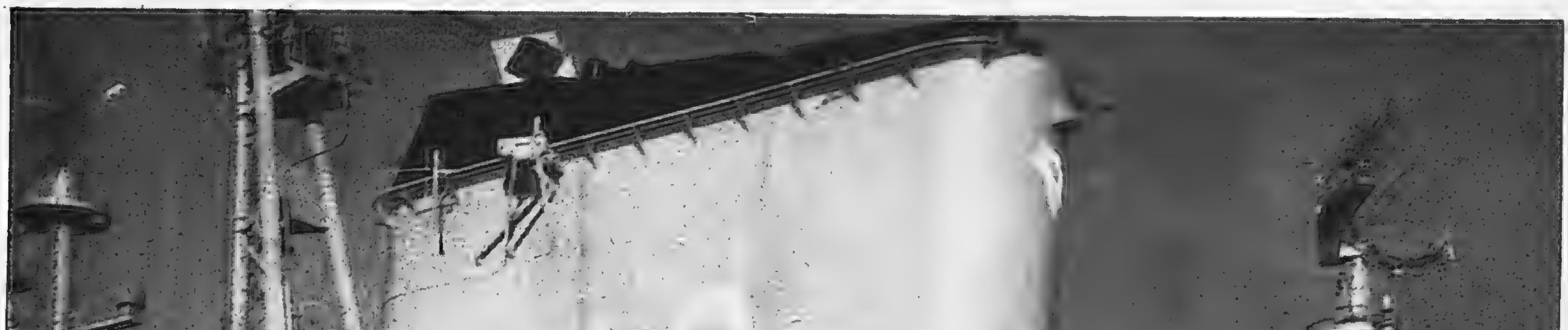
INS PHOTO

**"SAY AH"**—When Puddles, ten-year old Hippo, had a sore throat, keeper John Swanson of San Francisco's Fleishacker Zoo had to bring up his heavy artillery to find the range.



ACME PHOTO

**SHE CAN'T FORGET**—A schoolgirl of Hiroshima writes with crippled fingers a year after she survived the atom bombing of her city. Her hideous scars bear testimony to the mutilating force of this weapon.



**PHANTOM**—So fast that it is only a blur, the Phantom XFD-1 streaks down the flight deck of the carrier U.S.S. Franklin D. Roosevelt in a test take-off. It's the Navy's first jet-powered plane and has an estimated top speed of over 500 miles an hour.

U. S. NAVY PHOTO

**BUXOM JANE**—Senator Alben Barkley, majority leader, pins a corsage a few inches above the curves that have brought fame and censorship to Jane (The Outlaw) Russell.

ACME PHOTO

**GOING DOWN**—There wasn't much glue on the pants of Dick Stull, cowboy from Crook, Colorado. He was one of many to bite Wyoming's dust at Cheyenne's big rodeo.

AP PHOTO

**OVER-DRESSED**—Claudia McNaughton, model, may appear to be wearing too many clothes, according to beach stylists. But remember, summer is over—and, anyhow, she figures she is tan enough for one season.

ANDRE DE DIENES PHOTO

# Every girl in love nowadays will do well to remember what Jean forgot

"Come on, Dick. I can't let you go out there to certain death." "Oh, gonna bump himself off?" asked the cabbie.

# Address Central Park

## BY S. P. WALKER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

THE young man was hardly in the best of spirits. He was weary. His big feet ached. He was discouraged, exasperated and thwarted.

When at last it came his turn for an interview at the Veterans' Housing Bureau, he lugged his heavy suitcase into the inner office.

"Just fill out one of the blanks, please," a crisp voice told him.

Without looking at the girl, he took the blank, and, ignoring all the data requested thereon, he scrawled across it: "My name is Richard Wilson. I used to serve in Uncle Sam's Navy, and right now I would sell my soul for a single room, with or without bath."

She took the paper and read it unsmilingly. "A comedian," she said. "I'm sorry, Mr. Wilson, but there just doesn't seem to be a single room left in New York City."

He stared at her in weary silence. She was quick and pert as a wren. Her hair was auburn, and she wore it in a long, smooth, bell-shaped bob. Her tailored gray suit fitted her closely, showing trim curves.

"For one so pretty," he sighed, "you seem to have little or none of the milk of human kindness. Isn't your heart torn at the thought of poor old Wilson staggering all over town with a giant suitcase, being thrown out of one hotel after another like a panhandler—"

"Mr. Wilson, if you knew how many veterans I've had to interview every day, you'd— Well, where were you last staying?"

"In a swimming pool."

"*Really,* I'm busy."

"You think I'm kidding? The Hotel Manhattan emptied its swimming pool and put twenty cots in it. I had an especially choice cot, too—in the shallow end, near the ladder. But they'll just let you stay a week."

"If I weren't so tired, I might laugh," she said. She riffled through a pile of slips on her desk. "Here's the only thing I could possibly offer. It's a house—a sort of log farmhouse, I'm afraid—near Weatherby, New Jersey. No hot water. No electricity. A hundred and sixty-five dollars a month."

"Isn't that practically in Pennsylvania?"

"Yes, you take buses. Change twice. Two hours and forty minutes each way."

"Why, that sounds ideal!"

She smiled. "I'm sorry, Mr. Wilson."

"Call me Dick."

"Sorry, Mr. Wilson."

He stood up. "You know, you look strangely familiar. Were you ever in Dallas, Texas? That's my home town."

"Mr. Wilson," she said firmly, "how about being a perfect dear and getting the hell out of here?"

He reached for his suitcase. "You sound like these room clerks I've been talking to. Except none of them ever called me a perfect dear." He looked at his wrist watch. "I know you're in a tough racket," he said, "so I forgive you. But it's now seven forty-seven. What you obviously need is a good wholesome dinner. How about it?"

She glanced up. "I'm touched—but I wish you'd stop bothering me."

Looking at her now, he realized how tired she must be. Her small, almost childish face was pale. He suddenly strode over to the coat rack and took down her hat—a ridiculous little black affair with a white feather—and patted it onto her head. Then he casually lifted her by her elbows out of her chair.

"Come along quietly now," he said. "I dislike scenes."

WILLIE'S TAVERN is a noisy, smoke-filled, cheerful little steak house on Third Avenue. When the waiter brought their cocktails, Dick raised his glass to the girl.

She looked lovely. A quick session with powder puff, comb, and lipstick had done great things for her, and now her eyes were sparkling.

"I must be crazy to let you shanghai me this way," she said.

"Think nothing of it. But it's high time you told me your name."

"Casterhill, Jean Casterhill."

He finished his Martini and repeated the name. "Not sure I like the Casterhill. Sounds like a real-estate development. The age?"

"Twenty-two."

"The home town?"

"Cleveland."

"And the bust measurement?"

"Go climb a tree."

Dick ordered dinner. "Make my steak four to five inches thick." He turned to Jean. "I'll need something nourishing if I'm going to survive the night on a park bench. Which park do you recommend?"

She considered a moment. "Well, Central Park is nice. But some people complain about the zoo noises. And Bryant Park is nice, too. But with so many pigeons—you never can tell about those pigeons."

"Um," Dick said. He sighed. "Sometimes I wish I were still on the Yorktown, with nothing but Jap mines and kamikazes to worry about."

ABRUPTLY she looked down into her glass. "I used to know somebody on one of the carriers," she said. "A fighter pilot. I never did find out what carrier he was on. I always had to address my mail to his squadron, but—" Her voice trailed off.

"Something happen?" Dick asked.

She nodded.

"I'm sorry."

"Oh, well, it's a long story, and I won't bore you. Let's have another Martini." She was smiling again and the sparkle came back.

At eleven thirty Dick smoked a pipe and they each nursed along a stein of beer. All the other diners had left, and the waiter hovered gloomily near their table.

Jean said, "We ought to give him a break."

"I suppose so. But I'm in no special hurry to climb onto that park bench. It might be more comfy if you lent me a hot-water bottle!"

"Probably you'd like a goosedown puff, too, and some percale sheets."

"I'd consider that a handsome gesture."

They paid the check — Jean wouldn't let Dick pay her share—and then walked out onto the sidewalk. A slow misty rain had begun to fall.

"Great little night for my outing," Dick said.

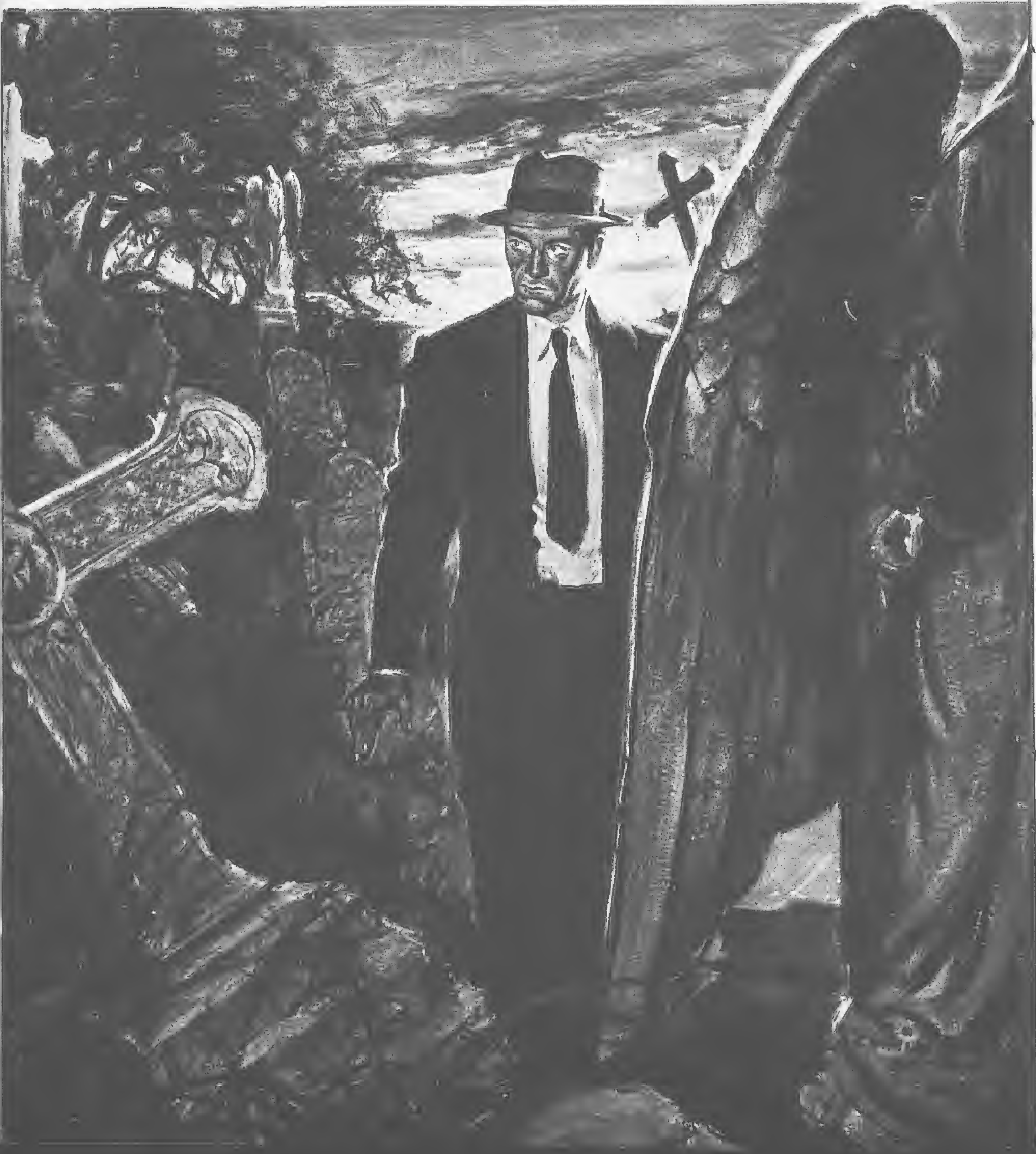
He hailed a cab. "Central Park," he told the driver.

(*Continued on page 66*)

**For a girl caught snooping in a man's room, Anita talked fast. The faster she talked, the more Scott learned**

### BY FRANK BONHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIACKA



# THE CURSE *of the* PRYORS

## RÉSUME OF PART ONE

BILL SCOTT, working for a firm of importers, was sent to Mexico to investigate the financial standing of Michael Pryor, running a dairy ranch at San Marcos. He found evidence of mismanagement and what seemed to be unusual bad luck. He strongly suspected Don Gonzalo, the foreman, of plotting against his easy-going American employer. Pryor, formerly a wealthy playboy, had been innocently involved in a wildcat investment scheme in Los Angeles some six years before. Both Pryor and his beautiful daughter, Kay, longed to return to the States, but their stubborn pride prevented them from admitting another failure. Other guests at the hacienda were Don Luis Palacio, who had his eye on the Pryor ranch; and Anita de Vega, young and alluring wife (or widow) of a Spanish Loyalist. She had been seeking her husband, a fugitive from Spain, and had traced him as far as San Marcos.

Scott made a deal with Pryor to work with him and put the ranch on a paying basis, provided Don Gonzalo was dismissed. Grateful for Scott's co-operation, Kay invited him to go canoeing in the moonlight, and while they sat by the river Scott realized that Kay reciprocated the love that was growing in his heart for her.

Happily, Scott returned to his room in the *casita*. But on the threshold he stopped. There was soot on the hearth; in the shadows stood Anita, an iron poker in her hand.

## PART TWO—CONCLUSION

ANITA leaned the poker against the wall and brushed her soot-blackened hands together distastefully. She was quite calm. "Naturally," she said, "you want to know what I'm doing in your room."

"Do you mind if I guess?" Scott asked. "You were looking for your husband up the chimney."

She picked up a pack of cigarettes from the table and lit one.

"Though it does seem an odd place to hide a husband, doesn't it?" he persisted. "And now I remember that you almost spilled your wine the other night when I mentioned the fireplace being stopped up."

Anita's fingers brought the cigarette to her lips. She inhaled, then laughed. "You're unkind. But you're right. I gave up seeking my husband a long time ago. I haven't given up seeking the money he took."

"Now," Scott said, "we talk sense."

"Two hundred thousand pesos," Anita said calmly. "Half of it mine, by law. It cost ten thousand pesos to get passage; he thought it best for me to wait. I waited. Seven years! With agents following me whenever I stepped into the street!"

Seven years. . . . It started Scott thinking. He said, "You married young, it seems."

"I was fifteen. My husband was forty-three. A love match; my parents were in love with his name and his money." Then she gestured at the fireplace. "I really would like to know what is in that chimney."

SCOTT hesitated. "Well, why not?" he said. He turned the lamp high and set it inside the hearth. Anita knelt beside him as he maneuvered for a view up the chimney.

"I thought I could see something resting on the ledge of the flue," she was saying. "There! Do you see it? Something like an *olla*—"

Scott was able to reach the object, which was round and had the texture of unglazed pottery. He set it down. Anita's hand was instantly inside it, snatching away an envelope, gray with soot. He watched her swiftly tear one end and tilt it. A fold of paper dropped out, and a key. Anita stood quickly.

Scott rose. "Hey! That's against the rules!" But she did not resist when he took the paper from her. She had already read the three lines of writing.

Scott read it: "In the event of my death, I have arranged to be buried in the Panteón de Calvario. Juan Alberto de Vega N."

Anita stared at the key lying on the palm of her hand. She spoke with a sarcasm like dripping acid. "My poor Alberto!" Her face talked of hatred for a man who was dead. It talked of a long search that had ended in failure. Then she gave Scott a brittle smile. "I'm sorry for upsetting your room so, Mr. Scott. But at least we fixed your fireplace. Good night."

A few minutes later, as he snuffed out the lamp, he saw her cigarette in the ash tray, with the bright memory of her lips. It was almost the only real thing about the whole incident.

IN the morning he woke slowly from a dream he was reluctant to leave. The sun blazed a white square on the wall across the room; from the river he heard the shouts of boys driving the cattle into the water. He sighed and swung his legs over the side of the bed.

Somewhere in the ranch house Kay was remembering too, and either she was sharing his intimate, tingling warmth, or she was regretting what had happened. He had to know. He dressed and strode down the hill through the workers' huts.

It was April, and it was morning, and for some reason these things seemed miraculous. What made them miraculous was that, after twenty-nine years of taking them or leaving them alone, a woman had come to mean something special to him. He was in love. It was ridiculous and impossible. But there it was. . . .

As soon as he saw Kay, crisp and fresh in white and yellow, he knew the phenomenon was not his own private property. She hardly looked at him as he came in, but the color came into her face.

Anita was speaking to Pryor. "You have been very kind," she told him, "but now I know there is no use staying any longer. I have friends in Mexico City with whom I can stay a few days before I return to Spain."

Pryor bore up bravely. "Anyway," he said, "we'll have you with us one more night. You see, there's nothing today but a freight train."

Anita's hands made a gesture. "*Pues, no le hace!* Tomorrow then!"

Bill Scott wondered why she hadn't mentioned the key, until he realized how it would have looked to the others to admit the circumstances under which she had found it. "I happened to be in Mr. Scott's bedroom when—" He was glad, then, that she hadn't.

Pryor was anxious to show Don Luis a new bull he had acquired. After breakfast, Scott went with them to the corrals. He had had no opportunity to tell Pryor about the ambitions of Don Luis toward Hacienda San Marcos.

It was only a few minutes later that the bell in the main courtyard began to ring urgently.

"Now what!" Pryor grunted.

A servant came running across the

(*Continued on page 52*)

**All the ghost stories of his childhood suddenly thronged around him. He went cautiously. Then he heard it—the tap, tap, tap of a hammer.**

"The liveliest performer in the low-priced field"

"King-sized brakes"

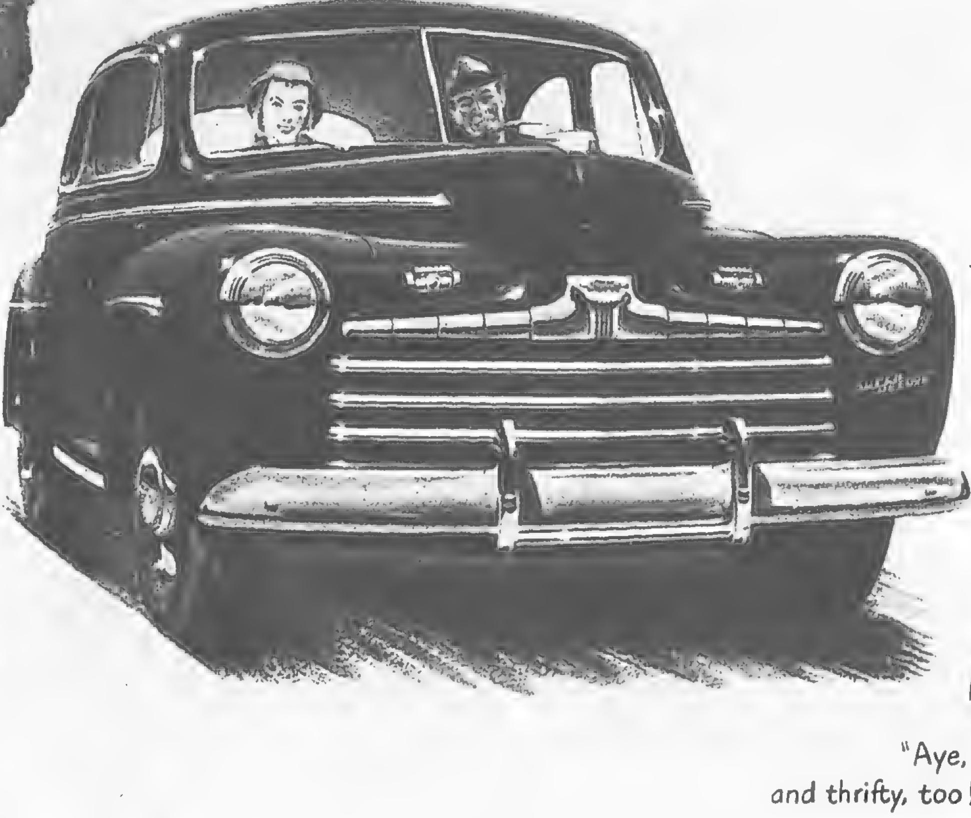
"Rest-Ride springs!"

"That best-dressed look!"

# Ford's out Front
## WITH EVERYBODY!

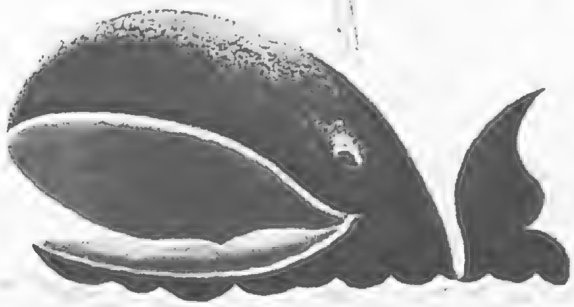
"Extra large trunk... that's no joke, son!"

"Wide-angle vision!"



"Lifeguard body!"

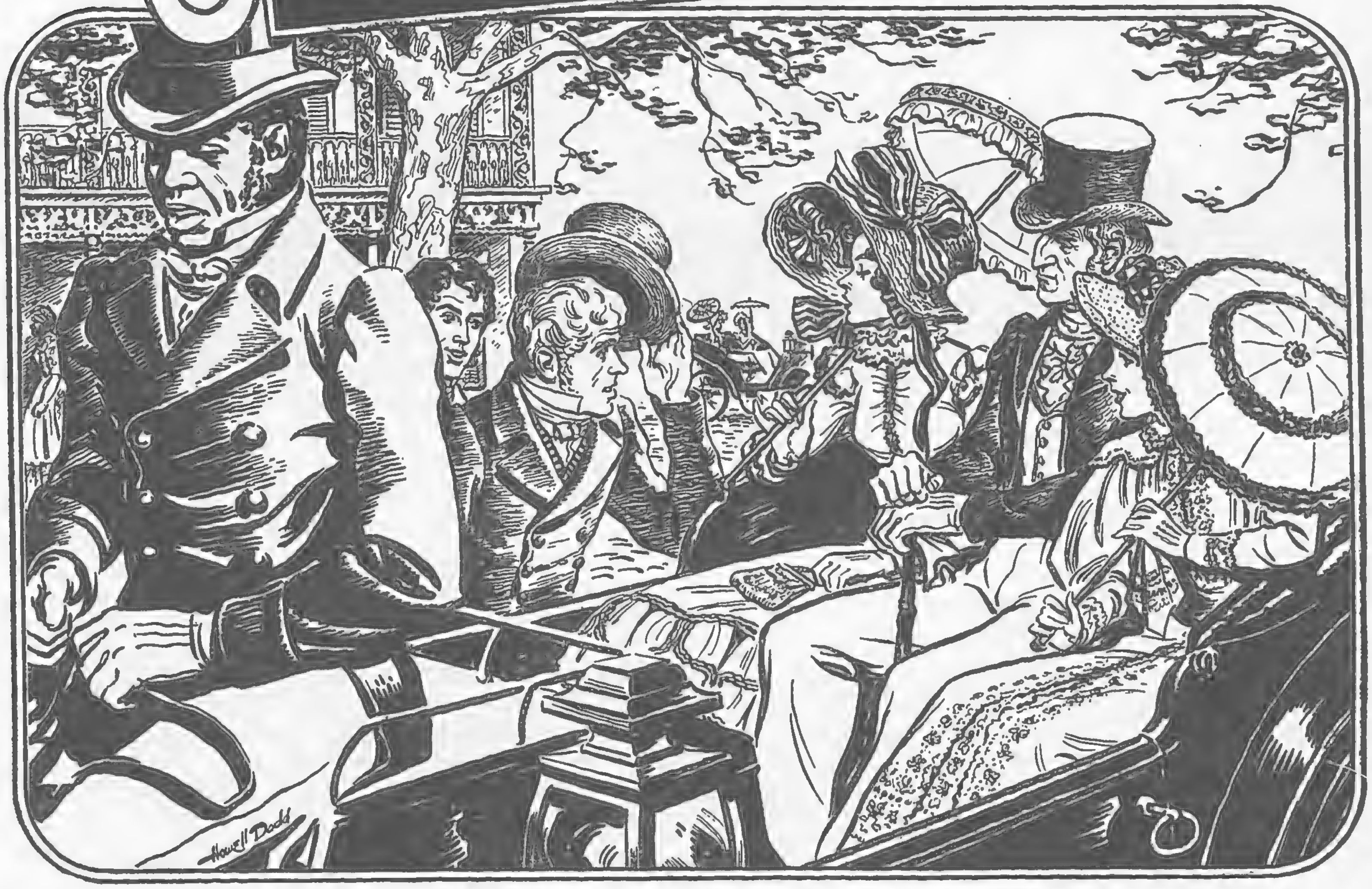
"Aye, and thrifty, too!"


"A roomy, two-tone interior!"

*There's a Ford in your future*

"A wise buy!"

# THE FOXES OF HARROW



## BY FRANK YERBY

When dashing, red-haired Stephen Fox arrived in New Orleans he was determined to abandon his life as a river gambler and become master of the greatest plantation in Louisiana. This is the fascinating story of an Irish adventurer and the three beautiful women who loved him—two high-born Creole belles and a Titian-haired quadroon

*ILLUSTRATED BY HOWELL DODD*

**A LIBERTY BOOK CONDENSATION · READING TIME: ONE EVENING**

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THE *Prairie Belle* came nuzzling up to the bar. The big side wheels slowed and the white boiling of the water stopped.

"Run out the plank," the captain said quietly.

Two gigantic Negroes bent down and black coils of muscle glistened. They came up with short, deep-throated grunts and the oaken plank wavered and came to rest on the bar.

"All right," the captain said. "You may go ashore, Mr. Fox."

Stephen Fox fingered the single rich ruffle that stood out from his shirt front. Then his fingers caressed the pearl that gleamed against the dark silk stock wound about his throat.

"All right, Mr. Fox. Up with ye."

Stephen stepped up on the plank. He strode along it very solidly, taking care to keep every trace of jauntiness out of his step. Going down the plank to a muddy bar one hundred yards from the left bank of the Mississippi, there was not the slightest indication in his bearing that the *Prairie Belle* existed or that the men and women lining her decks were alive.

A little murmur started among the passengers and grew and ran from man to man until all the people were muttering. Then someone said it aloud and another and another until they were all saying it: "Cheat!" "Sharper!" "Card Shark!"

The captain nodded to the second officer. "All right."

The second officer pulled twice on the bell cord. The bells jangled. Two big white clouds billowed up from the high twin stacks and the great side wheels turned over once, twice, then took up their steady beat. The plank was lifted from the bar, and the *Belle* stood out for midchannel.

STEPHEN FOX gazed upstream. He had only two choices and one of them he rejected at once. That was to swim ashore and make his way through the bayou country afoot. The second was more reasonable: He could take the chance of hailing some passing river craft and making his way to New Orleans in comparative comfort. So he remained standing.

In that year, 1825, there were still only a few steamboats plying the Mississippi, but there were hundreds of flatboats drifting south, and even a lonely keelboat or two. Stephen shifted his weight from one foot to the other. He was going to have a long wait. There was no chance of sitting down; the bar was muddy, and he had no desire to ruin the loose fawn-colored trousers he wore or his rich green cutaway coat.

The sky purpled, blackened. The stars strung a necklace over the river. He would have to wait until morning.

He walked back and forth from one point of the bar to the other, thinking—remembering London, Paris, Vienna, New York. "A long trail," he thought. "A long trail to end thus." He stretched out his long, nimble fingers and stared at them in the darkness.

"Aye, ye've carried me far; but it is a sorry thing—no certainty in it. A flip of the pasteboards and it comes and it goes. No more of that. This time the trail ends—for good. No more the river. It's the broad lands for me." He threw back his head and laughed aloud, the clear baritone carrying out over the water. "Fine chance of that. A Dublin guttersnipe don't become one of the landed gentry—not even in this mad, new land . . ." He stiffened suddenly, listening. The sound came again, far off and faint: "Hullo! Hullo, there!"

Stephen cupped his hand. "Hullo! Hullo!"

"Where are ye?"

"Here to your right—on the bar! For God's sake, man, make haste."

A lantern glowed faintly from the river. Then the black bulk of a flatboat was looming up through the darkness and the smell struck him in the face.

"A pig boat! By Our Lady!" Still, he couldn't afford to be choosey.

A man was standing in the great curving bow holding out the lantern. The flatboat touched the bar now and hung there.

"Well, I'll be a pizen wolf from Bitter Creek," the lantern-bearer said, "if this don't beat all. A gentleman, no less—all got up in top hat and fancy waistcoat and cutaway standing up on a bar in the middle of the Mississippi! Who mought yez be, me foine lad?"

"I'm Stephen Fox and I'm plagued cold and hungrier than a grizzly. May I come aboard?"

"Furst I think yez had better explain what yez be a-doin' thar in the middle of the river."

"Well," Stephen said, "as one Irishman to another, I am a gambler. But aboard the *Prairie Belle* there were tinhorn sports who bore their losses badly. They complained to the captain and here I am."

"Here's me hand. Up with yez, me lad!"

Stephen scrambled aboard. The smell from the hogs was formidable, but no worse than that from the members of the crew who came crowding around.

He turned to the one-eyed giant to whom he had been talking. "A word with ye, captain?"

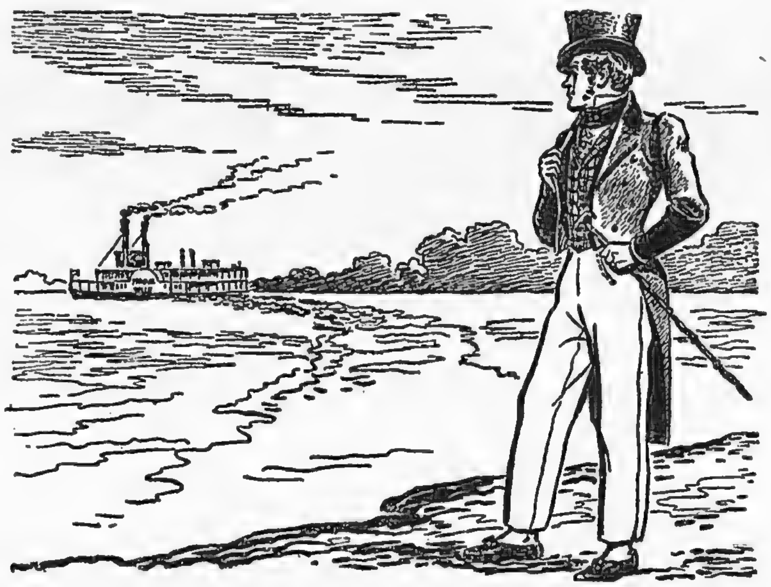
"Yes, me lad?"

"Might we not walk aft?"

The captain grunted, then nodded his massive head. He was a huge man, Irish and all muscles. The two of them walked back toward the stern of the craft.

Stephen hesitated. His hand swept up to his throat with a lightning-like movement. When it came away the golden setting at the top of the stickpin gleamed empty; the big pearl was gone.

"Now, captain," he said, "when they put me off the *Belle,* they forced me to disgorge. In my money belt there are only thirty gold dollars. They are yours." He unbuttoned his wine-colored waistcoat and undid his white ruffled shirt. He unbuckled the money belt and handed it unopened to the captain.



The captain only grunted.

"And now," Stephen said evenly, "ye have all my worldly goods besides my clothes. Deliver me safely in New Orleans and ye get my coat and waistcoat and this hat. My trousers would not fit ye, I'm afraid."

The captain threw back his great head and laughed. "Keep your duds," he said.

Stephen put out his hand. The captain took it, and for a moment Stephen thought the bones were crushed.

"Me name's Mike Farrel," the captain said.

"Now if ye have something that a man might eat . . ."

"Right yez are."

IT was still hours until morning, and Stephen stood on a street corner in New Orleans.

"Help!" came a voice, speaking rapidly. "Help me!"

"Where are ye?" Stephen asked.

"Here, behind this wall. I've been robbed!"

Stephen put his hands on the wall and raised himself to the top. A young man was crouched on the other side, shivering in a shirt and silken underwear.

"By Our Lady!" Stephen declared. "We'd better do something about your trousers."

"Yes, but what?"

Stephen's slim fingers caressed his chin. "Is there near here a place where gentlemen drink heartily?"

"But of a certainty! Still, I don't see—"

"Listen, lad, ye aren't supposed to see. Just lead me to it. There'll hardly be any ladies around at this hour."

"All right, but I still don't see—"

"Listen, Mister whatever ye're called—"

"Le Blanc—Andre Le Blanc."

"Mister Le Blanc, I don't have a sou. Neither, it appears, do ye. I intend, therefore, to bow to circumstances and —borrow a pair of trousers for ye."

"Monsieur, you don't mean . . ."

"The name is Fox—Stephen Fox. Come along now!"

They turned a corner. Across the street, yellow light was rolling out of the windows of a frame building.

"There!" Andre said.

Even as they watched, several shadowy figures came out of the door. Stephen could see that they were swaying a bit. "Not yet," he said. "There are too many. One man alone, and much, much drunker."

They waited. The fog began to pale into morning.

"Now!" Stephen said suddenly. "Now!"

The man was weaving all over the wooden banquette and singing to himself.

"Name of a name!" Andre said. "But he is too big!"

"Never for me could ye buy a horse," Stephen declared. "Ye are no judge of lines or build. Can't you see he is all belly? Now, ye take the inner track. When ye are close, a hand over his mouth—and don't let go, even if he bites."

The two of them moved through the rapidly lightening mist behind the fat man. When they were close, Andre's hand shot out and the song gurgled downward into their victim's throat. Stephen put his knee into the small of the singer's back and swept both his hands backward.

"Quick," he said to Andre. "His stock!"

Andre whipped it over with his free hand, half-strangling their victim as he did so. He looked up at Stephen with a grin. "Shall we hang him with it?"

Stephen laughed aloud. "I thought ye had the makings of a man about ye—for all your girlish looks. No—just gag him. It might be more fun to slit his gullet slowly, don't ye think?"

The fat man's face was pale; his struggles ceased.

Stephen bound his wrists with his own stock, then they laid him gently upon the ground and removed his trousers. They both laughed.

Stephen ran his hands expertly through the fat man's pockets. He came up with a purse and several letters.

"Give him back the purse and letters," Andre said. "Now how do I look?"

"Like a prince of the blood. But off with ye. A good day to ye, sir!" Stephen added loudly. "I trust ye will sleep most comfortably!" The two of them moved off.

"We'll go to my home," Andre said. "First we'll breakfast, then we'll sleep an hour or two. Afterwards, I'll show you the town. I'm not anxious to take my leave of you. Before this morning I was dying of ennui."

"Ye'll get your fill of me," Stephen said, smiling. "I'm here to stay."

THEY walked along in silence. The sun was up and the morning mist had melted away into the ground. The streets were narrow, mere lanes, innocent for the most part of any sort of pavement. The houses came down to the very edge of the sidewalks, and most of them had overhanging balconies richly ornamented with wrought iron.

Andre's house was larger and finer than any of the others that Stephen had seen. Inside, it was magnificently furnished.

Andre addressed his manservant. "We'll have our coffee in the courtyard. Black coffee, Ti Demon. And brandy."

The courtyard was paved with blue-gray flagstones. Flowering oleanders grew in large jars. In the center of the yard was a birdbath in which sparrows were splashing.

Andre laced his coffee liberally, but Stephen drank his brandy first. Then as the warm feeling began to swing in slow circles around the inside of his head, he gulped the coffee quickly.

"Now we will sleep," Andre said. "All day if you like."

"Excuse me, Monsieur Andre," Ti Demon said. "But today is the celebration for the gran' general, the Marquis de Lafayette."

"That's true. We mustn't miss that."

"De Lafayette is coming here?" Stephen asked.

"Yes. He'll arrive on the *Natchez* from Mobile this morning. Everybody will turn out. You'll see more of the gentry of New Orleans today than ordinarily you could meet in a year." He stifled a yawn. "Ti Demon, show Monsieur Fox to the guest chamber."

He put out his hand. "Sleep well, my friend."

Stephen followed the black man up sweeping flights of stairs. Then Ti Demon opened a door to a richly decorated room. In the center stood a canopied bed.

Ti Demon adjusted the covers. "Monsieur wants something?"

"Nothing now, thank you. When you wake me—some hot water for a bath, a razor. That's all for now."

Ti Demon bowed silently out of the room.

That was it, Stephen thought. To live like this—graciously, with leisure to cultivate the tastes and to indulge every pleasure—a man must be free of labor. Yes, there was no doubt about it. New Orleans had it all over Philadelphia, which he had called home since he had come to America. Four years ago, that had been, when he had just turned twenty-one. A mere stripling perhaps, but a more accomplished rake and sharper than many a man twice his age.

He pillowed his head upon his arms and slept.

ANDRE and Stephen moved through the crowds. As they passed, heads were turned in their direction. There were not many men so tall as Stephen, and his coppery red hair was like a beacon among the dark Creoles. It was surprising, too, to see a *'Mericain coquin* on so friendly terms with an artistocratic Creole.

Young girls dressed in bright colors were slipping through the throngs like gayly chattering songbirds. Their lovely young faces were bared to the sun and they wore on their heads, instead of the bonnets of the Creole ladies, the bright tignons of the slaves.

"My God," Stephen said. "They're dressed like blacks."

"They're quadroons. Their fathers and grandfathers—"

"Were white. While their mothers were black as coal."

Then there was the sound of a cannon booming, and all the people surged forward at once.

"That's it!" Andre said. "The *Natchez* has docked!"

Stephen let his eye wander over the throng. The people were dressed in their best clothes, and were waving the tricolor.

"They're coming," Andre said. "There's de Lafayette! That's Mayor de Roffenac with him, and . . ."

But Stephen wasn't looking. A saucy little green and gold landaulette had come flashing up to the square, drawn by two spanking bays. The Negro who drove them had on spotless livery.

Stephen's eyes swept past horses and coachman.

"And that," Andre was saying, "is Vincent Nolte . . ."

But Stephen's fingers were biting into the flesh of his arm. "Who," he demanded, "is *that?*"

Andre turned. "You have an eye for beauty, have you not? Those are the Arceneaux sisters—in my opinion, the two loveliest girls in New Orleans."

"I didn't ask ye about both of them. That one—with hair like night cascading out of God's own heaven, unlighted by a star—that one!"

"And you're a poet, too! I hadn't suspected it."

"I ask him to tell me the name of the girl I'm going to marry, and he talks about poetry!"

"Not so fast, my friend. Her name is Odalie. And she is directly related by blood to the late, lamented royal house. Also, every man of wealth and distinction in New Orleans has already asked her hand, either for himself or in behalf of his son. I would suggest that you try someone a trifle less difficult—say the Crown Princess of England."

"Hang your suggestions!" exclaimed Stephen. "Ye're going to present me—now!"

"I'm sorry, but that is quite impossible. Here, in this public square, it would be the height of impoliteness. I'm not at all sure Odalie wouldn't cut me dead for even associating with a *mauvais* Kaintock."

"I'm not from Kentucky!" Stephen snapped.

"To a Creole," Andre said gently, "all Americans are from Kentucky—and they're all bad."

"An opinion in which ye doubtless concur?"

"Softly, my good Stephen. I have no desire to kill you in a senseless duel. Let's be frank. You're penniless and something of an adventurer. At the present moment, your chances with Mademoiselle Odalie Arceneaux are exactly nil. Later, they might be better. If you'll accept my counsel, I'd say wait. Fatten your purse. Distinguish yourself. Then—who knows? Truly, many have failed; but they were none of them like you."

Stephen smiled and put out his hand. "Ye're right, lad," he said. "I'll go slowly." One of the fair eyebrows arched impishly. "But mark my word, I'll marry the girl!"

He turned his back to the crowd and studied Odalie with half-closed eyes. She seemed to be completely captured by the oration in praise of de Lafayette. But the pink of her clear, shell-like ear lobes deepened. The color mounted to her face. Still Stephen stared.

"For my part," Andre whispered, "you've chosen the poorer one. The younger sister, Aurore, is more beautiful. Odalie with her imperious ways overshadows poor, gentle little Aurore; but the beauty is there—and it's from the heart."

The speaking was done, and de Lafayette had been borne away to the booming of cannon and the cheers of the crowd. Stephen and Andre made their way back through the throngs. As they passed the landaulette, Andre lifted his hat. Stephen bowed. Odalie nodded stiffly, but Aurore both inclined her head and smiled.

"What on earth are you looking at?" Odalie demanded, as the younger girl half turned in her seat, looking out of the window.

"That—that man with Andre. He was so fair—like the sun god that Marie told us the Indians worship in Mexico . . . and he kept watching you so."

"That Kentuckian! Home, Roget! Quickly!"

THE street sounds drifted up through Stephen's window and awakened him. He opened one eye lazily, blinking at the brilliant autumn sunlight.

A soft knocking came from the door.

"Come in," Stephen called; and Georges, his newly acquired manservant, was crossing the room, his black face lit with a smile.

"Good morning, maître," he said, putting a cup of black coffee down on the little bedside table.

"Thank you, Georges," Stephen said, "but hurry my breakfast. I'm starving!"

"Yes, maître, I go bring heem right now."

Stephen looked out of the window. Sipping the coffee, he tried to define the quality of this, his city, but even now, although it was six months to the day since he had stepped ashore from Mike Farrel's flatboat, it eluded him. It reminded him of Paris. Reminded him—that was all. The buildings with their overhanging galleries and their iron ornamentation were more Spanish than French; yet New Orleans was French in many subtle and definite ways: the housewives haggling over bargains, the swift play of gesticulation, the rapid sibilant speech, for all its Creole softening.

Georges was back with his breakfast in a surprisingly short time. While Stephen ate, his mind was busy with a thousand schemes. So far, everything had gone well. Slowly, cautiously, he had begun to make his pile, utilizing the one skill be possessed. New Orleans was a gambler's paradise. Always the stacks of silver dollars grew behind the lean fingers holding the fanned cards. The crisp green banknotes fluttered across the table. And he pocketed them smiling, saying apologetically, "'Tis the run of the cards. Better luck next time!"

Lagoaster, the celebrated quadroon tailor, had turned out for him several outfits, all of a quiet elegance that commanded respect. Yes, he had done well. From now on, his moves could become bolder.

AT the Theatre D'Orleans that evening, the French players were offering *Marie Stuart.* Stephen arrived late in the second act and vainly scanned the boxes, the gallery and the main floor for a glimpse of Odalie.

At the end of the act he left, having made certain that neither of the Arceneaux sisters was present. Outside in the street, he took out his massive gold watch and looked at the time. He groaned aloud. Now there was barely time to reach the café where Hugo Waguespack awaited him.

The fat German planter was there. Stephen knew him well enough by now not to waste time with courtesies. He simply sat down and the play began. It went on for two hours, with Stephen winning constantly.

"Enough for tonight?" he asked at last.

"No!" Hugo growled. "Seven thousand you have already from me. If I thought . . ."

Stephen looked at him. "Ye've won from me," he said, "and ye bring your own deck. I've told ye I never cheat at cards, but if ye persist in disbelieving me . . ."

Hugo's little pig eyes wavered. "All right. One more round of seven up." He half turned away from Stephen. "Waiter!" he called. "A pen and paper, and damned quick about it!" He turned again to Stephen.

"You'll take my note," he said, "for my lands upriver, against all I've lost to you. A single hand and I'm done with you."

Stephen shrugged. "Agreed," he said.

The waiter was back with an inkhorn and quill. Hugo took the pen and wrote laboriously, then passed the document to Stephen. It was in order. Stephen put it upon the table, and beside it twenty one-thousand-dollar bills.

Stephen's slim fingers caressed the pearl that gleamed softly at his throat. He dealt the cards, six to Hugo, six to himself. The next card he turned face up upon the table. It was the trey of spades.

The play went on, first one player turning a trick, then the other. Then, when they had exhausted their hands, Hugo said: "All right, score it up."

"For me, the Ace—that's four," Stephen said, "and being high card, it gives me one more, making five."

"I have the Queen," Hugo said. "Two points."

"The King," Stephen smiled, "three points, making eight."

"The deuce, two points, and one for low, making five. And the next is my trick—the Jack, one point, and one more because it is Jack of trumps, making seven. And your Jack of Hearts taken by my five of Spades makes eight, and the point you gave me makes nine."

"So," Stephen chuckled. "Two for me on the last trick, your Queen of Clubs taken by my trey of Spades—which, my good Hugo, were trumps."

Hugo stood up, slamming the cards across the table. "You're clairvoyant," he said, "or else a rogue. I haven't decided which."

"And when ye do," Stephen said softly, "I shall have to decide whether to kill ye or let ye live. *Adieu,* Monsieur Waguespack."

"You weren't quarreling?"

The two of them turned. Andre was standing in the doorway of the little backroom of the café.

"No, monsieur," Hugo said. "We weren't quarreling. Good day." He shrugged and walked out of the room.

"IF you'll condescend to leave this hole," Andre said to Stephen, "I have a surprise for you, perhaps."

"Odalie? Ye're going to present me?"

"Not so fast, Stephen. I'm afraid you'll have to content yourself with a substitute. He's a trifle older and not nearly so attractive, but still an Arceneaux."

"He?"

"Vicomte Henri Marie Louis Pierre d'Arceneaux."

"The father?" Stephen's eyes were suddenly cold, intent on far distances. "Yes—that would be the way. An introduction warmed by paternal sanction. Yes—ye're a wise one, Andre—and a very good friend."

"Then why do I not see more of you? The company you've been keeping for the past six months—Germans, English travelers, merchants, ship captains . . ."

"Ye've put spies upon me," Stephen said.

"No. You're becoming quite a figure in New Orleans. People are noticing you, Stephen. Many ladies of high birth have dropped discreet hints in my presence for information about your background, your ancestry, and the source of your obviously large income . . ."

"Including Odalie Arceneaux?"

"No. Odalie would never condescend to admit whatever curiosity she might have. But tonight we're making the first step." With this, they passed into the street.

Old Arceneaux sat alone at a table in a café. His hair gleamed silver. Heavy white brows jutted imperiously over a nose like the blade of an ax.

Andre bowed. "Monsieur le Vicomte," he said in French, "have I your permission to present my good friend, Etienne Reynard?"

The old man nodded, his black eyes boring into Stephen's.

"I am called Fox, monsieur," Stephen said deliberately, also in French, "not Reynard, and my first name is Stephen. Your servant, Monsieur le Vicomte!"

The thin lips twisted into a grim smile. "You are right. Make no apologies for your name. It is a good one. Andre thinks I'm an old ogre. That is why he translated it."

"And are ye an old ogre?" Stephen asked smiling.

"Upon occasion. I've heard it said that you're a gambler, Monsieur Fox."

"Ye heard rightly," Stephen said, and Andre's eyes opened wide. "'Tis a profession not without honor. But I am leaving it for good."

"Why?" the old man demanded. "I couldn't think of a more fascinating life."

"One grows older," Stephen said quietly. "And the blood cools. There are things a man wants: a home, a wife, children. Perhaps I aim much too high, but the sort of girl I'd take to wife would not ordinarily marry a gambler. Ye're a horseman, sir? Then ye demand good blood in a filly, do ye not?"

"I see," Arceneaux said slowly. "Now Monsieur Gambler, what say you to a little game?"

Andre was conscious almost at once that Stephen was playing badly. When the game was over, Stephen had lost a cool thousand to M. Arceneaux, who was beaming, and boasting of his skill.

"We must play again soon," he said to Stephen. "I must give you a chance to recoup your losses."

"Very well. Wednesday night, perhaps?"

"Wednesday night it is. It was a pleasure, Monsieur Fox." The old man touched his cane to the brim of his hat and strode through the doorway.

"Couldn't you have been a little less obvious?" Andre said. "*Ma foi,* an imbecile could play better *écarté.* And Arceneaux is far from a fool."

"Next time I'll win a bit, but always allowing him to remain about three hundred ahead. I think my father-in-law is an agreeable old fellow, don't you."

"But you shouldn't have admitted being a gambler. Old Arceneaux will never sanction a connection now."

"Softly, Andre. Who knows? I'm off to bed."

THE next day the friends were off, trotting briskly along the river front headed northward away from New Orleans. It was almost spring, and the air was beginning to grow warm.

They rode in silence. Then Stephen was reining his palomino horse, Prince Michael, to a stop.

"This," he said, "is Harrow."

Andre looked out over the tangled woodland. Here were wild cane and palmetto stretching out for miles. In the center of the uncleared land was a grove of stately oaks. Off to the south was a cypress grove.

"Lovely, isn't it?"

"Lovely?" Andre groaned. "It's impossible. It will take you three years at the least to clear enough of it for even a small crop—five or six to clear it all."

"A huge place. A man needs room to breathe."

"But how on earth . . .?"

"Will I clear it? Easily, Andre. Ye forget I'm not a Frenchman. I have no real aversion to hard work."

Stephen swung down from the saddle and knelt, digging his fingers in the black, rich earth. "Harrow," he said, his voice curiously soft. "The new Harrow!"

"There was another Harrow?" Andre asked.

"Yes. 'Tis in Ireland not very far from Dublin. Different from this—a place of mist and cloud and a gypsy sun. And the greenest sod ever granted to the hands of mortals. . . ."

"You loved it. Why did you leave?"

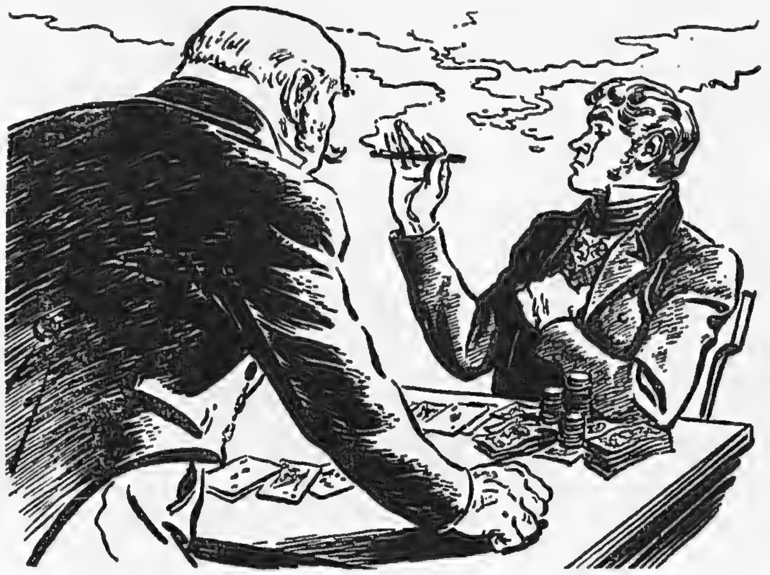
A slow, crooked grin twisted Stephen's face. "Ye're not prying, me lad," he said, "for the sake of some of those curiosity-stricken ladies ye told me about?"

"Heaven forbid! I'm curious about you myself, Stephen. You're such a strange combination of gentility and rascality that I cannot help wondering. . . ."

"How and who and what I am? In the first place," Stephen said, grinning wickedly, "I was born out of wedlock. How do ye like having a friend whose bar sinister blots out his whole damned escutcheon?"

"That's nothing," Andre chuckled. "Old Arceneaux swears that nearly every family of any account in Louisiana is descended from a band of female petty thieves and prostitutes who were brought from a house of correction in Paris! But I'm interrupting you—and you were going to tell me why you left."

"Had to," Stephen said. "I got possession of a certain article of value." His fingers strayed upward to the great pearl at his throat."



"You—you stole it?"

"No. I won it gaming. But my opponent was the son of a man highly placed in life. I merely wouldn't give it back."

He was silent for a long time, watching the river. "'Twas not its value that I wanted. I've lain in gutters with my belly caved in with hunger, holding the pearl in my fist when it would have brought me food. I've fought like all the devils in hell to keep it. I've never owned it, Andre; always it owned me."

"You talk riddles, Stephen."

"No—truly. It was not to be sold. It must be worn. And it could not be worn by a ragged urchin; it could only be worn by a gentleman."

"But when you have held your land," Andre asked, "will you then be able to wear your pearl in comfort?"

Stephen scooped up a handful of earth, letting it run like water between his fingers. "In one year," he said, "I shall clear this land. In the next, I shall build me such a house as was never matched in the Old World or the New. Ye believe me, Andre?"

Andre looked at him long and searchingly. "Yes," he said at last. "Yes, I believe you. You cannot be stopped. You must drive forward, because you can't help it. 'Tis a terrible thing, Stephen. Sometimes I pity you."

THE green-and-gold carriage came abreast slowly, moving in a swarming tangle of vehicles in the busy streets of the city, the following Sunday. Andre and Stephen removed their hats and bowed. Pierre Arceneaux saluted them gravely in return.

"I want you to meet my daughters," the old man growled. "Odalie—Aurore—Monsieur Fox."

Stephen bowed.

"Do you customarily go around staring at girls, sir?" Odalie asked boldly.

"Only when they're as beautiful as mademoiselle. Therefore I can truthfully say that I've never before stared at a woman."

"My daughters have no manners," Pierre chuckled. "They're just like me!"

Andre laughed.

"Your second, monsieur?" Odalie nodded toward Andre.

"In all things. And my very good friend."

"Oh, we know Andre very well—although of late we've wondered at his associations."

"Odalie!" Aurore said sharply. "Now you're being positively rude! Please forgive her, Monsieur Fox. She's had her way for so long that she forgets to be ladylike. Everybody spoils her."

"Naturally," Stephen murmured. "How could they help it? But you, mademoiselle, does no one spoil you?"

"No one," Aurore said, her voice genuinely sad.

"An oversight which I shall attempt to remedy at my earliest opportunity," Andre declared. "Your permission, Monsieur le Vicomte, to call upon Aurore."

"Ask her. My girls have been reared very independently."

"May I, Aurore?"

"Of course, Andre."

"And might I, mademoiselle," Stephen asked Odalie.

"No. Later, perhaps. I shall have to know you much better. I should like to know what other accomplishments you have besides staring at women and speaking French like a gilded youth of Paris."

"Mademoiselle may have time for reconsideration," Stephen said; "but not too long." He bowed.

THE next day, Andre and Stephen were at the auction block, where the latter was buying slaves for Harrow, when suddenly the young Creole gripped his friend's arm. "Look who's just arrived!"

Stephen turned. There, turning into the square, was the Arceneaux' coach again. Stephen approached it.

"Monsieur Fox," Pierre Arceneaux said. "Don't tell me you're buying Negroes!"

Stephen saluted the two girls, then turned to the old man. "I'm afraid so, sir," he said. "I've just bought the whole lot."

"What," Odalie asked, "does a gambler need with blacks?"

"Perhaps to gamble with," Stephen said.

A long line of Negroes filed past to the carts waiting to take them to Harrow. One old woman suddenly broke from the line and ran up to Stephen. "Maître," she cried. "You good man, the good God bless you sho!"

"Thank you, Tante. What do you call yourself?"

"Caleen. I will serve you well, master!"

"You have a way with Negroes," Pierre Arceneaux declared. "That's good. They'll work well for you."

"So," a heavy voice said. "The grand Monsieur Fox conversing with elegant ladies!"

Stephen only half turned. "I'd thank ye to be more civil, Waguespack," he said coldly.

"Oh, I'll be civil," Hugo said. "I'll observe all the niceties necessary in the presence of a gentleman rogue."

"Ye're drunk," Stephen said. "And I must trouble ye to remember that there are ladies here."

"Ladies?" Hugo mumbled. "Oh, yes, there are ladies in Louisiana, are there not? All of them spirited. A trait no doubt inherited from their famed ancestors, the correction girls!"

Andre, who was approaching, took off one of his gloves. But Stephen stopped him with a lifted hand.

"One moment," he said calmly. "Our friend is doubtless guilty of a slip of the tongue. Ye meant casket girls, did ye not, Hugo?"

"Did I? Perhaps so. 'Twas the manners and behavior of the belles of Louisiana that led to my error."

"Very well, Hugo," Stephen said wearily. "Ye win. I'll meet ye at any time and place ye see fit. Ye'll spare me the tiresome business of slapping your face, will ye not? My seconds will call on ye to arrange the details. *Au 'voir.*"

"*'Voir!*" Hugo grunted. "You'll make a very pretty corpse."

"Monsieur Fox," Arceneaux roared. "I demand the honor of seconding you!"

"And I also," Andre said quietly.

"Thank you, gentlemen," Stephen said, then to the girls who were sitting breathlessly on the edge of their seats, "Your forgiveness, ladies."

Aurore suddenly stretched out her hand and laid it on Stephen's arm. "Don't," she said. "Don't meet him!"

"Don't be silly," Odalie said sharply. "He has to meet him now!"

"But he might be killed!"

"Then," Stephen murmured, looking at Odalie, "the world will have lost a gambler, a blackguard, and an ogler of women." With that he sauntered off.

UNDER the oaks in the morning, it was cool and green. Hugo Waguespack took a pistol and squinted along the barrel.

"A good piece," he grunted. "'Twill throw true. I will try to leave your visible parts unmarked, sir, so that your elegant ladies can kiss you goodbye without horror."

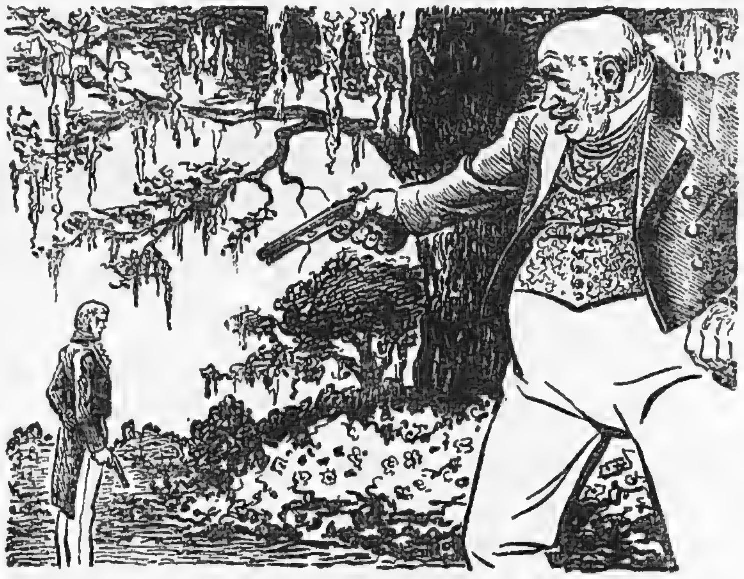
"Thank you," Stephen said, and walked very slowly to the marked place.

"You know the terms, gentlemen," Doctor Lefevre said. "You're to fire one shot each at the count of three. If neither of you is hit, you may reload and fire again, or you may choose the wiser course and consider yourself satisfied. Ready, gentlemen?"

"Yes!" Hugo said, "Yes!"

"Yes," Stephen said very quietly.

"One!" Doctor Lefevre said; and Hugo jerked his pistol level, aiming carefully. Stephen left his pointing earthward, dangling at his side.



"Two!" Stephen's pistol remained unmoved.

"Thr—" Doctor Lefevre began, but the rest of the word was lost in the crack of Hugo's pistol. The whole world was suddenly a sick dizziness to Andre, but when it cleared, Stephen was still standing there, swaying a little, but inch by inch his pistol came level, pointing at Hugo.

Beads of moisture began collecting on Hugo's forehead. Then the shivering started, the whole gigantic fatty mass that was his body trembling all over so that even Stephen, thirty yards away, could see it through the drifting smoke and the red curtain closing down over his left eye where Hugo's ball had laid open his scalp.

There were three things he could do, Stephen decided without haste. He could point the muzzle of the dueling pistol skyward and spare Hugo with a grand gesture. But such opera bouffe theatricality was French and he would have none of it. Or he could fire his shot straight downward into the earth and give Hugo back his miserable existence with abysmal contempt; but that, too, was a gesture and Stephen despised all gestures. Or he could deliberately miss Hugo, throwing so close that the quivering hulk of nerves would carry with him always, branded on his brain, the whistle of the passing ball.

So it was, at the exact moment when Andre, unable to contain himself longer, cried out, "For God's sake, man, fire!" that Stephen, without seeming to take aim, pulled the trigger, the muzzle pointed slightly to the left, far enough to miss Hugo as he now stood, but not far enough to miss the huge hulk as Hugo threw himself downward and to the left to avoid the anticipated path of the ball. The big man opened his mouth to say something, but the blood gurgled up through his throat and he went over backward.

RIDING out to Harrow, early in the summer, Andre felt that the sky was dropping down over his head as the heat came up from the road in simmering waves.

At last the fields were coming into sight. Andre pulled up his horse with a gasp. Stephen had nearly half of the visible acreage cleared and under cultivation!

Mounds of cordwood lay stacked high all the way down to a freshly built steamboat landing. Long rows of cabins housed the slaves. Under the stately oaks, Andre could see a rude oaken house, larger than the others, but just as crude.

"So," he said to himself, "so this is Harrow!"

He rode past the house and out into the fields. Under the glare of the sun he saw a little knot of figures moving up and down the rows. As he came close, he saw that one of the figures was white.

"Stephen!" he said. "How terrible you look!"

Stephen grinned, the great scar on his temple glowing scarlet, angling upward into his red hair. It gave him a curiously diabolical look. He pushed back his wide-brimmed straw hat and laughed aloud.

"What are they saying about me in New Orleans?"

Andre said, "They have discovered you are mad."

"Mad!" Stephen's laughter rocketed skyward. " 'Tis late they are in discovering it, don't ye think?"

" 'Tis no joke, Stephen. They say you live in a hovel, and work in the fields with the blacks."

"And for that I am considered mad? Listen, Andre, I owe thousands of dollars for supplies and machinery. I have machinery coming down the river from Cincinnati this minute. When it comes, I shall have to pay five thousand dollars. But, thanks to all the saints, I have that now."

"How? Does money grow on the trees at Harrow?"

"No—but it comes from trees. Practically every other steamboat on the river stops here for fuel. By the end of the summer I'll have sold seven thousand dollars' worth of wood. But ye, where have ye been hiding? Or are ye among those who think me mad?"

"No, Stephen, 'tis not that. I've been spending the summer in vain pursuit of Aurore."

"Poor fellow. By the way, how is Odalie?"

"Still running ahead of the pack, if it is any comfort to you. Rumor has linked her name to half a dozen beaux, but as usual it came to nothing. You know, Stephen, I think she's waiting for you. Twice now, she has asked after you. You irritated her no end by not falling at her feet like so many others. Why don't you take a day and come in to see her?"

"Too busy," Stephen grunted. "Ye may tell her for me that if she wishes to see me, she knows the way to Harrow."

"I'll do just that," Andre grinned. "If only for the pleasure of seeing her fly into a rage."

ONE day fused into the next, so much the same that Stephen lost all track of time. But the cane grew, and the cotton. The machinery had come, and had been set up in the sugar house.

Then it was fall and almost time for harvesting the cane. Stephen rode through the fields, next to the road, on Prince Michael. He was hatless, and his shirt was open. The breeze up from the river stirred his coppery hair. He pulled his horse to a stop and looked out over the expanse of his fields. *His* fields! The cotton crop had brought in nineteen thousand dollars. And when the sugar was sold . . .

He stiffened suddenly, listening. From the roadway came the sound of hoofbeats. A horse was coming up the road, and as it neared, Stephen could see that the rider was riding side saddle.

"Odalie!"

"Yes, monsieur. The mountain is come to Mohammed. I got your message, months ago . . . so at last I decided to accept. Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Immensely. I'm flattered and honored."

"You needn't be. Perhaps I came to see the mad planter who holds one of the largest and richest plantations in Louisiana and yet lives in a shack."

Stephen was looking at her, watching the sun touch the midnight masses of hair with golden highlights, watching the eyes into which all light seemed to have passed and drowned, leaving only a flicker now and then to break the surface. Watching her mouth moving—Stephen was lost so that the mockery passed by him unheard.

"So," she said, "you still stare."

"At ye, yes!" Stephen said.

"Come, show me the place."

They rode through the waving sea of cane toward the rude house in the grove. As they neared it, Odalie reined in her horse.

*"Mon Dieu!"* she said at last. "You *are* mad!"

"And now may I show ye my steamboat landing?"

They turned their horses toward the river.

When they reached the cypress grove, Stephen stopped his horse, and Odalie's black mare also came to a halt. Odalie was very close beside Stephen—so close he could smell the perfume in her hair. Then abruptly he leaned down and swept one arm around her shoulders holding her hard against him. He kissed her, twisting his mouth cruelly against hers.

Her hands were against his chest, pushing hard. He released her quite suddenly, seeing the light dancing in her black eyes and the corners of her mouth trembling.

"You—you—" she began.

"Blackguard," Stephen suggested.

"I don't know the word. But now I know I'd better be going."

Stephen grinned, the scar standing out like a scarlet brand. "Ye will make a fine mistress for Harrow," he said. "Ye have spirit. *Au 'voir.*"

Odalie half rose from the side saddle, and struck out with her crop, swinging it sidewise with all her force. It caught Stephen high on the side of his face.

"Ye little witch!" he said softly, as he watched the black mare swing around the curve, out of sight. . . .

BY the spring of 1827, the great mansion of Harrow was substantially finished. Throughout the summer, the work on its interior continued. The river road was crowded with wagons from New Orleans bearing the treasures that Stephen had accumulated for his manor. Steamboat after steamboat put in at his landing, bringing furniture, draperies, machinery. Then for many days the slaves were busy with the painting, until the great house gleamed white among the somber oaks. From the first it had a majesty about it—a regal air of pride and lofty disdain. Try as they would, neither the Creoles nor the Americans could disregard it, and even their contemptuous title, "Fox's Lair," died when they saw the completed house standing in all the austere purity of the classic Grecian line.

When it was all done, Stephen penned invitations to the grand ball that was to mark the official opening. He and Andre worked out to the last detail this formal assault upon the ancient society of New Orleans.

On the night of the festivities, they dressed in the north wing with the assistance of their valets.

"You're shaking," Andre observed as Stephen took a glass of wine from the hand of Georges.

"Of course," Stephen said. "I'm as jumpy as a filly. But never ye fear, Andre, I'll carry it off. This means everything to me."

"Why? The people whom you've invited are insufferably stuffy. To go to all this trouble and expense . . ."

"For them? Ye wrong me, Andre. For one only. Afterwards they may drown themselves in the Mississippi, but I will have Odalie." His hands stroked the great pearl briefly. "I can wear this now," he said.

"Of course. But, Stephen, why are you seating me next to this Miss Rogers? I don't know her."

"Wait and see," Stephen grinned. "Let's go down."

The stairway made a tremendous spiral going down. At this height, a magnificent crystal chandelier, blazing with hundreds of candles, was below them, and through its dazzling facets they could see the servants taking the wraps of the first arrivals.

Then Stephen and Andre stood in the vast foyer greeting the guests.

"Meestuh and Meestress Rogers!" the butler announced. "And Mees Amelia Rogers!"

Andre leaned forward suddenly, his dark eyes alight. Then he was moving forward in response to Stephen's nod toward the tall girl whose walk was the waving of a willow in a spring wind, and whose hair was white gold.

Finally all the guests were in the great hall—except the Arceneaux. Stephen was glancing nervously toward the door. Then at last the butler was swelling out his chest importantly:

"Monsieur le Vicomte Henri Marie Louis Pierre d'Arceneaux! And the Mesdames Aurore and Odalie Arceneaux!"

As a servant took away Odalie's wrap, something between a breath and a sigh rose from the lips of the men in the hall and hovered in the air like an echo.

Somehow all the lights of Harrow seemed to have descended upon the girl as she stood in the foyer, so that the pearly whiteness of her face and throat and arms seemed to float in a soft haze. When Stephen bent wordlessly over her hand, she smiled, a slow, deep smile.

The music had begun now, and the dancing. Touching Amelia Rogers' hand lightly, Andre swung into the swirling sweep of the waltz, lost forever.

"All my life," he whispered, "I've been waiting—for you."

"I'm glad," she said, "that you waited."

Then it was midnight and the guests were following Stephen into the great dining salon. When they had been seated, the procession of servants bearing the turkey, goose, chicken, venison, and wild hog began. The guests could no more than touch a little of each course, staring all the while at the flowers in the center of the tables, and at the side tables where the salads, gelatines, and huge pyramids of iced cakes stood. The wines glowed richly in their cut glass decanters.

And Stephen was bending toward Odalie, his pale blue eyes aglow, his lips saying the proper little pleasantries, but his words lost, unheard, against the naked clarity with which his eyes were speaking.

Looking at him, Odalie's hand trembled so that she dropped her spoon. Instantly a tall black was bowing with a replacement.

"They're well-trained, your servants," Odalie said.

"Yes. So must it be with my servants and my horses and everything which is mine. But ye're trembling."

"I think I'm a little afraid."

"Of what? There's no one here who would harm ye."

"Not even you, monsieur?"

Stephen smiled wickedly. " 'Tis possible I might. I have not yet had my revenge for that blow ye struck me."

But the butler was bending over him, whispering: "A man wants to see you, maître. Out on the terrace."

WHEN Stephen reached the terrace, he cried "Mike!" and went bounding down the stairs to where the giant riverman stood.

"Aye, me little redhaired cockeroo!" Mike bellowed.

"Come in and join the party."

Mike's big bass voice was curiously soft. "Yez be all I thought ye. All man—and all Irish. Ye'd take me in amongst all those swells and let them know yez associated with river scum, and mayhap lose even yer fine lady. No, I'll come ag'in tomorrow." He turned away abruptly.

But Stephen caught him by the arm. "No! Ye don't have to join the party if ye don't want to; but ye're staying here tonight."

Then, taking Mike Farrel's big arm, he led him up the stairs and through the doorway. In the hall, he nodded to a waiter. "A bottle of whiskey up to the North Wing rooms for this gentleman."

He turned to Mike. "Ye'll be comfortable here."

"Aye. Now go back to yer guests like a good lad."

Afterwards the music started again and the dancing lasted until dawn. Then one by one the guests took their leave. Odalie lingered after the others, her black eyes curiously luminous in her fair face.

"And if I call," Stephen said, "ye will receive me?"

"Yes. I shall always be at home—to you."

Waiting for her in the coach, Aurore knotted her handkerchief into a damp ball; but even when Stephen bent low over Odalie's hand she held back the tears that trembled scaldingly under her eyelids. There were miles to go before she could weep.

SEVERAL days later Stephen rode to Bellefont, the Arceneaux' magnificent manor. Odalie met him at the door. "Good day, monsieur," she said. "I was beginning to wonder if you had forgotten your promise to call."

Stephen smiled. "Would ye have cared?"

The gardenia paleness of Odalie's skin took on a faint trace of color. But her voice was steady. "Yes," she said. "I would have cared. Won't you sit down?"

Stephen sank into a great chair. "Ye've changed."

"No—it's you who have changed. I am still the same."

"As in the days when ye hated me and thought me a blackguard and a despoiler of women?"

"I never hated you, Stephen."

"I'm glad. I was never one to care too much what was said or thought about me, but what ye said or thought—that was a different matter. Ye cost me many troubled nights, Odalie."

Odalie smiled slowly. Watching the wine-red lips moving, Stephen knew suddenly that all the sunblasted days in the fields, all the nights of sleepless scheming, were nothing and if they had been multiplied a thousand-fold they would have been still an insignificance against the gaining of this woman.

"You know, Stephen, I'm glad of that," she said, smiling. "It pleases me to know that I meant more to you than—than a horse, perhaps."

"My God! Is that what ye thought?"

"Yes. You seemed a bold devil—utterly careless and reckless of anything or anyone that you wanted. I was unaccustomed to being looked at appraisingly like a slave girl. I kept thinking: 'Who does he think himself that he should look at me thus?' "

Stephen threw back his head and laughed. "Yet there were many men who looked upon ye with humility and awe and worship—and ye married none of them."

"I have not married you, Stephen!"

"No—not yet. But ye're going to."

"You're impertinent! If you mean that for a proposal, my answer is . . ."

"Wait a bit, Odalie. Do not spoil things because of annoyance at my boldness. That, I cannot help. 'Tis the way I'm made. There is too much between us now."

"What is there between us?"

Stephen's face was still and unsmiling. His voice was very deep when he spoke. "There is Harrow."

"Harrow?"

"Yes. Always I've had the dream of it—the great white house of which I should be master. And when first I saw ye, on the day that de Lafayette came, the dream became more than a dream—it became a need—an obsession. And Harrow was no longer important then—it was the mistress of Harrow that mattered."

"You—you built Harrow—for me?"

"Yes. I could not have built it without ye. A house yes. Even a great house, perhaps. But not Harrow—sitting under the oaks waiting, every line of it with ye built into it. And only ye can bring it completion."

"I—I don't know what to say . . ."

"Nothing yet. I shall be patient. I'll endure all the necessary formalities of a courtship. But it must end thus. It must, Odalie."

He stood up and she rose too. She laid a hand upon his arm.

"I think," she said, "that never before was a woman so honored."

A little glint of mockery stole into Stephen's eyes. "Then why do ye tremble?"

"Because I am afraid."

"Yet I am nothing to fear."

"I—I've made a sort of obsession of privacy," she said, but she was not looking at him. "I've enjoyed being—well—cool and aloof. I've never liked being touched, not even by my father."

Stephen's expression did not change. "Ye will find me patient," he murmured. "And very gentle."

He bent over her hand, then strode through the door.

She was still looking after him, her face bathed in crimson, when Aurore came in.

"What ails you?" the younger girl demanded.

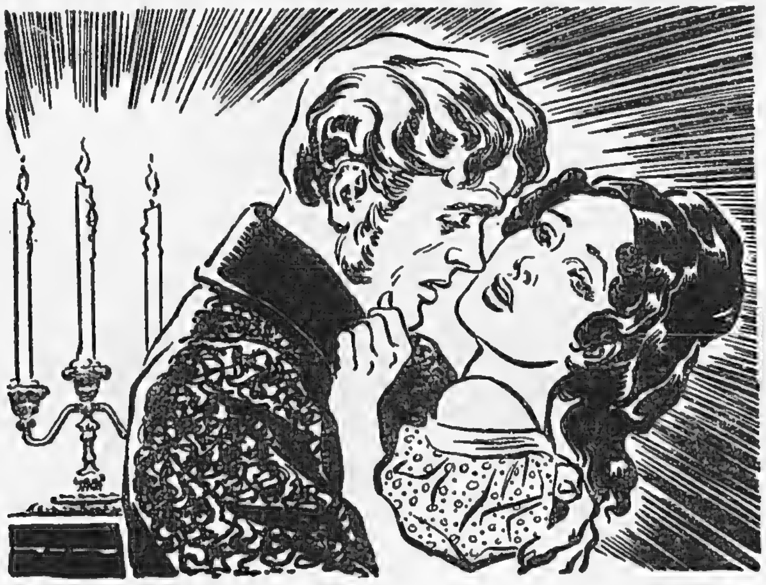
"I said the most awful—unladylike things. Oh, Aurore!"

Aurore put her arms around her sister's waist. "Don't trouble yourself, my dear. You shall be mistress of Harrow—and that is something."

"Mistress of Harrow," Odalie repeated, and her voice was filled with something very like glory.

STEPHEN closed his ledger book wearily. It was long past midnight and a new year had come in with the crying winter rains. Later today, New Year's Day, he would ride into New Orleans bearing gifts to friends.

He would stop at Andre's house and salute him and his bride of one week in eggnog. Strange to think of Andre—gay Andre—married and working hard to carve out a place for himself and Amelia Rogers. Stephen remembered the faces of the young couple at the ceremony. Never had he seen such tenderness upon the face of a man. And Amelia had been as beautiful as an angel. Afterwards, the emptiness of Harrow had become unbearable.



Odalie must give him an answer. Today the date must be set. Clearly she loved him—she admitted it quite honestly, but always added, "I must have more time, Stephen, to get used to the idea." She let him kiss her—quick, brushing kisses—very cool and swift, her hands always pushing against his chest in half protest. Stephen was going mad with wanting her. "By all the fruits of Tantalus," he said, standing up, "today it ends!"

Late in the afternoon, Odalie opened the door to a small salon in the Arceneaux' town house and led Stephen toward a Louis XIV divan. But he did not sit down.

"Odalie, ye know what I want to ask ye?"

"Yes, Stephen."

"And your answer is?"

"I . . . I don't know . . . it's all so strange . . ."

He stood looking at her, the candle light dancing like fire in his eyes, his jaw set. "Come here, Odalie."

The words were very quiet. Odalie got up and came over to him. He slipped his arms lightly, loosely, around her waist and stood looking down into her face.

"Ye're beautiful," he said, "enough to drive a man to despair. But I have worked too long, waited too long. I am not waiting longer." He locked his lips expertly against hers. At once her hands came up against his chest, pushing him gently away as always. But his arms tightened, so that she would have cried out in pain had she been able. But her mouth was against his, stopping her cries. She hammered at his chest, but he drove his iron hand inward at the small of her back so that her body ground against his. And then suddenly the hammering stopped. Her lips softened and parted. He felt her move, straining upward against him, and her arms stole softly around his neck. Abruptly he released her.

"When?" he demanded sternly.

"In the spring," she said.

"The twenty-fifth of April," Stephen said softly. "The anniversary of the day that I first saw ye."

"Yes," she said. "Yes . . . Oh, Stephen . . ."

At once he was locking her again in his arms. Strange how strong they were, she found herself thinking, like bands of steel for all his slimness. And again she lifted her face upward to meet his kiss, then the thinking stopped altogether.

THE wind that swept down over the face of the Mississippi on the night of April 25, 1829, was a laughing wind. It raised little wavelets which the moon caught and topped with silver.

Up at Harrow, Stephen fingered a goblet of wine. He was in his dressing gown and the wine remained untouched. His eyes swept ever again toward the closed door behind which he could hear his wife moving up and down—hear her footsteps and the soft rustling swish of her wedding garments as she removed them. When at last her voice came trembling through the door, he stood up so suddenly that the glass crashed to the floor.

He pushed open the door gently and stood staring at her. Her gown was of lace net and silk and her hair was all darkness against the candles.

"My God!" he whispered, "but ye're beautiful!"

Then he was striding with long slow steps toward where she stood. He bent and kissed her lips softly. They were cold. He kissed her once again, harder, but this time the hands came up against his chest, pushing.

"Stephen!" she said. "You said you'd have patience! You promised, Stephen!" Then she struck out wildly with her fists, hard against his chest.

Stephen's fair brows knitted together, and the scar was a brand of scarlet. Something very like to madness exploded in his brain. The years of waiting, of work, of anguish of mind and heart—for this! He jerked her to him so hard that the single cry: "Stephen!" broke in half upon her lips.

Then just as abruptly the rage was gone and the desire and in their place was an icy, echoing emptiness. He released her quite suddenly and spun on his heel. In the doorway he turned.

"Goodnight—Madame Fox," he said. Then he was gone.

Odalie lay weeping across the great bed. She wanted to be a good wife—she wanted to give Stephen tall manly sons with hair like sunflame and an arrogant lilt to their walk; but this thing—this horror of being touched—was too strong. After a time her sobs quieted. She stood up and crossed the room. At the door she hesitated—then at last she pushed it open.

"Stephen. . . ."

"Yes?" His voice was gentle. "Yes, my dear?"

"I've come to be your wife. If you still want me—"

"Still want ye? Oh, all ye blessed saints in heaven!"

The next instant she was in his arms.

DAY after day as the summer came on the heat mounted. The sun rose over the fields, white in a steel-white sky. The swamps began to dry up from the lack of water, and sandbars showed through the water of the Mississippi. In the high-ceilinged rooms of Harrow the heat hung like a tangible weight. Looking out of her window, Odalie could see the dwarfed stalks of cane standing up bare and brown in the naked fields.

Stephen was down there, moving through the fields as though the heat did not exist. He was driving himself and the slaves to exhaustion in his efforts to save the crop. There was a line of Negroes moving in from the river with staves bent across their shoulders, from which were suspended oaken buckets filled with river water. By this means, heartbreakingly slow, Stephen was keeping some of the cane alive.

He was never at home any more. For weeks Odalie had not seen him eat more than a crust of bread. His face grew daily leaner and harder and his eyes receded into the sockets ringed with bluish shadows.

At night, after a day of work, he would bathe and dress himself and ride away to New Orleans. Toward Odalie, who remained frightened of his caresses, he was grave and exquisitely polite.

But he did not come near her again.

Odalie rose suddenly from her seat. Then, suddenly, the weakness and the nausea which she had noticed several times before of a morning was upon her, this time far stronger than before. She screamed out: "Zerline!"

But it was not her mulatto maid who came flying through the door to catch her in her arms; it was old Caleen, one of the first slaves Stephen had bought.

"Easy, mistress," the old servant said. "I take you where you kin lie down, me." Then with one spidery black arm about her mistress's waist she led her to the big bed. "Wait. I bring you something, yes."

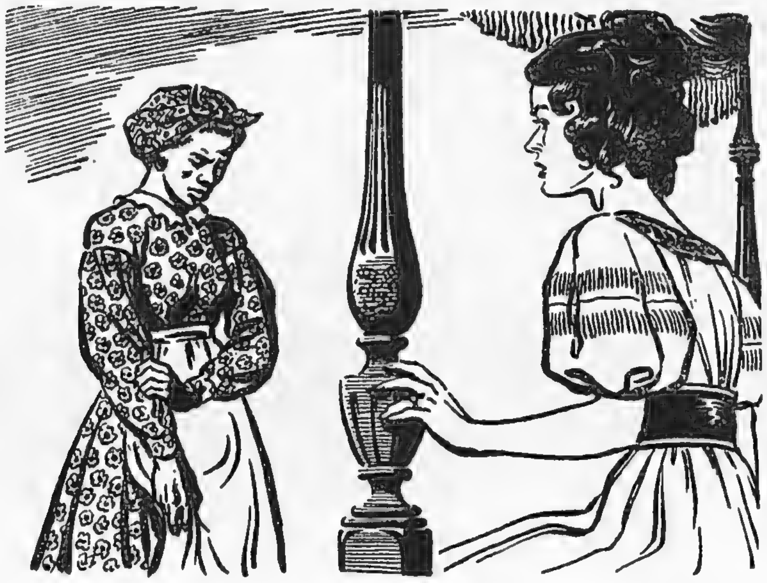
Odalie sank back upon her bed, pressing both hands over her eyes. Then there were footsteps sounding clearly on the stairs, approaching her bedside.

"What ails ye, my dear?"

"I'm sick, Stephen. I—I think . . ."

Just then Caleen came through the doorway, bearing a steaming tea that smelled of mint leaves and lemon.

"Men," she said with mock severity, "always make trouble, yes. You go way from her, maître! Already you done enough, you!"



"I've done enough?" Stephen growled. "What the deuce do ye mean, ye old witch?"

"Don't you know, Stephen?" Odalie asked gently.

"Don't I know what . . . Odalie! You don't mean."

"Yes, my husband, I do mean. And I am so happy that almost I could die of it."

Stephen was on his knees beside the bed, gathering her into his arms. Odalie nestled her head against his shoulder. "There will be a son for Harrow."

"A son for Harrow," Stephen repeated after her. Strange how right the phrasing was: not his son, nor hers, but Harrow's—a son to be shaped by the house into the finely tempered image of a gentleman, who would grow with it until at last he became master of it, until his son came, too, to manhood. And so it would go, for endless generations. Harrow. Completion. Fulfillment.

THE spring came, and now that it was almost time for her travail, Odalie found herself surprisingly well. Except for the heaviness and fatigue, she was not much troubled. Time hung heavy upon her hands.

Often now of an evening she was driven into New Orleans, to attend the theatre. She would be conducted to the *Loge Grille* of the Theatre D'Orleans. Sitting there behind the lattices that enclosed her box, hiding her from the public eye, she could enjoy the new operas.

Sitting beside her late in the spring, Stephen peered at the stage. *La Dame Blanche,* he decided, was but an indifferent opera. Still, if it pleased Odalie . . . He glanced at her out of the corner of an eye. Her face was unnaturally white, and there was a noticeable grimace of pain hovering about her mouth. He stretched out his hand, and she caught it suddenly, her grip fierce.

"So," Stephen said, his voice all concern. "It's come?"

"Yes—it's come—and we'd better hurry!"

"Doctor Terrebonne's is near. Come. . . ."

"No, Stephen, no! Harrow—he must be born at Harrow! We cannot cheat him of that!"

Stephen swept her up into his arms. He went down the stairs to the waiting coach.

Throughout that entire night, Odalie's agony was a fearsome thing. And all through the next day the anguished labor continued. Toward morning of that second night Stephen paced up and down like a caged beast outside his wife's room. Suddenly she moaned softly.

Fifteen minutes later, there came from the chamber a series of sharp slaps, then a thin, ragged wailing. It caught on, became steadier, a lusty, full-lunged howling that filled even the great hall. Then Doctor Terrebonne came out of the bedroom.

"You have a perfect son," he said.

Stephen bent over his son, now sleeping peacefully. He drew back startled. "By the saints, how ugly he is!"

"They all are at first," the doctor declared. "In fact, this one is uncommonly handsome—as babies go."

Odalie was whispering, "The child, how is it, Stephen?"

"Perfect," Stephen smiled. "A son, as ye wished."

"May I see him? Let me hold him, my little 'Tienne."

Caleen placed the sleeping child in Odalie's arms.

"How beautiful he is," she whispered. "He pleases you, my husband?"

"Beyond comprehension," Stephen said.

THE year 1831 was a good one throughout the Bayou Country. The great plantations grew and prospered. And of them none grew richer or greater than Harrow. Stephen paid off his debts and opened accounts with banks in New Orleans and Philadelphia.

Little Etienne Fox, at the age of one year, was already trying his first steps. All life at Harrow was geared to revolve around him: Caleen watched his waking movements, and was on her feet at his lightest whimper in his sleep. Odalie forgot Stephen existed in her preoccupation with the child.

Aurore's visits increased; her only joy in life was seeing Stephen, though she suffered when she saw how deeply he loved his wife.

Thus matters rested when Mike Farrel chose to put in his appearance once more at the big plantation.

"The trouble is, yez ken," he said to Stephen, "that nobody wants an old flatboatsman any more. 'Tis the drydocks and dryrot for me, me lad."

"Nonsense," Stephen told him. "Ye'll make as fine a boat captain as ever was seen upon the river. 'Tis high time we started upon that business anyway."

Then, having assigned Mike quarters at Harrow, the two of them rode down to New Orleans. By the early spring of 1832 there was a fast new steamer upon the river, the *Creole Belle,* and her owner was Stephen Fox.

While in port, Mike continued to live at Harrow. He was a person of importance now, a river captain; and he felt freer than ever to indulge himself in his fondness for good liquors and mulatto wenches. This, Stephen found it necessary to check, for Mike was in a fair way toward demoralizing the entire plantation. He suggested with quiet good humor that it would be better if the big Irishman indulged in his peccadillos elsewhere, and the whole thing would have ended there if Odalie had not interfered.

"I won't have him here!" she stormed. "He is a great beast, this friend of yours!"

"Softly, Odalie," Stephen said. "This thing is a matter for my handling. 'Tis unseemly of ye to concern yourself with it."

"Unseemly! There are two near-white babies in the infirmary now and Harrow is becoming the talk of every house for miles around."

"That's enough," Stephen said quietly. "If I choose to have Mike stay at Harrow 'tis my affair."

"Oh, you!" Odalie exploded, and marched from the room. She went up the stairs to her bedroom. Her head ached abominably. A glass of ruby port chilled with ice would help that. She pulled the bell cord. Her maid, Zerline, was uncommonly long in coming. When she came into the room, Odalie demanded, "Must you be so slow?"

"I'm sorry, maîtresse," the girl whispered.

"Can't you talk above a whisper?" Odalie said fretfully. "What ails you, girl? Are you ill?"

"No, maîtresse, I'm not ill—maîtresse desires?"

"A glass of port—chilled, and for heaven's sake be quick about it. My head is splitting."

Zerline walked toward the door, slowly, almost heavily, with nothing of her usually spritely gait. Odalie looked after her curiously.

"Zerline! Come back here!"

The girl turned slowly. As she approached, Odalie could see the tears standing in her eyes.

"You've put on weight," Odalie said, her black eyes narrowing. "And all of it about the waist too. Zerline. . ."

"Oh, maîtresse," the girl wept. "Maîtresse!"

"Who was it? Come, pull yourself together!"

"Heem, maîtresse knows—heem. Many time I run away; but one time I am too slow."

Odalie stood up, the headache gone, forgotten.

Stephen was busy in the great ledger book, recording the births of slave children, the sale of cotton. Hearing Odalie's step, he looked up.

"Stephen, I must ask you to have that man leave Harrow."

"Didn't we discuss that matter already? My answer is still the same. I see no reason for changing it."

"Well, I do! Perhaps you care not if he fills up the place with mulatto children! But when he goes so far as to violate my own personal maidservant, it seems to me high time to call a halt!"

"Mike did that?"

"Yes. That's why you must have him leave."

"That—no," Stephen said quietly. "Mike has a home here for life. I gave him my word."

"Either he goes," Odalie declared. "Or I do!"

Stephen shrugged. "*Adieu,* my dear. I've work to do."

Two hours later, a coach rolled away from Harrow toward New Orleans. In it were Odalie and little Etienne, Caleen, Zerline, and Jean, a manservant. Zerline was crying softly; but Odalie's face was pale and still.

AURORE was visiting friends in the country. Pierre Arceneaux greeted Odalie heavily when the coach stopped before his town house.

"I have no doubt that you know what you're doing," he said when he learned the reason for her presence there, "but any dissolution of the marriage contract grieves me. However, you're always welcome."

Odalie had gone at once to her rooms on the second floor. Slowly the old man climbed the stairs. The heat was like a physical weight, pressing down upon his head.

He sank down upon a chair. "I am not well, daughter. The years have left a heaviness in me."

"Nonsense, father. You look like a stripling."

"Thanks, but it isn't so. Odalie, what if I sent a messenger to Stephen asking him to come and discuss this difficulty?"

"No, father. I'll never go back. What's done is done."

"You're being very foolish. Stephen has grown in Louisiana. There are those who say he'll reach greater things yet."

"I don't doubt it. But if he prefers his big brute of a river captain to me—why, then let the two of them stay up at Harrow without me."

As Odalie watched from the window an ox cart groaned through the narrow street. It was piled high with something. When it passed beneath her, a heavy stench struck her in the face. She put her handkerchief to her nose. Then she was turning to Pierre.

"That wagon—Father, am I mad, or is that a human leg I see sticking out from under the canvas?"

"You're quite sane," Pierre told her grimly. "They pass this way every day. The fever, again—and worse than ever before. Still want to stay in New Orleans, Odalie?"

She faced her father. "I'll chance it," she said.

THROUGHOUT the rest of the summer, the deaths continued to mount. Etienne fretted in the sweltering heat. At night he cried fitfully. Pregnant Zerline had already been a victim of the fever. There was a headlong rush to leave the city. Still Odalie held on grimly.

On the night of October twenty-ninth, Odalie was shaken awake by Caleen. "Maîtresse, the baby him sick, yes. Your papa sick, too, him. Mebbe they die."

In his little bed, Etienne twisted soundlessly, his naturally dark face flushed a deep mahogany red. Odalie put a hand to his forehead. It was so hot that she drew her hand away with an involuntary cry.

The old man lay unconscious upon his bed, his breath coming out in feeble puffs and whistles. In one glance Odalie saw that there was no hope for him.

Even as she stood there, his eyes opened suddenly. "Get Father Antoine," he whispered. "I have sins to confess. . . ." Then he closed his eyes. No need to tell him that the old priest had been dead for years. No need to tell him anything—no need to do anything but kneel beside his bed and say a prayer for the tranquility of his soul. Pierre Arceneaux was dead.

Odalie left the room to meet Caleen in the corridor.

"I sent Jean for the doctor," the old woman said. "The baby is ver' sick, yes!"

"Father," Odalie said, "Father. . . ." Then she bent her face against Caleen's shoulder and cried aloud, dry, racking sobs, utterly without tears. Caleen stroked her thick, black hair.

Then a servant was coming into the room leading Doctor Lefevre. Without a word, Odalie passed Etienne over to him. The doctor began his examination. Finally he straightened. "'Tis not the cholera," he said. "He has yellow fever. We may be able to pull him through." He sat down and pulled from his bag a great array of small vials and powders.

Doctor Lefevre called daily at the Arceneaux mansion. But little 'Tienne got no better.

Finally, the doctor looked down upon the barely breathing child in whom the fever still mounted. "There is but one hope," he said to Odalie. "We must bleed him."

"No!" Odalie cried. "No!"

"'Tis the only way, madame," the doctor said patiently. Odalie looked at him, her black eyes widening; then, turning her face to the wall, she nodded silently. Doctor Lefevre opened his satchel. He took out the instruments. Old Caleen watched him, her eyes blazing. The doctor bent over Etienne, scalpel in hand.

"No!" Caleen screeched. "No! you no cut him, you!" She sprang forward and gathered little 'Tienne into her arms. "We go back to Harrow, now! And I cure him, me! No great fool of a *docteur* kill my baby! Come now, maîtresse. Come!"

The doctor glared at the old woman, but Odalie followed her helplessly out of the room. An hour later, they were on their way back to Harrow.

"So," Stephen said, when they arrived at the plantation. "Ye've come back."

"I have brought you back your son," Odalie said with great dignity, "so that he may die in the house of his father."

Stephen looked at the tiny bundle of skin and bones that had once been a healthy, prattling child.

"If he does," he said grimly, "God and Our Lady forgive ye, for I never shall!"

Then, taking Etienne in his arms, he marched up the steps and into the great house.

FOR the next four days Harrow was a gigantic madhouse. Old Caleen was in complete charge of everything. "Doctors, posh!" Stephen said. "Dirty, murdering sawbones! Caleen knows as much as any ten of them."

So it was that the strongest hands on the plantation found themselves pulling on the cords that moved a great overhead fan, under which the child's crib had been placed. Sheets wet with the coolest water that could be found were constantly wrapped around the sweltering little body. And Caleen stubbornly got drop after drop of orange juice, lemon juice, lime juice down the parched little throat. Precious ice was wrapped in thin cloths which were then placed upon the boy's blazing forehead. Inch by inch, Caleen fought the temperature down, and kept the slender thread of life from snapping.

On the morning of the fourth day, she bent forward over the crib, slowly extending a trembling hand. Etienne's forehead was cool to the touch, entirely free of fever.

"'Tienne no die!" the old woman exclaimed. "He getting well, him!"

Stephen, dozing fitfully in a chair beside the bed, came awake at once. "What did ye say, Caleen?"

"Look," she pointed. "Fever all gone. He sweats, him. He better now—soon he be all right, yes!"

"Holy Blessed Mother of God!"

Odalie came into the room, all color gone from her face. Her black eyes swept from the face of her husband to the tiny form lying peacefully in the crib.

"Is he—is he . . ." she managed; but the child opened his blue eyes.

Odalie fell into Stephen's arms. He let her weep there against his chest, until the ruffles of his shirt front were sodden with her tears.

"Stephen, Stephen . . ."

"He lives, Odalie. That's all that matters. Ye can forget the harsh words. And in the growing, he will need both a father and a mother. Our differences must not be permitted to affect him." They went over to the crib and looked down. Etienne was sleeping like a tiny angel.

Before the middle of winter, Etienne was running around the house as vigorously as ever before.

NEXT to the Theatre D'Orleans stood the Orleans Ballroom. As Andre and Stephen rode up to it on a spring night in 1838, it was ablaze with lights, and the sound of music and laughing voices floated into the street.

"You'll find three quarters of the gentry of New Orleans inside," Andre said. "Last year, the *Cordon Bleu* conflicted with one of our own balls. I spent the entire night dancing—at Amelia's suggestion—with various deserted females. The men were all here."

Stephen swung down from his horse. "I don't share your eagerness," he smiled. "Your mixed-strain wenches don't seem particularly remarkable to me."

"We shall see," Andre said. "Come!"

They went in through the low wide façade. Andre paid the admission fee, then they went into the ballroom.

On the magnificent dance floor the young, and not so young, gentlemen of the city were dancing. Half a glance told Stephen that almost everyone he knew was here; then his gaze traveled on to their partners.

"Lovely, aren't they?" Andre said.

Stephen stifled a yawn. "Of course they're pretty. Why shouldn't they be? Ye've been busy for generations improving the strain."

Andre grinned. "You haven't seen anything yet."

"I'm on pins," Stephen growled. "What the deuce is so enjoyable about this? The girls are pretty, that I'll admit; but those fat old yellow mothers of theirs seem to be watching them like hawks."

"You don't understand. For the girls the connections they make here are as honorable as marriage. They never desert a protector or betray him. Of course the mothers watch. They'd object to an unwise connection as strenuously as would a white mother to an unwise marriage."

The two of them circled the ballroom. As they came abreast of a stairway, Stephen stopped, his slim fingers tightening on Andre's arm.

"I think I see what ye mean!"

A group of quadroon and octoroon girls were coming down the stairs. There was no need for Andre to ask which one Stephen meant. She was taller by half a head than any of the others, and her skin was darker, a clear, light golden color. But it was her hair that made her stand out—instead of the usual midnight curls, spun in ringlets over each ear, she wore it loose—a tawny mane of chestnut, lightening to pure gold in the highlights.

Stephen was standing on the last step. When she reached it, he touched her arm. "Tonight," he said, "ye're dancing with me—and with none other. Ye understand that?"

She turned toward him, and the heavy lids widened over eyes that were as cool and green as the sea. "You had better ask madame my mother, monsieur," she said.

"To hell with madame your mother. Ye're dancing with me."

The full, wine-red lips slowly widened into a smile. "And after tonight?"

Stephen lashed her with his glance, letting his eyes wander over the gown which was cut in extreme décolleté, the sleeves falling away from the shoulder, a frill of fine old lace barely covering her breasts.

"Ye may call the turn," he said. "I'll play the fiddle." He swung her away into the dance.

Soon they went out on a gallery.

He caught her by her soft, rounded shoulders and held her away from him at arm's length. The moonlight caught in her hair, in her lashes. Stephen drew his breath in sharply. "Ye're lovely!" he said. "God, but ye're lovely!"

Then he drew her to him. Her face was lifted to his, her lips parted. As he kissed her, Stephen could feel the sweet young breath sighing through. The kiss was light at first, light petal soft, and lingering. Then something like madness flamed in Stephen's veins. His arms tightened ferociously about her slim waist, until a little cry of pain was locked somewhere deep in her throat.

Abruptly, Stephen released her. "My dear . . . What is your name?"

"Desiree," she said. "Does monsieur like it?"

"Like it? 'Tis perfect. And now 'tis time I had a word with madame your mother."

Desiree took his arm, and they went back into the ballroom. The girl led him to a tall, middle-aged quadroon, sitting regally in a great chair.

"This gentleman wishes a word with you, *maman,*" Desiree said. The woman turned her gaze to Stephen, waiting like a queen for him to speak. Stephen found her gaze disconcerting. He hesitated.

Seeing his perplexity, Andre crossed the room and stood at his friend's side.

"Permit me, madame," he said politely, "to present my friend, Monsieur Fox. Your name is, madame?"

"Hippolyte. Madame Hippolyte. Is Monsieur Fox of the plantation Harrow?"

"Aye," Stephen growled. "How did ye know of Harrow?"

"Everyone knows of Harrow, monsieur." Her smile was pleasant and inviting. "I take it that monsieur wishes to form a connection with my daughter."

"Aye," Stephen said stiffly. "That is my intent."

"Monsieur will provide a house for my daughter down by the ramparts. It must be richer and more beautiful than any other on the street. He will further provide her with a maidservant and a cook. He will see that she is suitably attired at all times. He will visit her with discretion, so that no scandal will be attached to her name or his. And, further, monsieur is not to see Desiree until this house is completed."

"Very well," Stephen said. "I shall abide by those conditions. Construction will begin tomorrow!"

WITHIN one month, the little white house by the ramparts was finished. Stephen found his hands were trembling as he dressed himself. Outside, the evening was purpling into night.

Stephen went down the stairs very quietly past the room where Etienne slept. As he passed Odalie's room she came out, and stood staring at him.

"How handsome you are, my husband. Where do you go?"

"To the city," Stephen said shortly. "Don't wait up for me, I shall be very late."

When he reached Rampart Street, a light glowed softly in the little white house. He walked up to the door. He raised the brass knocker, but before he could bring it down sharply, the door flew open and a wonderfully rich deep voice was whispering:

"Come in, monsieur. I've been waiting for hours!"

Desiree put out both her hands to him. He took them gently but held her at arm's length, looking down gravely into her face. "Aye," he said at last. "Ye're as I remembered."

"And how was that, monsieur?"

"Unbelievable."

Stephen sank down into a great chair. Desiree brought wine in a bell-shaped goblet. She leaned over the back of his chair as he sipped it, gazing down upon the fiery mass of curls upon his head. Here and there was a strand of white at the temples, she saw. Slowly she stroked his forehead. Her hands were warm and very soft. Stephen caught them and drew them downward, turning at the same time and gazing upward into her face.

"There's magic in your hands," he said.

"Monsieur is unhappy," she whispered. "But there is no room here for unhappiness." She looked around the room. "This was built only for joy."

"Yes," Stephen said. "Ye are very wise, Desiree."

He sat very still, watching her moving about the table, preparing the meal. There was something unearthly in her grace. He felt strangely at peace.

Desiree served his plate and poured out more wine for him, then she stood behind his chair like a servant.

"Sit," he growled.

"No," she said. "It is not fitting."

"I told ye to sit!"

Silently she took her place across the table from him, the outlines of her face softened in the small flame-glow of the candles. She kept watching him, the sea-green eyes fixed upon his face.

"Ye're not eating," he said.

"I'm not hungry, monsieur."

Abruptly he pushed back his chair and stood up. "Come here," he said.

She came to him, lifting her face to his.

THE City Exchange, with its magnificent ballrooms on the second floor and its awe-inspiring rotunda, was an impressive structure. On a Friday night late that summer most of the first families of New Orleans were there. The music was superb; and outwardly at least the ball had an air of carefree gaiety. But as the evening wore on, the number of males present steadily decreased.

Odalie turned to Amelia. "The men are all going!"

"Those Negresses," Amelia snorted. "They've grown impossibly bold. I think that they do it on purpose!"

"Negresses? What do you mean?"

"You've never near of the Quadroon Balls?"

"Yes—vaguely. But they occurred years ago."

"They occur now—tonight," Amelia said drily.

"*Ma foi!* You mean that the men are leaving these girls to disport themselves with black wenches?"

"Not black ones at any rate. Your Zerline—they're like that—and fairer. And I'm quite sure they give their balls deliberately on the same nights as ours to flaunt in our faces their power over the men."

"My Stephen would never do a thing like that," Odalie said.

"Perhaps not, but I've been wondering for the past half hour where Stephen is—and Andre."

Odalie stood up. "I'm going to look into this."

"And I also," Amelia declared.

They moved quietly toward the stairs.

At the Orleans Ballroom, Stephen was dancing with Desiree. Her golden face was radiant. "I knew you'd come," she whispered. "I knew it!"

"One dance, remember," he growled. "Only one!"

Desiree tilted her head back and swung up on tiptoe, whirling so that her lips were close to Stephen's mouth. "I love you, monsieur, so very, very much!"

Andre was whirling past with a slim quadroon beauty in his arms. "Time we were off, Stephen," he warned. But Desiree reached up and brushed Stephen's lips lightly with her own.

"To hell with that!" Stephen said. "I'm staying!"

Outside, in Orleans Street, Amelia and Odalie sat in a carriage. They had been there now for almost three hours. Then, at last, the men were coming into the street.

Abruptly, Amelia stiffened, laying a hand on Odalie's arm. Stephen and Andre were walking arm in arm toward the curtained cab. They were laughing.

"Drive on!" Odalie said furiously to the driver. The whip slashed across the nag's back, and the cabriolet moved off.

IT was morning, so early that the mists had not yet left the bayou road, yet Aurore was already up, riding her chestnut mare toward Harrow.

'Tis a very great sin that I do, she thought bitterly; but I cannot help loving him. 'Tis a thing beyond my will. And this is the worst of it, this shameless riding out to see him.

As she rode up the drive to Harrow, Stephen's valet, Georges, came scurrying out to take the reins.

"Is your mistress up yet?" Aurore asked.

"Oh, yes, she up, her. She been up for hours."

That was odd, Aurore decided. Odalie was not overly fond of arising early. And the morning after a ball too....

She went on up the stairs, then crossed the great hall and approached the dining room. Suddenly voices arrested her.

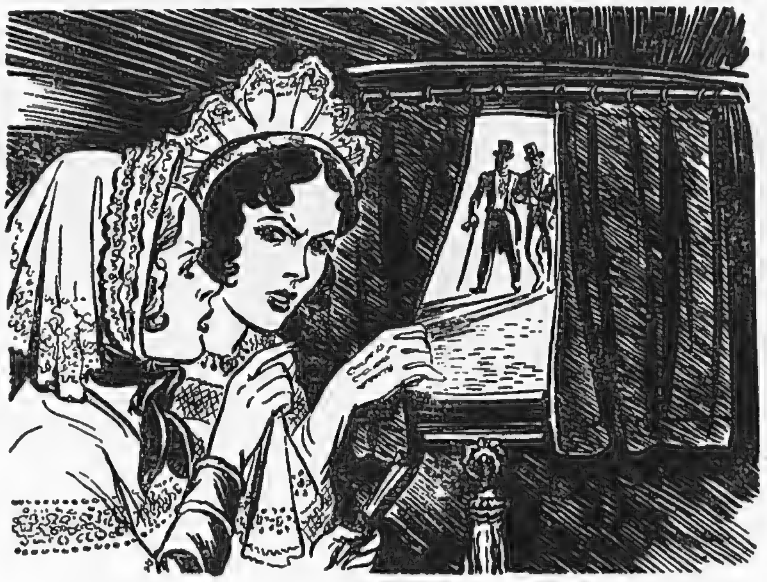
"So," Odalie was weeping. "You've come home to me night after night with your lips still warm from the kisses of your Negress! Beast! Have you no shame? What under heaven could possess you to ride fifteen miles to visit a mulatto wench? Tell me—I'm trying to understand—truly I am."

"That ye could never understand," Stephen said drily. "'Twould be describing the colors of a sunset to a blind man. And now I have work to do."

He spun on his heel so that his eyes met the stricken face of Aurore, who was still standing, as though frozen, in the doorway.

"No, Stephen," she whispered. "No—this I cannot believe—not of you—never of you, Stephen."

"Thank ye for your trust," he said. "But 'tis true, Aurore. I have a quadroon mistress. Good day to ye, ladies."



"Aurore," Odalie sobbed. "I need you."

Aurore crossed the room and stood beside her sister's chair, one arm around Odalie's shoulders. But her gaze followed Stephen as he went through the doorway. Then both sisters wept.

ODALIE sat before her mirror between twin silver candlesticks. Caleen stood behind her, parting Odalie's hair and brushing it back and down like a nightblack cloud over her mistress' shoulders. Against it, Odalie's face and neck and shoulders were pearly.

"Maîtresse one gran' beauty, her," Caleen said.

"Am I? Truly, am I really?"

"No woman so pretty like maîtresse, no."

"Still, Caleen . . ."

The old woman's black face split suddenly into one of her rare smiles. "We fix that, us," she whispered. "Maîtresse do what Caleen say?"

Odalie looked up into the old servant's face. "Yes," she said doubtfully. "Yes, Caleen."

"Maîtresse come?"

Odalie's eyebrows rose, but she followed the old woman out of the room and into the little chamber where the tiny, slipper-shaped bathtub stood.

"Maîtresse disrobe. I be back in a minute, me."

Slowly Odalie took off her garments. Soon Caleen was grunting up the stairs, bending under the weight of an immense tub of scalding water. She poured it into the bath. Then she brought forth a small gourd and spilled deep violet-colored powder into the bath. Instantly the whole room was filled with the perfume.

Never had Odalie encountered a scent like this. It was not heavy and sweet, but elusive to the point that the senses were unsure of its existence.

The bath over, Odalie was picking up her clothes from the chair—a white dress with a bodice like a silver sheath, and satiny skirts that caught each tiny candle flicker in their glossy folds. And they—the dress, the chemise, and every one of the numerous petticoats—held in them the faint scent of that perfume. Slowly she began to dress. At last she gazed at herself in the mirror.

The dress fell away from her shoulders, leaving them bare, and her hair rested like a cloud of darkness upon them. She smiled, then she turned and left the room.

She stood for a long time before Stephen's door. Finally, she twisted the doorknob firmly.

Stephen was standing by the window, gazing out over his darkened acres. He stood there a long time, unaware of Odalie's presence; then at last the scent of her perfume stole into his conscious mind. Slowly he turned, and his pale eyes widened.

"Ye're very beautiful, my dear," he said. "Do ye know, I'd almost forgotten that? And ye wear your hair loose. Why? And that dress. Is there a ball?"

"No, Stephen," she said; "there's no ball."

Stephen crossed the room to where she stood, his face half frowning. When he was close, he lifted her chin with one hand and looked into her eyes. "What is it, Odalie?" he asked gently. Then he stopped. The perfume came up from her hair, from her shoulders. Puzzled, he bent closer. That perfume—but was there a perfume? There must be, still—how beautiful Odalie is!

Suddenly her arms were around his neck. Her body arched upward against his; blindly, her eyes closed, she sought his lips. Stephen was lost in amazement; then the perfume was all around his head. He kissed her achingly, softly, tenderly. But her hands were locked behind his head, and her fingers were fierce suddenly in his fiery hair. Her mouth burned upon his, the lips slackening, parting. His arms tightened around the slim waist.

Then he broke her grip and stood back, looking at her, his eyes dancing. Odalie swayed, her eyes still closed and great tears diamond bright at their corners. He drew her in again, gently against him.

"I love you, monsieur my husband," she whispered, "so much I love you—so very much!"

AFTERWARDS, life was very good at Harrow. Stephen's face lost its perpetual frown; in its place was a look of profound peace. He went no more to the little house by the Ramparts. He commissioned an architect to build two magnificent houses: a town house in New Orleans, and a cottage on Lake Pontchartrain where they might escape the heat of summer.

And Odalie, although in her middle thirties, grew hourly more beautiful. It was during this period that the portrait of her that hangs in the great hall at Harrow was painted. To the day of his death, Paul Dumaine, *père*, spoke of it as his finest work.

"Madame called forth my best," he was fond of saying. "'Tis not often that one is granted the opportunity to paint such loveliness—and such joy."

Stephen stood watching the artist at work, marveling at his skill, and marveling still more at the sweet, secret glow that transfixed his wife's face.

"Enough," M. Dumaine declared. "'Tis finished—"

"Thank ye, monsieur," Stephen said. "Ye've done well."

The artist smiled, then bowed and took his leave.

Stephen walked over to the raised platform upon which Odalie sat and took her hand. She stepped down, smiling.

"I love ye," Stephen said. "'Tis this I saw in the Place D'Armes the day that de Lafayette came. I'd wondered what had become of it—that look: the way your eyes are now—like—like . . ."

"Stephen . . . How would you like another son? Or a daughter perhaps?"

He frowned. "That—no. Doctor Terrebonne said 'twould be extremely dangerous . . ."

Odalie smiled up at him. "The—the chance must be taken, my husband," she said softly.

He took her hands and looked down into her face a long, long time before he kissed her.

STEPHEN rode out into the fields, his head lifted to the sun, whistling a gay tune. But suddenly Prince Michael stopped short. Stephen saw a roan stallion coming toward him; instantly he recognized the rider.

"Desiree! Oh, my God!"

Then she was reining in, turning the big horse so that he presented his flank to Stephen's mount. "Forgive me, but I had to come."

"Why? Ye know it will only cause trouble."

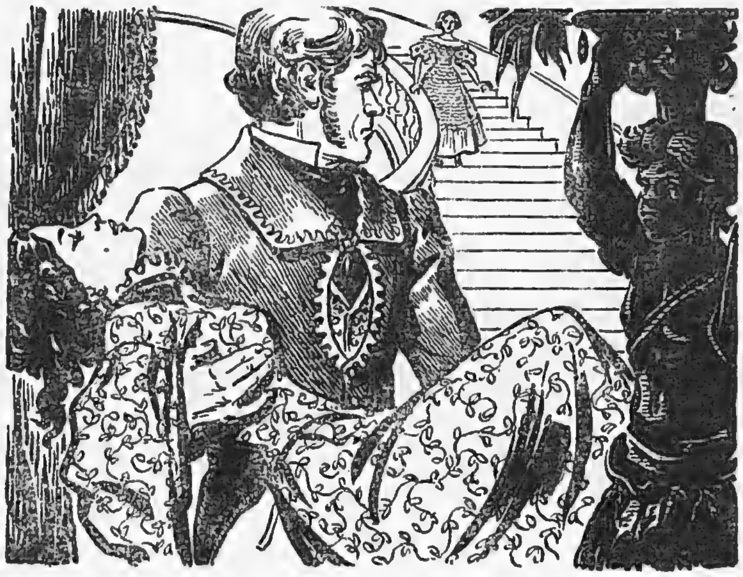
"I had to come," Desiree whispered. "You would ask me to live all alone in that little house where everything reminds me of you? I talk to you just as if you were really there. It's being consumed by this awful hunger for you—the sight of you, the sound of your voice. . . ."

"What is it that ye want?" Stephen said harshly.

"You. I want you to come back to me. You would end my life before it is begun? That is what you're doing."

"There's no help for it, little Desiree," he said gently. "There are others with a better claim on me."

The girl sat looking at him, her deep green eyes widening. Then she tossed her reins high upon the roan stallion's neck and raised her crop above her head.



"Desiree!" Stephen cried.

But she brought the crop down in a vicious semicircle. The animal screamed and lunged across the fields. Stephen urged his horse forward; but the old palomino was no match for the pain-maddened roan. Desiree lashed her stallion without ceasing, driving him onward.

Before her now was the cane brake, behind which was the mill stream, dropping away a full fifteen feet below. Unless that horse was a jumper . . . Stephen brought his crop down savagely across Prince Michael's flanks.

Then the roan was soaring up and out over the brake. Stephen pulled his horse up; never could that great heavy horse make such a jump. But even as the palomino reared, Stephen saw the stallion's forelegs striking the opposite bank. For a brief second they held, then they doubled under him, and he rolled over, throwing Desiree clear. The stallion threshed about and screamed in agony; but the girl was quite still.

Stephen jumped to the ground and slid down into the water. He strode across to where the horse was, the little gun which he always carried ready in his hand. He fired just once, and the threshing and screaming stopped. Then he knelt down beside Desiree, pillowing her head in his arms. She smiled up at him, a thin trickle of scarlet escaping the corner of her mouth.

"For me," she whispered. "You saved one for me?"

"Holy Mother of God!"

Stephen slipped his arms under the slight form of the girl; he lifted her and started toward Harrow.

At last he was going up the great stairs. Desiree had long since lapsed into merciful unconsciousness. But Odalie had come out upon the gallery and stood watching them.

"Who is she?" she demanded. "What ails her?"

Stephen did not answer. He walked very quietly past his wife, his face set and grim.

He entered the great hall, Odalie keeping pace behind him. Suddenly she leaned close. "Stephen," she whispered. "This is—this is— You'd do a thing like this! You'd bring your quadroon wench here—into my house!"

"Hush," Stephen said. "She's dying."

He laid her in a small chamber and summoned Caleen, who examined the girl briefly. "She no die, her," the old woman grunted. "Only got t'ree ribs busted."

For three weeks Desiree lay upon the little bed, her body swathed in bandages. And in all that time, not one word passed between Stephen and Odalie. The mistress of Harrow locked herself in her room, and refused to listen to any sort of explanation.

When Desiree was well enough to be moved, a small wagon carried her away from Harrow. At the last Odalie came out of her rooms to watch the departure.

"My dear," Stephen began . . .

"No, no!" Odalie cried. "There is nothing to be said! Go to your Negress and leave me alone!"

Stephen's brows flew together, his eyes spoke icy fire. "Thank ye," he said. "Perhaps I will—at that."

IT WAS late in the winter of 1839 when the time came for Odalie to be delivered of her child. Aurore came to stay at Harrow, and Caleen was on duty day and night. Doctor Lefevre, too, took up his residence at the house. Stephen went no more to the city to be with Desiree, but spent his nights in his study, sleepless and troubled.

For Odalie was pitifully weak, and her thin form was racked with unceasing anguish. Doctor Lefevre shook his head gravely.

"Frankly," he said to Aurore, " 'tis to be doubted that she will survive. Her body is weak enough; but it is her mind that is the major cause of the trouble. There is no will to survive. If only I knew what the trouble was . . ."

"I do," Aurore said grimly. "And, by heaven, I'm going to mend it, now!" She crossed the hall.

"Stephen," she said gently, standing in the doorway to his study. "Odie is worse. You could help her . . ."

Stephen smiled crookedly. "That I doubt," he said. "She hates me!"

"You deserve it," Aurore declared. "But the fact is—she doesn't. She loves you so much that it is chiefly of heartbreak that she is dying."

Stephen came to his feet at once. "Dying!"

"Yes. Please come to her, Stephen."

In the bed chamber, he bent over the twisting form of his wife. Aurore stood in the doorway, unnoticed.

"No, no," Odalie whispered. "Go away! Let me have peace at last."

"Odalie," Stephen said slowly. "There is this much to be said: when that girl came to Harrow, she came without my knowledge. I had broken with her long ago.

Odalie lay very still. "You—you do not lie to me?"

"I never lie. Ye know that."

Something like a smile crept across Odalie's stricken face; then abruptly it vanished. "And now, Stephen?"

"And now I shall never consort with her again," he said. "That I promise ye."

Her lips widened pitifully into a smile, but her words were so low that Stephen had to bend down his head to hear them.

"Thank you, my husband," she said. "Now no more will I fear it—this business of dying."

"Ye aren't going to die. Ye cannot—ye must not!"

"I'm afraid I must, my husband."

Stephen opened his mouth to refute her, but the look was there, visibly, in her face. He sank down beside her, burying his face in the covers. She stroked his head.

In the doorway, Aurore wept.

Four nights later, Odalie gave birth to a stillborn child—a daughter. She herself never regained consciousness, but died very quietly in her sleep.

UP AT Harrow, a stillness lay like a weight upon the land. The work went on: the cane was laid end to end in the black earth and from their joints the new plants sprouted. It came up and grew tall. Then there was harvest. But the Negroes did not sing as they worked.

Stephen moved over his lands and through the refinery, watching it all. But his eyes were far away, in those distances from which no one ever returns.

It was upon such a day that Aurore came riding up in her small carriage, all her belongings packed in valises

"I've come to stay," she said simply. "Harrow needs a woman's hand, and 'tis no good that the boy goes motherless, Stephen."

Going into the great hall, Aurore's eyes noticed the tiny evidences of slackening discipline: dust upon the furniture; a lack of freshness in the livery of the servants. These things must end, she decided at once. Harrow must remain the greatest house in Louisiana.

Aurore turned to Caleen. "Tante," she said firmly. "We shall have a housecleaning here."

In a few hours the great house shone like new: the cut-glass glistened and the silver sparkled. Aurore went in search of Etienne, and found the boy, dirty and unkempt, in back of the stables.

"Come with me, 'Tienne," she said gently.

Wonderingly, the boy followed her into the house. Under her direction, he was scrubbed vigorously. Then, brushed and combed and dressed in new, fresh clothing, he stood before her for inspection.

"Ah, now you look the gentleman!" she said. "Please go and bring me your books, 'Tienne."

The boy scampered away, adoration glowing in his pale blue eyes. When he returned, Aurore had him read to her. His education, she discovered, was sadly lacking. So she began to instruct him. She read him the stories dear to the heart of a boy: tales of the heroes of old France and the new, deeds of chivalry and heroism.

So life went on at Harrow. Aurore ran the big house with effortless grace. The Negroes had admired and respected their former mistress; the new one they loved.

Nights Aurore lay awake listening to Stephen's footsteps in the great hall. Back and forth they went, in a slow measured tread. But at one place they stopped. Aurore knew that this was before the portrait, glowing with unearthly loveliness upon the wall. How many nights had she heard those footsteps . .

NOW, suddenly, there was silence. With fingers so shaken that they could hardly tie a knot, Aurore drew on her robe. Then she stole out into the hall. Before the picture, curled up in a big chair, Stephen slept.

She had an impulse to smother his face against her breast and rock to and fro, crooning to him softly.

She leaned forward. "Do not grieve, my Stephen," she whispered. "Never in the world was she worth so much pain. Not she nor any woman."

Aurore's face moved closer. Her lips touched his as lightly as a breath; but involuntarily they lingered and moved caressingly over his. Then, his eyes still closed, Stephen's lean arms stole upward around her, drawing her downward to him. She struggled briefly, and the pale blue eyes flew wide.

"Aurore! Ye kissed me. Why?"

"Please, Stephen, forget it happened. Forgive me—and let me go—away from here—miles away from here."

"No," he said. "I must understand this thing."

She buried her face against his chest so that her voice was muffled, thick with tears.

"I love you," she said. "Always I've loved you—since the day de Lafayette came. You stood there and stared and stared at Odalie until my heart broke quite in two. I thought you so beautiful, Stephen—like a young god. And since then it has grown worse. Whatever you did—your mockery, your quadroon wench, your loving Odalie—I forgave you. I lived only for the precious minutes when I should see you, and between them only in the hope of seeing you again. And now that I am become a shameless thing will you please let me go?"

Stephen lay very still, but his arms did not move. "There is nothing left in me of love, Aurore," he said gently, "but 'tis certain I cannot live alone for long. Already I am unsure between the real and the dreamed. Perhaps in time I can learn again to feel as a man ought.

"We shall be married at once," he went on. "God knows that never before was a man so honored. Ye must know how grateful I am—how humbly grateful."

Aurore lifted her face to his and on her face the tears were cold and wet.

THE END

# BOOKS IN REVIEW

### by Allan Kaplan

FOR many years the works of the celebrated humorist **Sholom Aleichem** have entertained those able to read them in their original Yiddish. Now some of the delightful folk tales of this prolific writer are available to the general American reading public in **The Old Country.** The book, translated by Julius and Frances Butwin, contains twenty-seven stories of Jewish life in Czarist Russia: piquant character sketches, pathetic tales of poverty and persecution, and wonderfully funny stories of a long-downtrodden people who have never forgotten how to laugh.

*Sholom Aleichem*

Sholom Aleichem was, to quote his translators, "a genius whose writings are the perfect expression of a people, their mind, their heart, their wit and above all their special idiom." He tells, in the first selection of The Old Country, about the man who got tired of starving in his native town of Kasrilevka and sought his fortune in Paris. Meeting there the wealthy Rothschild, the man offered to sell him, for three hundred rubles, the one thing the Parisian lacked—eternal life.

Rothschild counted out the money, and the Kasrilevkite slipped it into his pocket, saying: "If you want to live forever, my advice to you is to leave this noisy, busy Paris, and move to our town . . . There you can never die because, since Kasrilevka has been a town, no rich man has ever died there."

Crown Publishers, New York. Price $3.

**IMPRESARIO,** by **S. Hurok,** written in collaboration with Ruth Goode, is the autobiography of a self-confessed hero-worshipper. "All my life has been devoted to the pursuit of artists," writes Mr. Hurok; and the long list of performers he has managed during his thirty-five years in show business proves that his quest has not been a vain one.

*S. Hurok*

Chaliapin, Pavlova, Isadora Duncan, Artur Rubinstein, Marian Anderson, and Alicia Markova are only a few of the stars of the opera, the dance, and the concert stage about whom the greatly successful impresario tells vivid and amusing anecdotes in his memoir. Mr. Hurok himself usually remains in the background; he prefers to devote his book, as he has his life, to the myriad colorful personalities who have appeared under his aegis.

Random House, New York. Price $3.

**FIELDEN FARRINGTON'S The Big Noise** is the story of a successful heel. Anse Grogan started his radio career as a cheap crooner and arrived finally at a writer-director job in New York by parasitical skulduggery. The Big Noise purports to be the inside story of the radio advertising business; actually it is a rather tedious tale of a very unpleasant guy.

Crown Publishers, New York, Price $2.50.

**IN ABBIE, Dane Chandos** has painted a delectable portrait of a wholly delightful although exasperating female. Chandos may have had an Aunt Abbie or he may not—it is quite unimportant; her foibles, her extravagances, and her overwhelming charm make her the quintessence of all aunthood. Quietly but wickedly funny, Abbie is a rarely enjoyable book.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Price $2.75.

# COCKEYED CROSSWORD

### By Ted Shane

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Last week's answer

**HORIZONTAL**

1 Business bull sessions
11 Tank toter (abbr.)
14 After a few good puffs, it draws easily
15 A Lamb of a writer
16 Emergency turbine
17 "One without" (abbr.)
18 Speaking with chesty tones
20 It may mean the difference between war and peace (abbr.)
21 Park backward
23 Lawyers slap folks down with this
24 It's in a constant upheaval about China
26 An insincere thing girls say
27 Satanettes
29 Song of shear joy
31 "Is this —— necessary?" cried the cop at the burley-q
33 They're tops in American high life
35 Kind of dragon
37 Why was Boston, not Spokane, nicknamed the this?
38 Upset things to get a cockeyed view
40 Raymond will Swing for this matter of little weight
42 Scotch snood
44 Body mechanic (abbr.)
46 Red Skelton's favorite verb
48 Wide-open device that snaps at men (fem.)
50 Liberal pass receiver (abbr.)
51 It takes a beating from the politicians
53 Gruesome hangings of the '90s
56 Beef, what, and wine make an electrician's tonic?
58 Have an awful craving for a peach
59 Only thing the G.I. can't get the gov't to do to a house
61 Slammin' Sam the Golfin' Man
63 Postman's sex
65 *Tear* out this weed (anag.)
66 Highway signery (abbr.)
67 Mechanized road hog
69 Where Death never takes a holiday
71 What Churchill has at four
72 OPA of yesterday
74 Splendid thing Mr. Ted Williams's called
77 Preposish
78 River russian around in a volga way
79 Turn in Brooklyn
80 Documentary dingus
82 Atom seeker, has the FBEye upon him
83 Person found hanging in the subway

**VERTICAL**

1 Think of the shoes *it* has to buy for its family!
2 What the Toonerville trolley has never been (two words)
3 Utterly worthless (abbr.)
4 Slight alteration of the verbal McCoy
5 Enough for any poet
6 Saddle-bunion developers
7 It's easily bored by mosquitoes
8 How you start climbing
9 One for the Kraut (pl.)
10 Wise guys
11 Midwestern St.'s nickname
12 Due to the wartime shortage, he had to ration missionaries
13 The Hayburner's Brigade
19 What sky pilots profit by
22 Old-fashioned dog blanket
25 Thilly perthon
28 Cause a quick turnover in the auto business
30 Make a series of separate pieces for Poland
32 What a man with a one-track mind gets in
34 Porcine dainties
36 Peel a *pear* (anag.)
39 Easily manipulated stooge
41 Gal who can't say neigh
43 Beastly consumer (two words)
45 It has a stunning effect on the heads of feeble-minded folk
47 Skinny thing that takes a bad beating
49 Saucily glamorous
52 Piscatorial atoms
54 A Tsarina's mama
55 If you settle on this, it'll take a great weight off your mind
57 Pinch
60 Sharp thing carried in pants
61 Found on the shores of Tripoli (pl.)
62 Passes a cloth lazily over furniture at $1 an hour
64 Kind of string to keep on husbands, ladies!
68 Thing the dry cleaner forgot to remove
70 Ashby —— —— Zouch
73 The one a spinster adores most
75 Leftish Independent Rightists (abbr.)
76 Hiked hurriedly
81 Underprivileged gangsters (abbr.)

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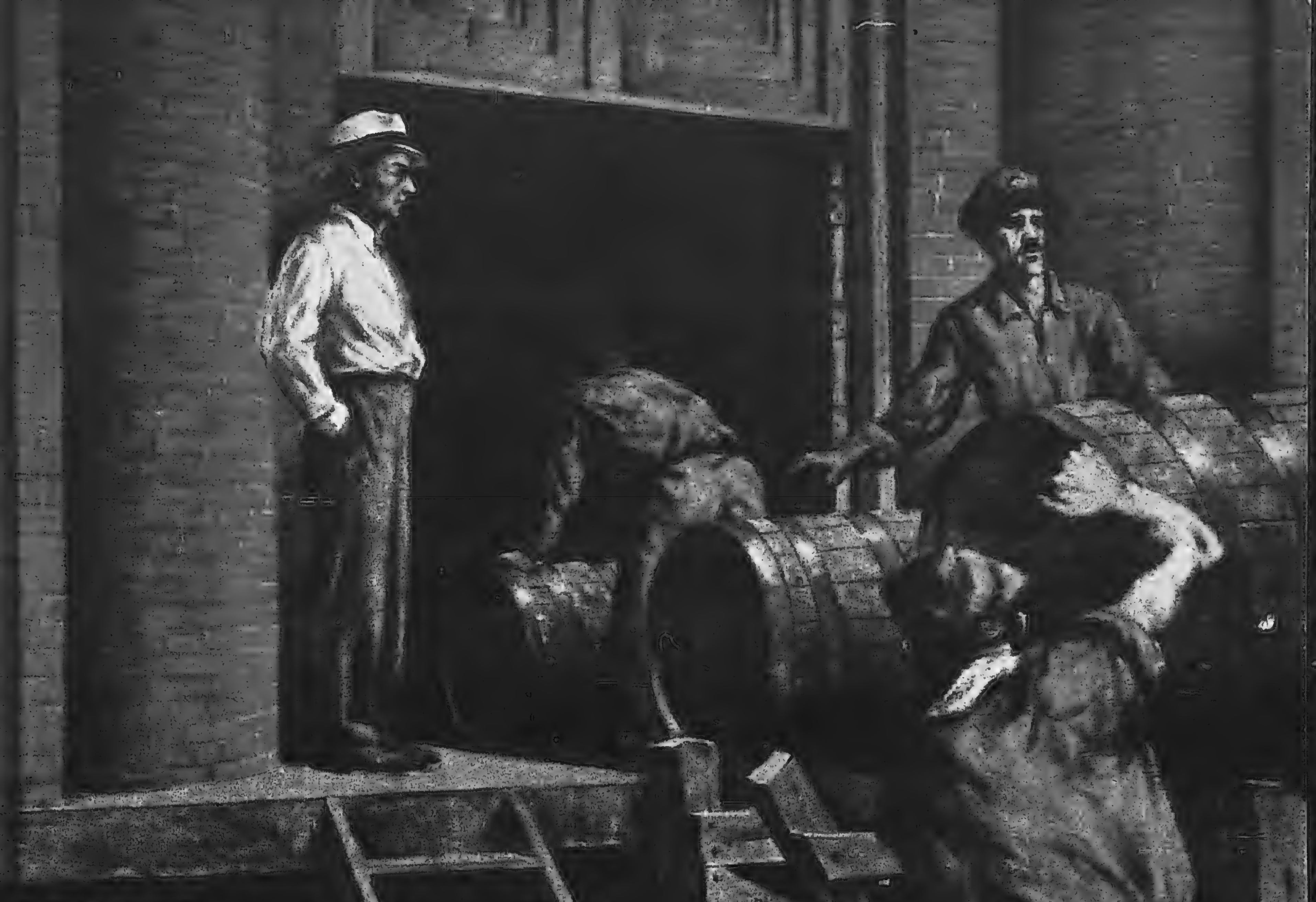
The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



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## THE CURSE OF THE PRYORS

Continued from Page 33

cobbles. *"Agraristas, por Dios!"* he cried. "Across the river, *jefe*—volumes of them!"

"Well, lock the gate!" Pryor said. "And tell them to stop ringing that bell."

Scott got his breath. "You woodenhead, Mike! Why didn't you tell me your title hasn't been cleared? You'll be lucky if they leave you a corn patch!"

IN one of those bits of benevolent rashness which typified Mexico, someone had decided, rightly, that it was unhealthy for the hundreds to own all of the land and the millions to own none. So a law was passed. Thereby a peasant could claim twenty-five acres wherever he chose. The government would make restitution to the former owner in tax scrip. Unfortunately, most *hacendados* were left with nothing on which to pay taxes after the *agraristas* left.

Pryor started toward the buildings. "I'm not a complete idiot," he told Scott. "I've got the papers in my office. I'll run those *borrachos* clear to Tabasco!"

Scott drew a long, relaxing breath.

"I've got a title signed by everybody from Cantinflas to the President," Pryor went on. "The man I bought from fought that battle. All they left him was the land I'm using right now."

They entered the *saguán*, the brief arched passageway which terminated in the massive front gate. Someone was pounding on the gate; someone was crying, "Avoid trouble, Don Miguel! Open up!"

It was the voice of Don Gonzalo. He and a man in poncho and sombrero waited beyond the door.

Pryor admitted them. For an instant he and his late foreman were face to face, the American flushed and hard-lipped, the Mexican confronting him in the pride of power.

"Let's have it," Pryor snapped.

Don Gonzalo was playing the scene for all it was worth. "In Mexico," he began, "we have a policy known as the Agrarian—"

He got that far when Pryor's fist found his jaw. Don Gonzalo went back against the hobnailed planking. Pryor captured his revolver. Don Gonzalo's companion, terrified, was ready to run; but there was no place to run. He was a small muddy-skinned man with a wispy black mustache and goatee and the turgid features of a pulque addict.

Pryor handed the thirty-eight to Scott and dragged Don Gonzalo toward the office. They left the Indian standing there. "Just to make it official," Pryor told the ex-foreman, "you're going to read every word in that title. Then you're going to sign an affidavit that you've read and understand it, and clear out of here!"

They entered the office. He opened the safe and sorted papers hastily. Then, frowning, he went through them again. He swore, pulled out another drawer and searched it.

Don Gonzalo was silent but his eyes smiled.

It was plain even to Pryor, then, what had happened. Don Gonzalo had taken or destroyed the title to the ranch before he left.

They heard high heels click across the stones. Kay halted in the doorway. She said breathlessly, "Dad! Those men across the tracks—"

"Don Gonzalo can tell you more about them than I can," Pryor said dryly. "But he's going to tell them there's nothing for them here but grief. And he's going to do it now."

**HARDTACK**

Don Gonzalo said doggedly, "The men demand what is theirs by law."

Pryor took a step toward him and the Mexican moved hastily to the door. "They'll get that, all right," Pryor said.

Don Luis hurried to lock the door after the ex-foreman. He was cracking his knuckles when he returned. *"Ay, Dios!* Without the papers, it is difficult to say—"

Kay, too, went through the safe; but she found nothing. She shrugged. "Well, it's on record in Mexico City, thank heaven! Scott and I will go tomorrow and have it searched."

Don Luis was being very confident and reassuring. "They are stupid pigs. It will be easily settled. But it is to be hoped that there will be no violence. They are merely *peónes*, of course, but to the law you are just a foreigner—" He broke off. "A glass of port, eh?"

They left the office. In the hallway, Don Luis and Pryor going ahead, Kay suddenly confronted Scott. He had a faint shock. This was not the girl who had blushed at breakfast. This was an angry tight-lipped young woman who stood with her fists on her hips. "And *you*, Mr. Scott," she said, "can explain *that!"*

On the floor between them she flung a ruby-tipped cigarette butt. It doubtless was the one Anita had left in his room last night. . . .

Bill laughed. He said, "Mr. Scott regrets your understandable confusion. But I've got a good explanation?"

"I hope so. The servants were giggling over it when the maid brought it down. They found one once before in Don Gonzalo's room."

Bill gave the story completely. He heard her take a quick short breath.

"To think," she said, "that somebody I've known only two days would make me want to kill him! But, darn it, I wasn't just taking out insurance against a foreclosure last night, Bill. I was being an idiot, and loving it."

THEY walked along, Kay's hand in his; Bill was thinking about that other cigarette. "She must have gone through the place, room by room, until she found what she was looking for."

Kay's mind had left the unpleasant subject of Anita. "And now," she said, "this wretched *agrarista* business has to come along!"

"Let me worry about that one," Scott told her. "If the title is really in order, we'll fight them from Mexico City."

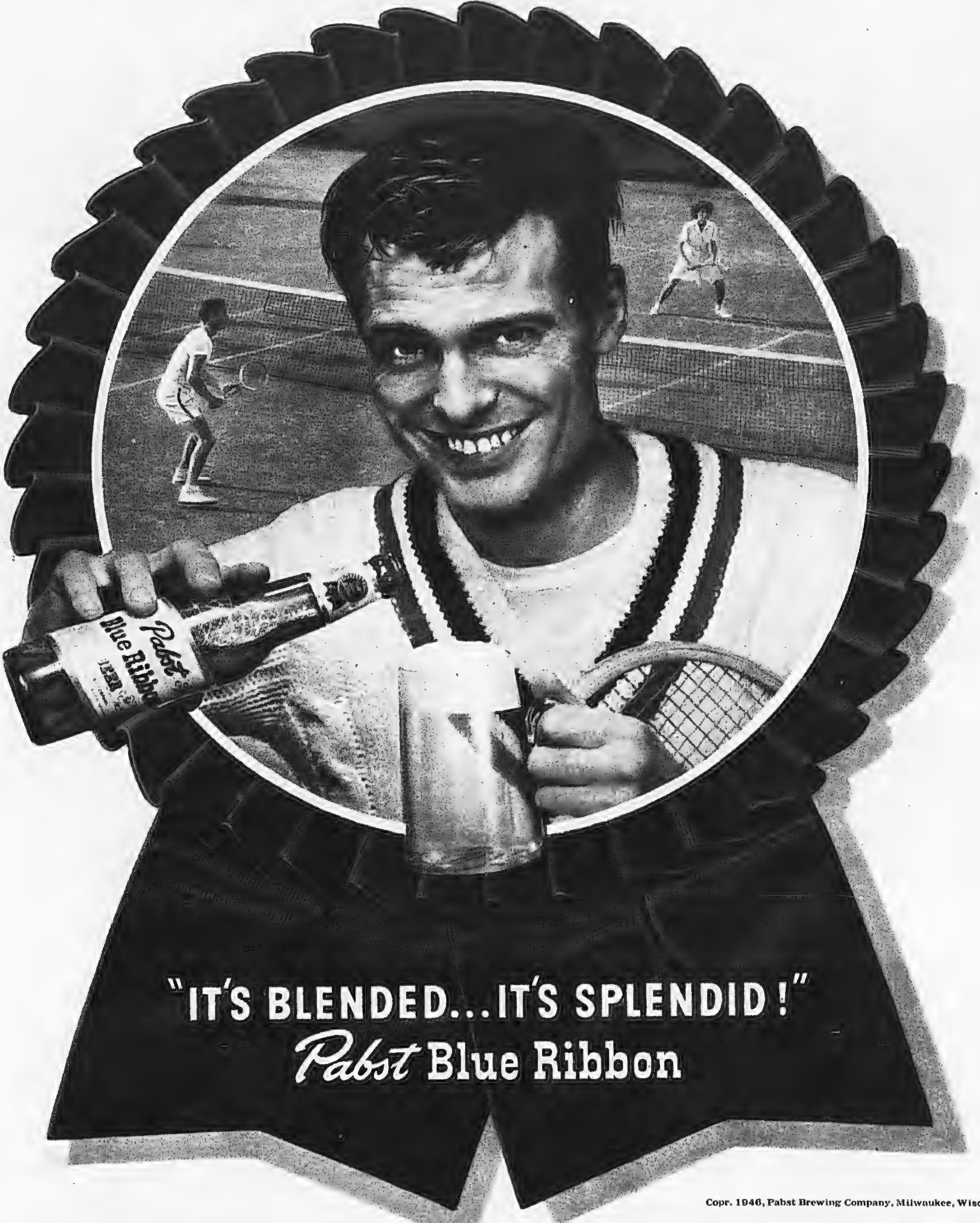
Afterward, Pryor went back to the office to make another search. Don Luis took this opportunity to speak to Scott. His manner was surly.

"Endeavor to understand, Señor Scott," Don Luis assured him, "that one victory for the *agraristas* in this section means catastrophe for all of us. I hold my own land by the grace of influential friends—and I am not the only one. And under-

(*Continued on page 54*)

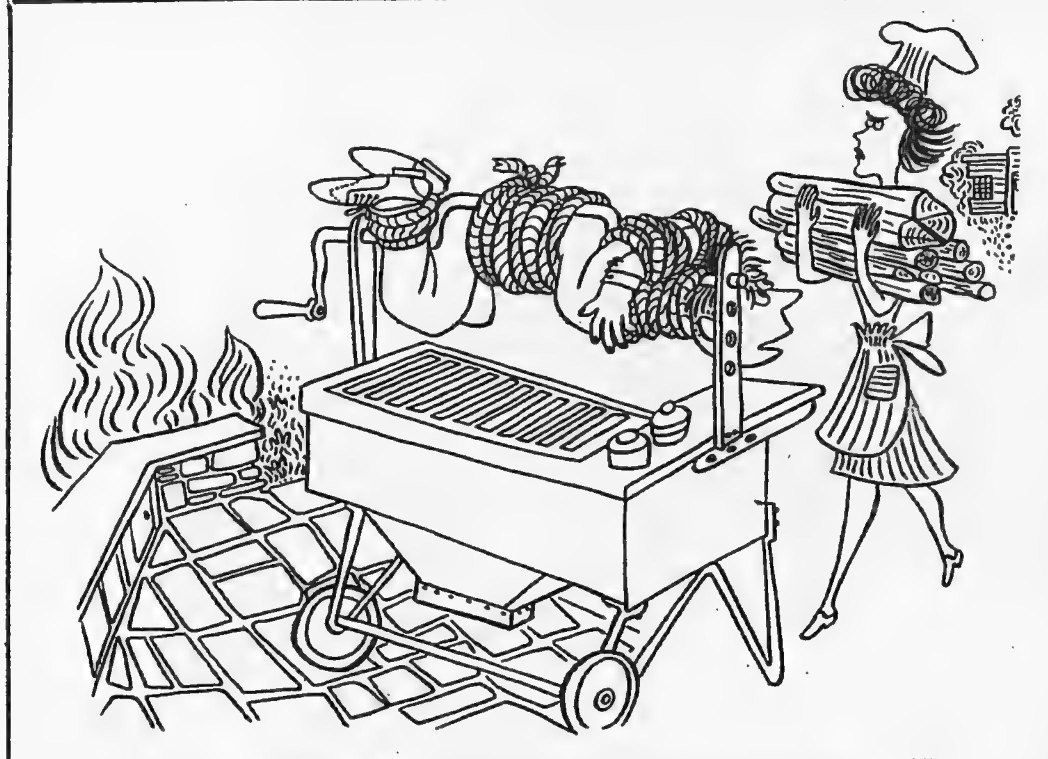
33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER

*Order it with Confidence ...Serve it with Pride*


Pabst
Blue Ribbon
BEER
"IT'S BLENDED...IT'S SPLENDID!"
Pabst Blue Ribbon

Copr. 1946, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisc.

TUNE IN THE PABST BLUE RIBBON SHOW EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT...10 PM EASTERN DAYLIGHT TIME...CBS



"... B—but darling, surely you can't be serious about this . . .?" LIBERTY

(*Continued from page 52*)

stand that this man, Gonzalo, is as much an enemy of mine, therefore, as he is of Don Miguel. With your permission, I intend to stay until these *borrachos* are driven out. I hope you will admit that I am qualified to handle them better, for instance, than you?"

Scott decided that they might do better with him, this time, than without him. Nevertheless, he decided to put Pryor on his guard.

THAT night, sentries occupied the watchtowers of Hacienda San Marcos. It was arranged that Scott, Anita, and Kay should leave in the morning by car. Scott moved into the main building. Long after he was in bed he heard the songs of the *agraristas*. He had not slept long when he heard the shots.

They were close enough to bring him awake with the cold shock of ice water. There were voices in the hacienda—muffled, quizzical calls in the dark. Scott pulled trousers and sweater over his pajamas, lighted a candle, and went into the hall.

He heard a scream from the direction of Anita's room. Her door opened and a shape, white and slender as a candle, came into the hall. Somewhere Don Luis was bawling at everyone to remain serene. Mike Pryor's heavy steps came thundering from his room. He had a lamp in his hand.

Anita was close to hysteria. "Outside! At the gate!" she cried. "A man has been killed!"

Kay was the last to be aroused. With the servants clustering and lamps being lighted behind the shuttered windows of the parlor, the men went to the inside gate. The sentry from the east tower had descended.

"I hear the shots!" he said. "Then I see a man fall by the gate."

In the damp cold of the *saguán*, they stood and heard the yells from the camp across the river. Pryor opened the hobnailed doors. A man's legs made a scissor pattern on the walk; the rest of him lay in shadow. Among the trees the campfires, stirred to life, were blazing.

"Don Luis," Pryor said, "will you help me carry that man in? Scott will cover us. Ysidoro, get back to the tower."

It was accomplished hurriedly. They laid the man on the bench outside the office. Don Luis held the lamp above him.

It was Scott who spoke the name. "Don Gonzalo!"

They left him on the bench, under a blanket. The fire in the living room drew them all into a tight half-circle. There was strong coffee, fortified with rum.

They had been wondering whether one of Don Gonzalo's army of hoodlums could have killed him.

"Not unless he was on the roof," Pryor said. They all looked at him. "You saw how he was lying. He was going out the gate when he was shot. The shots were from behind. He was killed by someone in the house."

Don Luis made an abrupt sound and people began to stir uncomfortably. "That's beautiful deduction, darling," ventured Kay, "but how do you know he didn't turn around after he was hit?"

"Because the shots would have to come from the trees—a hundred yards away! No, ma'am. If I were a detective I'd say, 'Which one of you had reason to kill him?' And I'd stand up and say, 'Me!' Only, damn it all, I didn't do it!" Pryor flung the cigarette from him. "We're going to search every room along the front, including mine, for a gun or shell. Because when the police come out from Puebla in the morning, I want somebody's word besides my own to back me up."

He led the way to his own room first. It was closest to the gate, the most logical point from which the shots might have come. No shelf nor corner was missed, but they found nothing significant but a forty-five automatic. A puncture such as they had found beneath Don Gonzalo's ear could never have been made by the blunt tearing slug of a forty-five.

Anita's door was next down the corridor, and then Scott's. They went through these rooms and proceeded to that of Don Luis, but found no weapon or shell.

They went back to the parlor. Anita, after the others had taken seats close to the fire, stood hugging a chenille robe closely about her.

"I don't expect to be taken seriously," she said, "but I want to point out two things that no one seems to have thought of. First, that the Spanish Falangist movement in Mexico was represented by the Gold Shirts, who were very fond of masquerading as agrarians! And, second, that my husband was killed, either here or after he left here, by Falangist agents. As his widow, and a Loyalist, I seem to be a suitable candidate for assassination myself. That coincidence," she said, "impresses me just enough that I intend to leave here in the morning, murder or no murder! You will know where I am, of course. But I do not intend to be the next to die by a small-caliber bullet."

"Well," Pryor shrugged, "why not? I don't see the hand of politics in this, myself; but if you can get out before the police arrive, it's all right with me. Theoretically, of course," he added, "everybody here is a murderer. So you'll have to be interviewed by the gendarmes somewhere or other."

Scott looked at his watch. "It's three fifteen," he said. "We can catch a few hours' sleep and get away at dawn. Kay will have to come as your agent if I'm to make a search of the title. Give us two hours to clear Puebla and then send the wire."

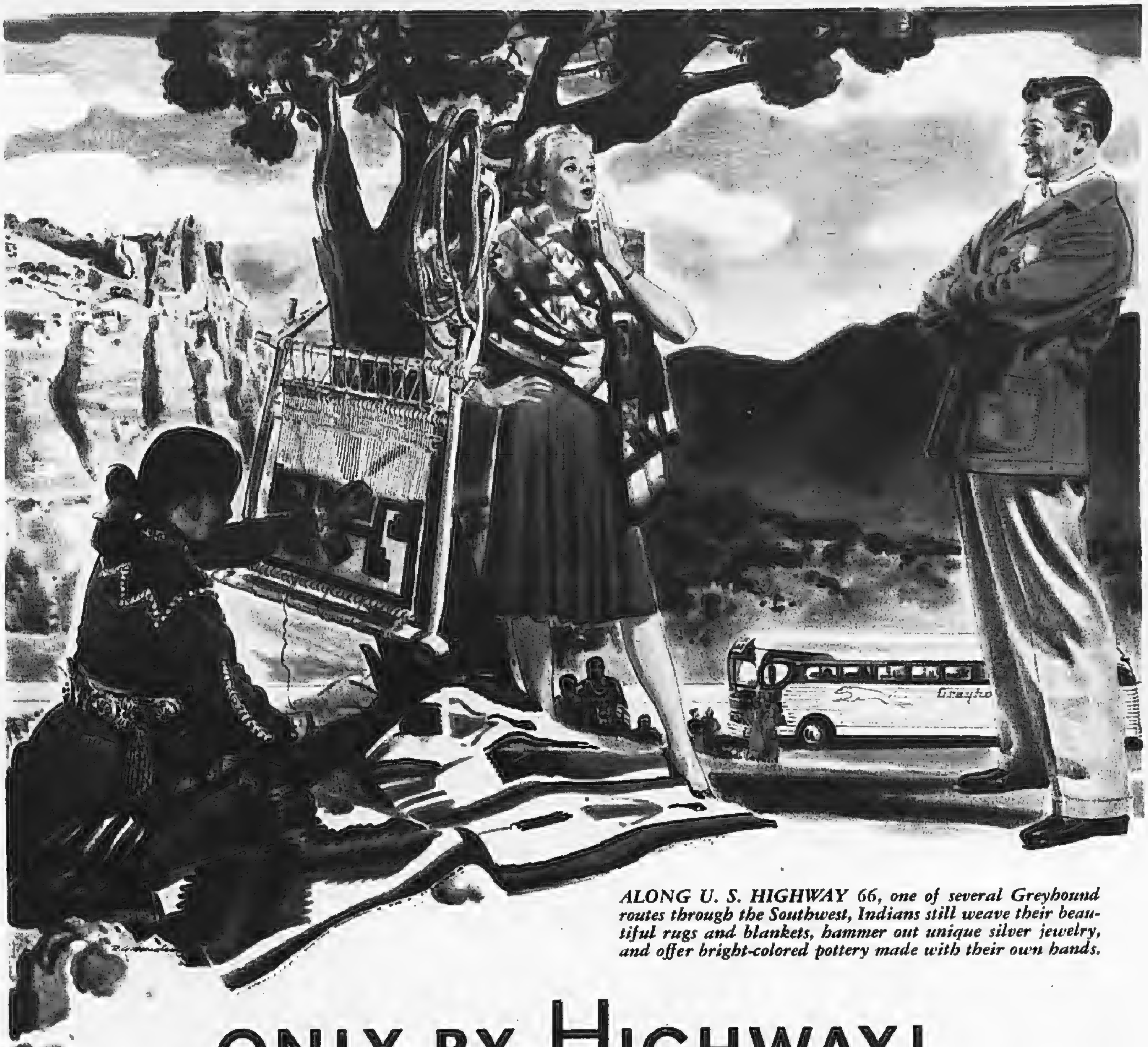
IN the black predawn, Scott packed three bags into the trunk of Pryor's car. They had a hurried breakfast. Then the big sedan swept out the rear gate.

It was eight o'clock when they passed through Puebla. The clamor of church bells filled the air. Sidewalks were being scrubbed and dripping loads of produce rumbled through the streets. They regained the open country. Bill Scott took a deep breath and let his eyes stray.

It could have been the girl beside him; it could have been the crisp bright morning and the vista of green acres and brown, overlaid with pearly mist, but Scott could not recall ever having been affected by the spectacle of Mexico awakening quite as he was this morning.

They topped a mountain range and descended through pines to the great valley. At eleven o'clock they entered Mexico City.

(*Continued on page 56*)



*ALONG U. S. HIGHWAY 66, one of several Greyhound routes through the Southwest, Indians still weave their beautiful rugs and blankets, hammer out unique silver jewelry, and offer bright-colored pottery made with their own hands.*

# ONLY BY HIGHWAY!

## *you'll meet these 'Amazing Americans' at home!*

Put yourself in this picture, *this Fall!*

The setting is in the vast and colorful Southwest . . . an Indian rug weaver plies her skilled fingers as her ancestors have done for uncounted centuries . . . the girl from the waiting bus tries on one of the rainbow-tinted blankets, and gives her own big-city version of an Apache war whoop!

Such friendly scenes are typical of travel by highway, in the sun-drenched land of the first Americans. It's an interesting fact that many Indian tribes can still be seen along the highways, not only in the Southwest, but in the evergreen Northwest, among the Great Lakes, in the Midwest, in Florida, and even in New England!

Greyhound trips and tours introduce you pleasantly to just such interesting people and places in all the 48 states, and in Canada. Whatever your reason for traveling, we invite you to go the way that will help you to meet the real America . . . *and real Americans!*

*TIMELY TIP:* Early Fall, after the mid-summer rush, is the best time for travel of any kind. Transportation is less crowded, weather is milder, there is more room in hotels and resorts. *And remember . . . . . . By Highway means By Greyhound!*

**GREYHOUND**

(*Continued from page 54*)

There was a hotel to select first. Scott drove to the Geneve. Anita had said that she would stay at a hotel until she got in touch with her friends. After lunch, Scott and Kay taxied to the Zócalo, the great central plaza that acted as a front lawn to the National Palace and the cathedral.

They located the government buildings. In a small private office a man with a tousled corona of black hair listened to their story. He left them for nearly an hour while he sought the information. He was flushed and apologetic when he returned.

"It is not immediately found," he said. "But remain tranquil—by tomorrow morning for certain!"

IT was raining when they reached the street, a warm pelting rain that fell perpendicularly on the glistening pavement. The plaza was almost deserted. Iron shutters had come down all along Avenida Madero for the siesta hour.

Standing there in the doorway, Kay suddenly leaned against Scott. "Oh, Bill, there's something wrong—I know it! They'll never find it!"

Scott's arm went around her. "These people are Mexicans, God bless them. Give them time! Remain tranquil, like the man says. And anyway," he said, "we've got plenty to do while we wait."

They ran through the rain to the comfort of a taxi's battered interior. Scott gave an address. The driver took them to a rain-streaked concrete office building. Kay stared at the legend above the door. She gave Scott a startled look.

"That's right," he said. "At home we'd call it the F.B.I. People who leave keys in fireplaces always intrigue me. I'm going to find out what they've got on de Vega, if anything."

He found his way through a chilly clattering central office to a private office on the second floor.

"I'm trying to locate a missing husband for a lady friend of mine," Scott told the official in charge. "He disappeared some time ago—four or five years. His name was Juan Alberto de Vega."

Señor Aleman, the official, had already brought his intercom to life. "Information on Juan Alberto de Vega," he said. In twenty minutes a clerk brought a large manila folder to his desk.

Aleman flipped it open. "*Eso!*" he murmured. "Would your friend's name be María de la Luz Miramonte?"

"Her name is Anita Rojas de Vega."

Señor Aleman rolled a pencil between square palms. "I am intrigued, Mr. Scott, by the fact that only a few months ago a young woman who also represented herself as his wife appeared here and asked for the same information. There was some difficulty in finding it, inasmuch as it was filed under one of the gentleman's aliases. I myself had to locate the dossier. When I returned, she had departed—all but her fingerprints, which she had kindly left on a form I had requested her to fill out.

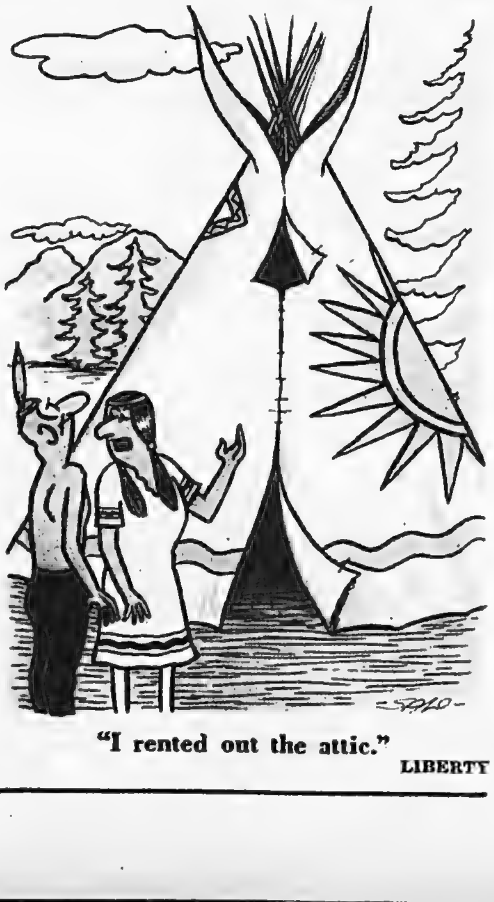
"I learned that she was not Spanish at all, but one of our own people! There are, perhaps, less kind names for her sort; but let us call her an adventuress. I found her to have been interested in such affairs as the drug traffic, the stolen-gem market, and, more recently, political intrigues. By profession she is an actress. Naturally," he smiled, "I desire to know why you, too, have interested yourself in de Vega. We will start with your tourist card or passport."

Perspiration came out on the back of Scott's neck. He handed over his billfold and suddenly decided to tell the whole thing. Señor Aleman placed Scott in his own chair and Scott found himself telling the story to a dictaphone.

"I like your frankness, Mr. Scott," Aleman applauded when he had switched off the dictaphone. "In fact, I am moved to be just as frank with you. You say de Vega was a Loyalist. He was not. He was a Spanish revolutionary agent who came to Mexico to buy arms—a Falangist. He was run over by an automobile—perhaps accidentally. His address was then San Marcos. During the former owner's tenancy we searched the premises for the money he must have had with him. None was found. He was buried at public expense in La Merced."

It was an instant before it drove home. La Merced! De Vega's note had said that he would be buried at the Panteón de Calvario! Aleman leaned across the desk to return Scott's papers.

"Señora de Vega, as she calls herself, will be interrogated at the Geneve," he said. "You may leave, but please to inform us should you change your address."



"I rented out the attic." LIBERTY

Outside the rain had stopped. The air was cool and clean and sharp. Scott gave the driver the name of the hotel. But as they started, he saw Señor Aleman rush from the building to enter an official car. Scott said quickly, "The Thieves' Market."

They nosed into a traffic-clotted street and drifted sluggishly past a jam of stalls and carts. When they came abreast of the market, Scott stepped out.

"Go back to the hotel!" he told Kay. "The car's being followed. I've got things to do, and I can't do them with Aleman holding my hand. See you at the hotel."

He let the soiled river of pedestrians carry him from the car. He lunged into the market through disorderly heaps of flowers. The market was an enormous warehouse cut into alleys, every alley thronged. The air was clammy; the atmosphere was of decaying vegetables.

SOMEONE touched his elbow. Kay said, "Bill, are you insane? You'll get yourself arrested, doing things like this!"

"Will it help any for you to be arrested too?" Scott demanded. He hesitated a moment, than seized her arm and rushed on past the jumbles of pottery and shoes and tables of hacked beef. They emerged into another street, caught a taxi and swung into San Juan de Letrán.

A few blocks out they entered a district of residences, one- and two-story buildings which exhibited to the world a plain front of barred windows in somber walls, while hoarding within patios and flowers and fountains. The street changed its name and its character. It was now the Street of the Lost Child, the residences stamped with poverty. They were far out when the taxi stopped.

The driver turned around. "This is the Panteón. But it has not been used for many years. You are sure—?"

Scott told him he was looking for the grave of an ancestor who had died in Mexico. "The lady will wait here," he said.

Kay sat with her hands folded in her lap. "I do hope you find great-grandfather's grave, darling."

The gate was padlocked, but an old woman admitted him. He gave her a *tostón* and asked for the grave of Juan de Vega. She hobbled down the central path, muttering, "You are a friend of the young lady?"

He almost muffed that one. He had not thought Anita would come before night. "Yes," he said. "Is she here now?"

"She has been here an hour. She wished to meditate."

The cemetery was like a jungle, a melancholy place of overturned and illegible markers, headless angels, and riotous plant life.

Scott touched her arm. "If you can tell me where the grave is, you can save yourself the walk."

She pointed. "The *Templete.* One descends by the stairs."

She went back. All the ghost stories of his childhood suddenly thronged around him. A graveyard at nightfall. . . . But there was real menace in this graveyard. The shrine was a small pavilion raised a few feet off the ground, the floor of it set with bull's-eye windows to provide light for the underground room. In a mat of shrubbery a slab of sheet iron had been laid back.

NOW he went very cautiously, moving painstakingly to the top of the stairs. Then he heard it—the *tap, tap, tap* of a hammer. He went down the steps. From near-blackness he moved into the thin murk of candlelight. The candle was set on the floor at the feet of the girl who worked with a mallet and chisel.

Scott wished he had brought the revolver. But there was a crowbar leaning against the wall, and he picked it up before he spoke. "Doesn't this seem a little sacrilegious?"

Anita de Vega dropped the tools. Then she took a deep breath and smiled. "Señor Scott! How you startled me!"

"Is that any way to treat a dead husband?"

She stared at him in annoyance. "I thought by now you must understand that it was not so much the husband I sought as the money. It was my own money, but of course he acquired it when we were married."

"A very clumsy lie, María de la Luz!"

With that, she discarded completely the part she had been playing. She put one hand on her hip. Even her features seemed to coarsen as she gave him an insolent stare. "So you have been to the police! And now you think you will get a share, eh?"

"I think I'll get a share for Mike Pryor, at least. He deserves some of it for the grief you've put him through." He would have gone on, but for a discovery he had just made. María had very quietly taken up a small automatic pistol.

"Go on," she said.

"I believe," Scott said, "you have the floor." He wondered if he could throw the crowbar any straighter than she could shoot.

The girl moved from the wall. "You may keep the crowbar," she said, "but you will use it on this pigheaded slab of marble. To work, Mr. Scott."

Scott said petulantly, "Yes, you'll use me while you need me and then cast me aside like an old shoe. Women are all the same." She didn't smile. He stepped to the crypt and tried to fit the claw of the bar into the crack she had made with the chisel. He had had some chilly moments in his life, but that interval

Piston Rings
wear out, too

★ Billions of miles of good engine life go up in smoke every year — the smoke that pours out of automobile exhausts. Plain as day it says: "Your piston rings are worn out. Replace them at once!"

Smoke is only one symptom of worn-out rings. Others are: oil-pumping . . . slow getaway . . . loss of power. At the first sign of any of these symptoms, take your car to a motor specialist and ask him for a complete check-up.

If he says it needs new rings, it will pay you to get Hastings piston rings. They *stop* oil-pumping, *check* cylinder wear and *restore* performance.

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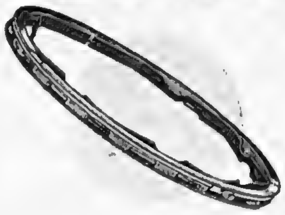


PISTON RINGS
TOUGH ON OIL-PUMPING GENTLE ON CYLINDER WALLS

## Thanks for the Memory

LIEUTENANT COLONEL THOMAS HITCHCOCK (1900-44) was probably the world's greatest polo player. He held a top ten-goal rating for thirteen years in a game of a different pedigree but no less thrilling than other sports.

Born to wealth and with a dollar for every egg in a shad roe, he could have lived a life of ease, but as Hitchcock the athlete and man, he evoked the admiration of the sports world for his fighting blood.

A student at Harvard during World War I, he left to enlist in the Lafayette Escadrille. He was shot down over the German lines and captured, but managed to escape by leaping from a moving train.

He re-enlisted in the Air Forces during the recent war and was in command of a U.S.A.A.F. Fighter Group when he was killed on a routine flight, April 19, 1944.—*Allan Witwer.*

of grave-robbing ranked all of them.

The marble stirred; a powdery cascade of mortar fell. Scott gave one last heave on the bar. The wind from the marble's falling nearly put the candle out. María moved closer. "Hold the candle inside!"

As he raised it from the floor, he thought of snuffing it out; but a bullet could not possibly miss from a distance of four feet. He held the candle in the recess. Then he saw the packages of currency. He picked one up. The light fell on the heavy black letters on the band.

Scott had never been nearer hysteria. With his life in jeopardy, he wanted to laugh. He handed the package to the girl, who took it quickly. Then she looked up. The misbegotten hopes of a year, the planning and the risks, were all in her voice.

"German marks!"

Scott had to smile. She had been so adroit, so ruthless, so ready to stop at nothing. And the play had ended in a blackout. De Vega's money, she knew at last, had been a gratuity from Berlin. . . .

María could have been said to be smiling too, except that the way her lips parted over her teeth made him think of a cat. The gun was suddenly a focal point; it was the only important thing in the room.

His hand edged toward the candle. Simultaneously the gun cracked with a vicious spurt of yellow.

Yet in that instant he knew the timing was off—María was reeling toward him as she fired. The bullet went past him into the crypt. The candle died. The soft stumbling warmth of the girl came against him, then slipped to his feet.

Someone was screaming. *"Bill! Are you all right?"*

Scott had a panicky urge to run. He said, "I'm all right," and didn't recognize his own voice. He lighted the candle, and that was when he saw the stone lamb. It lay on its side where María had stood; the name "Juanito" was chiseled into it.

Kay ran down the stairs. "I saw her with the gun," she said, "but all I could think of was to throw something."

Scott took her out, to the cool clean twilight and the wonderful smell of growing things.

THE negotiations with the police took three days. Scott renewed his acquaintance with the dictaphone. After filling several cylinders on behalf of the Mexican government, he made a request of his own. "I'd like to say a few words for a friend of mine," he said.

Aleman was polite but puzzled. He listened as Scott began to talk.

"Reference: The murder of Don Gonzalo Saenz, late foreman of Hacienda San Marcos, Puebla. It is my belief that the bullets taken from his body were fired from the gun owned by María de la Luz Miramonte. I am convinced that he was assisting her in her investigations at the ranch. First, cigarette butts with traces of lipstick were found by servants in Don Gonzalo's room, indicating an alliance. Second, on the occasion when she broke into my room, the door had not been forced, but had been opened by a key. The only keys were in possession of myself, Pryor, and Don Gonzalo. This alliance was probably arranged by her when she found it impossible to go through the rooms without help. Possibly she promised him a share of the money she expected to find.

"This coincides with the manner of his death. The bullets which killed him could have come only from the rooms of María, Pryor, or myself, since the room of Don Luis Palacio, a guest, had only a distant and obstructed view of the point where the body was found. When Don Gonzalo learned that she was leaving, he must have assumed that she had found what she was looking for. He must have come to her window, threatening to expose her if she did not pay him. Since she could not, she selected the alternative procedure of shooting him."

Aleman delightedly possessed himself of the cylinder. *"'Ueno!"* he said. "But such a busy man he was, working for two employers! I am at liberty now to deliver to the señorita a letter which arrived two days ago at the hotel."

Kay took the letter, which had been opened and resealed with official tape. From Mike, it said:

"Come on back, kids. I don't give a damn about the title anyway. Don Luis had bought me out. Good old Don Luis. He coughed up twice what I paid. It seems the police found a note in Don Gonzalo's hat which he hadn't been able to put in Don Luis' hands. I enclose it herewith. P.S.," he added: "How about a three-way date for hamburgers when we get back?"

The enclosure was scrawled on a page from a linen writing tablet. "Don Luis:" it said. "I beg to remind you that our bargain does not call for me to be injured and insulted. I do not like these dirty agrarians, either. I want what was promised me and then I shall leave."

YOU might call it a success story, Scott thought. Don Luis had got his ranch, Don Gonzalo had received his reward, and María de la Luz had a fortune in defunct currency.

When they reached the street, the regular afternoon shower was on, a soft rain to soothe the nerves. They walked to Avenida Madero.

"I wonder," Bill said, "how Mike would like to go into importing, with all that money? I've got a million contacts, and Woodworth & Stone never have paid me what I'm worth—"

Kay looked astounded, all but her eyes. "But, Bill! I thought you'd be leaving Mexico for good after all your grief with the mad Pryors."

"I'll be leaving Mexico all the rest of my life," he said, "but not for long." At least, after ten years, he knew that.

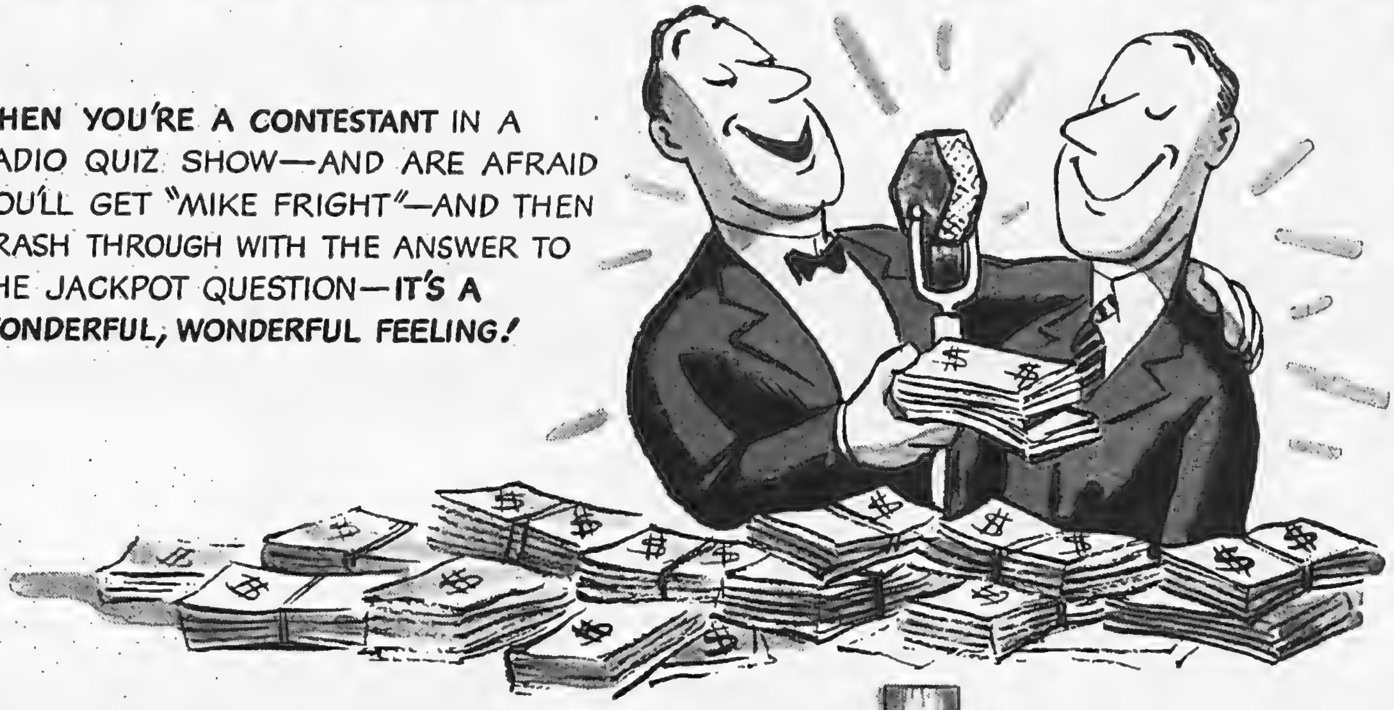
Along the avenue, shutters were being rolled up with a clatter. Neon lights, blurred by the rain, filled the street with a ruddy glow. Taxis hurried along the narrow ribbon wet black pavement. A vendor of lottery tickets was shrilling an improbable tale of riches: *"Cinco millónes! Cinco millónes!"*

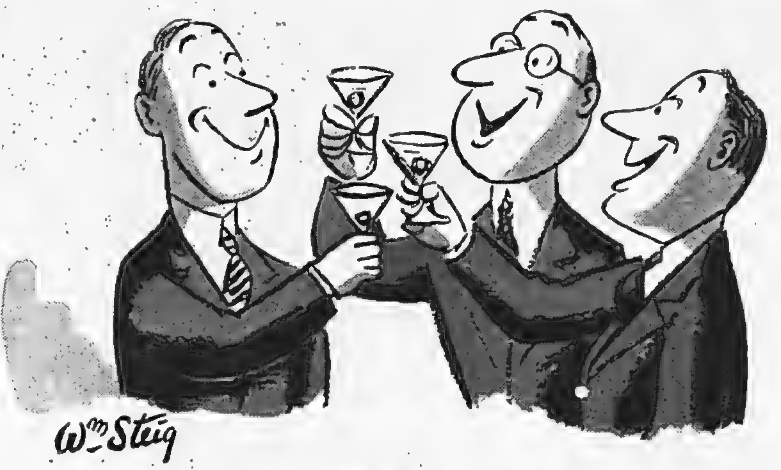
It was pungent; it was festive; it was Mexico. Kay took his arm. Through the rain they walked briskly back to the hotel.

THE END

# IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!

**WHEN YOU'RE A CONTESTANT** IN A RADIO QUIZ SHOW—AND ARE AFRAID YOU'LL GET "MIKE FRIGHT"—AND THEN CRASH THROUGH WITH THE ANSWER TO THE JACKPOT QUESTION—**IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**





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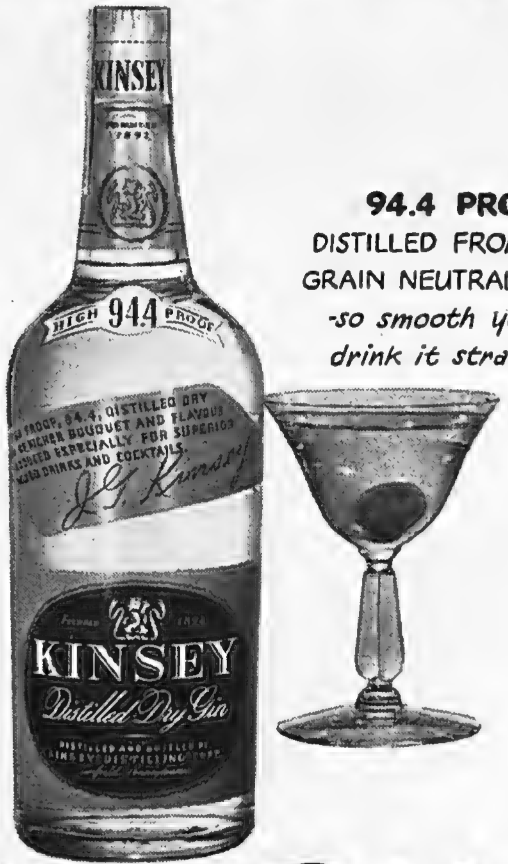

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## IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL GIN - *TRY IT!*

# HARVARD GOES TO MARKET

Continued from Page 19

position at Harvard that paid him about half that, and partly because his coaching genius turned positively hopeless September material into fairly respectable November football teams. His colleagues bestowed their highest honor on him this year when they elected him president of the American Football Coaches' Association.

He's an idealist all the way through. At fifty-two he insisted on joining the Navy because he thought he might help in some inspirational capacity. He talked his way out of the country and became commanding officer at a rest camp for submariners at Midway. He pushed himself so hard on the job that he developed high blood pressure, but only his intimates know that he very nearly died in service. It's interesting, too, that Harvard paid him the difference between his coaching and service salaries. That's some indication of his popularity at Cambridge.

DICK was born in Philadelphia on October 19, 1889, and attended Episcopal Academy in preparation for Penn State. In college he played tackle for four years and also was a mainstay in baseball, track, and boxing. Talk to any Penn Stater of that era and he'll say, "Harlow? Greatest tackle I've ever seen. Why, one year he blocked seventeen punts, seven of them in one game against Pittsburgh!"

Promptly upon graduation in 1912, Harlow joined the Penn State coaching staff, but he also qualified for a Master of Science degree in 1913. Except for time he took out to become an Army lieutenant in World War I, Harlow coached at Penn State through 1922, becoming a legend because of his scouting proclivities. Long before the use of the motion-picture camera, he returned from scouting trips with detailed mental photographs of opposing plays and players. Probably his most famous achievement came in 1921 when he brought back not only the plays but the complete signals of a team.

Harlow went from Penn State to Colgate in 1922, where stars like the fabulous Eddie Tryon staked out Dick's claim to coaching greatness. Among his other famous pupils was John "Ox" DaGrosa, now head coach at Holy Cross, who, incidentally, will sit on the opposite side of the Stadium gridiron on October 26 when the Crimson and Crusaders are expected to draw close to 50,000, probably the biggest crowd of the Harvard season.

Western Maryland alumni, intrigued at the success of the cigar-chewing Harlow at Colgate, started waving crisp green bills in Dick's face to supplement the nominal salary paid to an athletic director and football coach. In 1926 he stepped into that dual capacity.

Dick Ericson

"And now, to complete madame's costume—a dress!"

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Harlow now is a paternal, soft-spoken instructor, but the Harlow of that era talked the language his players understood. He could light his cigar from some of his sentences. But he produced winning football teams. He lost only thirteen times in eighty-one games, finishing the 1934 season with an undefeated string that had reached twenty-six at that juncture. That last year was high-lighted by a 40-0 victory over Boston College.

ABOUT that time, Harvard was preparing to break a sixty-year tradition by hiring a nongraduate football coach. Harlow was just one name on a list of 144 possibilities until his first meeting with Colonel Bill Bingham, the Crimson athletic director, who picked him for the job.

Pride was the real answer to Dick's willingness to trade jobs and salaries. He felt that he had reached the top of his profession when he went to Harvard. He remained the master strategist at Harvard, but no longer was his material hand-picked; no longer could alumni lift tackles out of coal mines and fullbacks out of farmyards. Instead of roaring at some erring player, "You dumb so-and-so!" he now calmly prefaced corrections with "My dear boy."

At Harvard, Harlow has become more than a football coach. His unusual talents in other pursuits have brought him acclaim unique for a man whose lifework lies in so virile a field as football. Tuss McLaughry, head coach at Dartmouth, in counseling a prospective biographer of Dick Harlow, had in mind one volume for Harlow the oölogist, and another for Harlow the botanist. We undoubtedly would save some space for Harlow the expert on the strategy of the battles of the Civil War, for Harlow the philatelist, and for Harlow the numismatist.

From the time he was seven, when he poked around in a hollow tree and pulled out the egg of a screech owl, Harlow has had an avocative zeal for egg collecting. Over the years he has built up a group of some 840 specimens, including such rarities as eggs of the blue goose, the whooping crane, the trumpeter swan, and the now extinct passenger pigeon.

In 1935 Harlow was appointed custodian of birds' eggs and nests at the Harvard Museum of Comparative Zoology with no salary; but in 1939, when pride in the Harvard coaching job needed a slight financial stimulant, he was named curator of oölogy for the university and a modest sum was added to his monthly check. Since he gets as much as a full professor for coaching football, the oölogy post was a legitimate means of raising his salary without hurting any feelings.

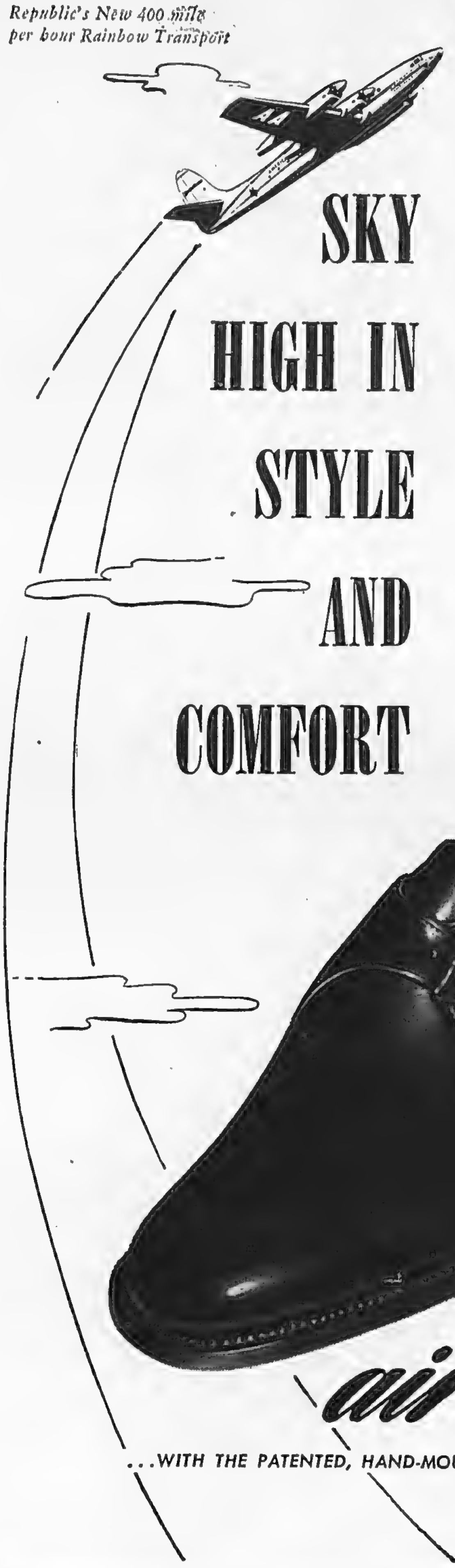
Harlow's wife and attractive daughter, Katherine Jean, were proud that Dick had gathered one of the world's greatest private egg collections, but they became increasingly apprehensive that his forays into the wilderness to hunt rare eggs might lead to disaster. Finally they gently steered his natural zeal into the far safer field of botany, and he began to do things with gentians and rhododendrons that no one else in the world had ever done, including the development of six varieties of gentians never before grown in the United States.

IT probably is fortunate Dick has been so successful in these fields and that his patient wife has made hundreds of colored slides of the garden to show him on fall evenings when he is feeling low. Those have been numerous in the past.

Cold statistics suggest the misery he has had at Harvard. Until he went into the Navy after the 1942 season, Harlow had won twenty-nine, lost twenty-nine, and tied seven, but against major opponents the score looked bad. One in eight against Dartmouth, none in four against Pennsylvania, two in eight against Army, four in eight against Yale. Only against Princeton did he have marked success, winning four and tying two out of eight. Those cold statistics, however, don't tell the story of his heroic measures to keep Harvard looking respectable against progressively stronger opposition.

Coaches, whenever they gather, discuss such Harlow techniques as the spinning offense, the looping line, and the double shift. All were designed to help Harvard's physically inferior operatives cope with bullish opponents.

Harlow has great trouble keeping assistant coaches, but that's a compliment. They learn so much work-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ing with him that they soon become logical choices for head coaching jobs of their own. Frequently he finds himself matching tricks with former assistants, but the most dramatic situation developed when Yale chose the Harlow-trained Howie Odell as its head coach. No wonder Harlow changes both offense and defense for every game.

His right-hand man since 1940 has been Al McCoy, who reversed the process by giving up a head coaching job to become Dick's assistant. McCoy's devotion to Harlow began when Al played for Dick at Penn State. McCoy, generally conceded to be one of the best offensive coaches in football, is field coach for Harlow. Most of the other assistants are new this year, including line coach Harold Kopp, who captained Harlow's 1934 Western Maryland team and wears a wrist watch from Dick inscribed, "To my greatest captain"; Harry Jacunski, end coach from Fordham and the Green Bay Packers; and Bob Margarita, backfield coach from Brown and the Chicago Bears.

The appearance of Margarita, an expert on the T formation, has led to the natural assumption that Harvard may use a Harlow version of the T, since the material now seems good enough to master it.

NOT until the opening day of fall practice recently had Harlow even seen most of his prospective first-stringers, and as this is written the results of the summer-term examinations are not known, so Dick himself is extremely reticent to make any predictions about 1946.

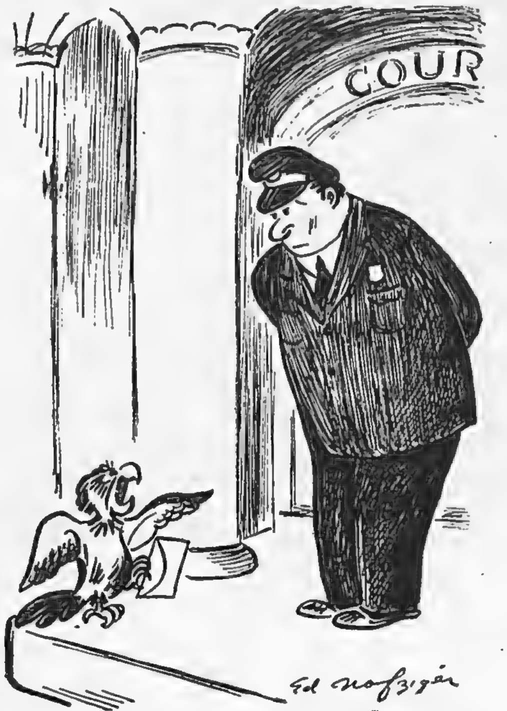
No one at Cambridge will admit it, but this 1946 team may very well determine Harvard's football future and, indirectly, the future of all Ivy League Football. Gone are the days when graduates fought for the right to pay five dollars apiece for two tickets behind the goalposts for major games and took an oath that they would use one personally.

The New Englanders with money enough to see just one football game a week is going to pick his spots. On the week-end of November 23, for example, he's going to have his troubles. On that Saturday, Harvard plays Yale at the Stadium, while a mile down the Charles Riverway at Braves Field, Boston College will meet Harry Gilmer and his Rose Bowl veterans from Alabama. The next day the Yanks entertain Los Angeles, defending champion in the National Professional League. With box-office competition like that, Harvard isn't going to fill the Stadium on sentiment alone.

But just read over that prospective Harvard line-up again: Drvaric, Moravec, Petrillo, Rodis, Sheesley, Miklos, Meserve, Gannon, Glynn, Houston, Fiorentino. So it sounds like Notre Dame?

Now all they have to do is play like Notre Dame.

THE END



"All I know is, I got this card to report for jury duty!"

LIBERTY

## QUEENMAKER

Continued from Page 26

ous colony in one of his "normal" hives. He takes her eggs from the natural cells and puts them in man-made cells of wax placed on a long wooden bar. He pads each small larva worm with the royal jelly which makes it grow into a queen rather than a worker bee.

Now the dupery begins. Step one is to put the long stick of cells into hundreds of colonies which he has just robbed of their queens. After these "starter colonies" have worked the cells furiously for twenty-four hours, feeding them more royal jelly, he takes them out, cuts off the more puny-looking cells, and puts the bar of perfect cells in a "finisher colony." The bees in these finisher departments think they are about to swarm. They finish up the cells to a nice perfection and seal them ready for hatching, just as they would do if they were about to leave the hive for a new location.

Now Berry cuts each one of the finished cells off the long bar and, to get maximum production, places only one each of these in small hives called "queenless nuclei," where the new queen must hatch, mate successfully, and give a fair sample of her laying ability.

If she succeeds in all this, she is clapped into a standard mailing cage which takes her on a de luxe trip across the continent. If she fails, off comes her head between Berry's thumb and forefinger.

If Berry's queens are perfect, the bees in his factories are screaming neurotics. In "starter hives" the bees work all their lives and wonder why their cells never hatch. In "finisher colonies" they plan eternally to swarm, only to find periodically that they can't yet, because the cells they have finished for hatching have been stolen and they must begin again.

But the members of the final testing boxes are the most put upon. Not only are they always queenless, but they are always being asked to take a queen which is signed, sealed, and delivered to them from who knows where. They would never have produced less than fifteen cells on the chance of getting one queen, and now someone—Berry by name—has furnished them with only one. It drives them frantic for fear it won't hatch, and more frantic about what may happen if it does. For they seem to remember what happened to a hundred other queens that hatched.

Their suspicions are always confirmed. The young queen hatches and for several days scrambles about the combs like any other bee. At this stage she is small, puny, and insignificant, and even the amorous drones—born only for loving—seem indifferent to their new mistress. Berry knows it's a waste of time to look for her yet, so he lets the bees gather their hopes.

ONE day the queen slips off, for once without her guardian procession. Romanticists like to think that the drone which flies the highest and farthest gets to mate with her, but no one knows. In any case, it happens. The queen and her lover catapult earthward in marital embrace. Her Highness swoons, but with a sudden jerk she frees herself from her dizzy lover a few feet from the ground and levels off. The honeymoon is over. The lover hits the ground. He is dead.

The queen now returns to the hive with matronly dignity. The amour of a few seconds has fertilized her for the rest of her life—from three to five years.

Not knowing she is on life-or-death trial, the queen begins to lay her eggs about three to five days after the mating flight.

If she's met the requirements, a "smoker" is once again thrust into the entrance of the hive. Thousands of bees boil angrily. The "guards," appointed to guard entrances and honey pockets against robber bees, are overwhelmed with smoke.

Berry's practiced eye spots the queen, and he plucks her from the thousands of swarming bees in the frames. If she has laid well and evenly, if she is docile and gentle, he ships her. If she dashes about too much among poor scattered eggs, he pinches off her head.

All this means pandemonium to bees. For not only do they lose their queen in the complete upset every twelve days, but the frequent tearing off of their hive roofs encourages plundering by professional robber bees, a band of brigands which grow up in every hive and prefer to steal rather than work for a living.

Twenty-two hundred squealing virgin queens hatched in a single yard every twelve days also make for an abnormal situation. Young virgins' voices are high pitched and gay and make a squealing *zeep-zeeping* sound as compared to the sour old queen's grunting or *quank-quanking* cry. When 2,200 maiden bees are buzzing about, the air is full of *zeep-zeepings,* and excitement rises to fever pitch.

Out of all this buzzing come the top-quality queens chosen to start colonies in distant states. Maybe to the bees it looks like a haphazard business, but one slip-up would cost a queenmaker thousands of dollars if he got off his queen birth schedule by as much as a single day. After fifty-one years, Berry, a beekeeper since he was twelve, doesn't make such costly errors.

Berry moved his 250 hives to Alabama in 1903 for the "sweet feed" to be found there. In 1915 he mailed the first swarming packages of bees ever thrown into the hands of the U. S. parcel post. The bees from Berry's hives and elsewhere travel today for regular first-class mail rates plus a handling charge of from ten to twenty cents a shipment.

Berry, now aided by his sons Milton, Clinton, and Joe, also experts, is not only a queen shipper but a large honey producer with hundreds of apiaries scattered throughout Alabama, Florida, Wisconsin, and Iowa. Though his human labor force can't compare with that of the bees who work for him, it is impressive. Factories mass-produce the wax combs and cells once left to the bees. The manufacture of shipping cages constitutes a major lumber industry.

That even one shipment of package bees can be big business is seen in Berry's shipment of 600 three-pound packages to a single big honey producer at Callaway, Minnesota. These 600 packages of bees produce their buyer 90,000 pounds of honey a year. At twelve cents a pound, this grosses $10,800. Add the value of beeswax and the figure goes to $11,292. And multiply this by twenty, the estimated pollination value, and it becomes $225,840 in benefits to neighboring farmers. Berry has on file a request for 2,000 three-pound packages, or $10,000 worth of bees, to be shipped to a single customer.

THE man who has built up this big business from the labors of the bee finds that his assistants are about as unpredictable as humans. One angle about them that has always intrigued him is: "Workers born just before the summer working season work themselves to death in six weeks! Those that are born in the fall and take it easy through the winter live for maybe eight months. The queen, wise old girl, doesn't work at all and lives three to five years! That should mean something. "Don't ask me what," Berry says.

The queenmaker chuckles. "Bees are funny," he says, "plumb funny. Bees are like people."

THE END

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## Pick of THE PICTURES

BY VIRGINIA SPIES

# The Strange Love of Martha Ivers

HERE'S a very good movie about some very bad people. It rides a suspenseful wave of murder, passion, and corruption by crisscrossing, with clinical detachment, the case histories of these four:

Martha Ivers (Barbara Stanwyck): a hard-boiled, man-crazy murderess who clubs her aunt to death and picks up other nasty habits through the years.

Walter O'Neil (Broadwayite Kirk Douglas): Martha's weakling rum-pot husband who stumbles along in the backwash of her crimes.

Sam Masterson (Van Heflin): a rugged gambler who doesn't get Martha's number until he's made a violent play for her right under Walter's red nose.

Toni Marachek (Lizabeth Scott): a poker-faced (and-voiced) ex-jailbird who isn't above double-crossing Sam even though she loves him.

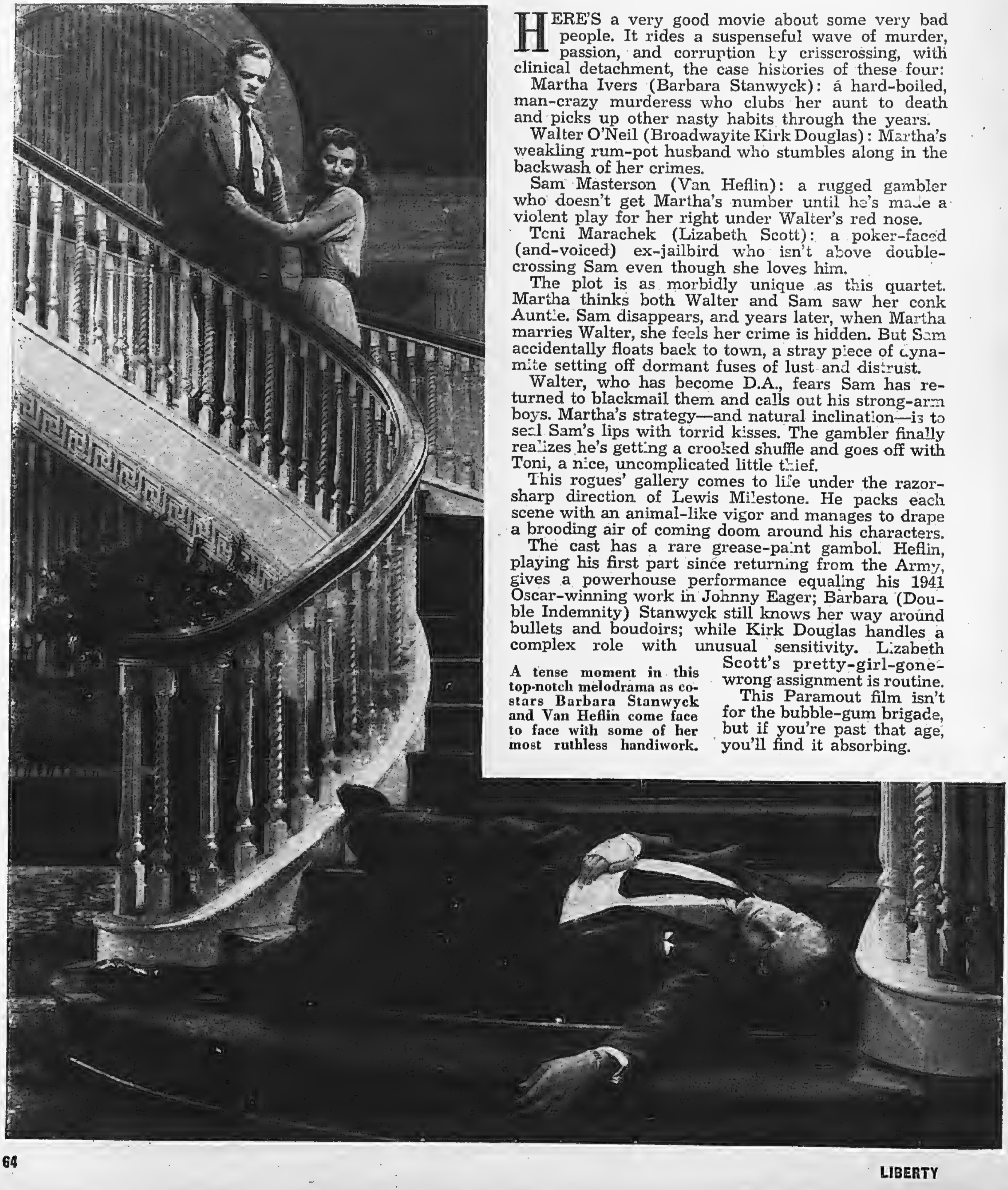
The plot is as morbidly unique as this quartet. Martha thinks both Walter and Sam saw her conk Auntie. Sam disappears, and years later, when Martha marries Walter, she feels her crime is hidden. But Sam accidentally floats back to town, a stray piece of dynamite setting off dormant fuses of lust and distrust.

Walter, who has become D.A., fears Sam has returned to blackmail them and calls out his strong-arm boys. Martha's strategy—and natural inclination—is to seal Sam's lips with torrid kisses. The gambler finally realizes he's getting a crooked shuffle and goes off with Toni, a nice, uncomplicated little thief.

This rogues' gallery comes to life under the razor-sharp direction of Lewis Milestone. He packs each scene with an animal-like vigor and manages to drape a brooding air of coming doom around his characters.

The cast has a rare grease-paint gambol. Heflin, playing his first part since returning from the Army, gives a powerhouse performance equaling his 1941 Oscar-winning work in Johnny Eager; Barbara (Double Indemnity) Stanwyck still knows her way around bullets and boudoirs; while Kirk Douglas handles a complex role with unusual sensitivity. Lizabeth Scott's pretty-girl-gone-wrong assignment is routine.

This Paramout film isn't for the bubble-gum brigade, but if you're past that age, you'll find it absorbing.



**A tense moment in this top-notch melodrama as co-stars Barbara Stanwyck and Van Heflin come face to face with some of her most ruthless handiwork.**

Kirk Douglas, a movie newcomer, turns in a fine performance as Barbara's husband.

Heflin's first film since his Army discharge pairs him off with Lizabeth Scott.

## OTHER PICTURES WORTH SEEING

HOLIDAY IN MEXICO (M-G-M). A lavish, technicolored songfest starring Walter Pidgeon, Jose Iturbi, plus teen-agers Jane Powell and Roddy McDowall.

RENDEZVOUS WITH ANNIE (Republic). This is a pleasant little comedy with Eddie Albert as a veteran who has more than his share of postwar problems.

THE BIG SLEEP (Warner Brothers). Raymond Chandler's hard-boiled whodunit is a perfect backdrop for the talents of Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall.

NOTORIOUS (RKO). Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant spy and sigh their way through Alfred Hitchcock's engrossing south-of-the-border thriller.

MR. ACE (United Artists). An amusing poke at ladies in politics with Sylvia Sidney and George Raft capably holding down leading parts.

CLAUDIA AND DAVID (20th Century-Fox). A sequel to Claudia, this movie gives Dorothy McGuire and Robert Young a new batch of crises and chuckles.

MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE (Paramount). A laugh-a-minute version of the Tarkington romance with Bob Hope in the role once made famous by Rudolph Valentino.

CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA (G.C.F., released through United Artists). Vivien Leigh and Claude Rains have the leads in this handsome spectacle adapted from the G. B. Shaw comedy.

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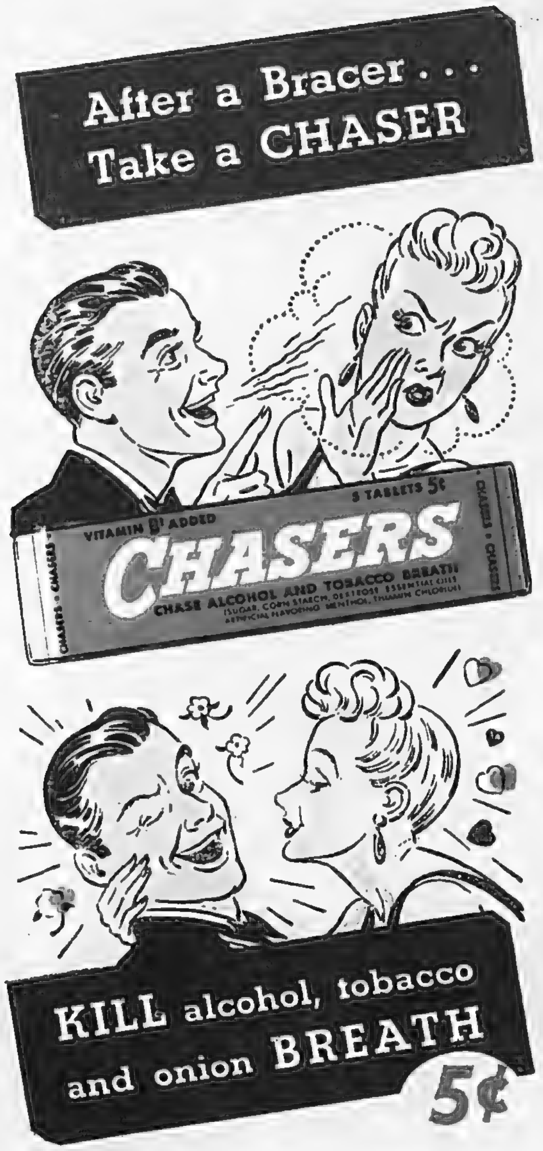

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## ADDRESS: CENTRAL PARK

Continued from Page 31

They rode in silence. When they reached Fifth Avenue, the cabby stopped. "Where to in the park?"

"Anywhere," Dick said. "Just so it's not too near the zoo."

Jean tugged at his sleeve. "Honestly now—you're not going through with this?"

"What else?"

More silence. The cab swerved in at an entrance to the park. Dick sighted a bench. "Hold it, driver."

He opened the door and stepped down. As he started to slide the suitcase out, Jean grabbed the handle.

"Come on back, Dick. I can't let you go out there to certain death."

The cabby stared, wide-eyed. "Oh, gonna bump himself off, eh?"

"That's right," Jean said. "He's mentally unbalanced. Schizophrenia, downhill stage. Make him come back."

The cabby whistled. "Awright, bughouse," he bellowed, "get back in the cab."

Dick climbed in sheepishly. "What's the story?" he asked Jean.

"I'm going to let you sleep on my sofa, Dick," she said. "But tonight only. And no monkey business. Promise."

Dick grinned. "You're a pal—and I promise."

TEN minutes later they were in Jean's apartment. The living room was diminutive but pleasant, with flowered chintz draperies that matched the chair covers, an open-front desk, a radio-phonograph, and a pair of Audubon prints over the sofa.

Dick sat down and lit his pipe. Jean sat at the other end of the sofa and curled her feet up under her.

"You haven't told me what you do for a living."

"Well, I'm afraid you won't want to marry me, if that's what you're getting at," Dick smiled. "I'm a reporter. Nobody wants to marry a reporter. Besides, they may send me to Paris soon."

She made a sad face. "I suppose this means you're running out on me—already."

Dick patted the sofa. "Not tonight anyway. In fact, if you'd agree to rent this thing on an annual basis—"

She laughed, went over to the phonograph, and began to look for a record. Dick followed her and put a hand on her shoulder. "Look," he said. "I know I don't sound grateful. But I am—I'm *awfully* grateful. It's just that I often find it hard to say the nice kind things—"

Jean gave him a fleeting glance. "I know," she said. "I'm not exactly the silver-tongue type myself."

She put a record on the turntable. It was The Blue Danube.

"My all-time favorite," Dick said. "Feel equal to a dance?" He pushed back the chairs, and they waltzed on the rug—silently and rather well.

"Gee, this is fun," Jean said. "I haven't waltzed in years."

When the record stopped, she looked up at him with a smile. "You're wonderful," Dick whispered. With her fragrant lips so close, he drew her up and kissed her. At first she pulled back. Then she put her arms about his neck and held him tight. At last she broke away. "Uh-oh," she said. "Remember the agreement?"

"Sorry," Dick said. "Shouldn't break an agreement with a landlord these days. But, so help me, you're the first landlord I ever felt this way about."

They went back to the sofa and sat down—he at one end, she at the other. She drew her finger along an imaginary line in the middle of the sofa. "Anything on this side is out of bounds."

"O.K.," he said, moving up to the edge of the line.

She let Dick take her hand and hold it—directly above the boundary.

"I'm very, very glad," he said, "that I stopped in at the Veterans' Housing Bureau."

"Me too."

A MOMENT later, Jean was up and bustling around with sheets and a pillow, making a bed on the sofa. Dick watched admiringly.

"Cook, too?"

"Decide for yourself in the morning. How do you like your eggs?"

When Dick finally squeezed into bed, he could hear her moving around in the dinette, setting the table for breakfast. Then she came back. She had on a light blue dressing gown that looked wonderful with her red-gold hair. Dick again felt as if he'd seen her somewhere before.

"Still sure you've never been in Dallas?"

"Positive."

"Must've seen you in my daydreams."

She raised one of the windows, started to turn out the light, and then came over to the couch. "Good night," she said. "I want to thank you for a swell evening. I've been—kind of depressed, and—" She broke off, kissed him on the lips, turned off the light, and went out.

But her perfume lingered about the sofa. Oh, brother, Dick thought. I'm really tagged this time.

He found himself picturing Jean as a bride—wearing a white silk dress, carrying white flowers. He even wondered if he could ask for a raise without getting thrown out of the managing editor's office.

After squirming and tossing for hours, he gave up trying to sleep. Covering a lamp with his shirt, he switched on the light. He lit a cigarette and tiptoed over to the desk to look for something to read. He was picking through a pile of magazines when he saw the envelope. He recognized the handwriting before he recognized the name on the return address. It was incredible—but there it was:

Lt. Henry P. O'Connor, VF 88,
FPO San Francisco, Calif.

It slugged Dick like a blackjack. He sank into a chair. Sure. Of course. Now it all came back. Now he knew where he'd seen her—it was in the picture. She was wearing a candy-striped play suit. She was on a beach somewhere. Her hair was blowing in the wind. The picture had been in Hank's room on the Yorktown. Hank lived for that girl. He worshiped her. All he talked about was getting home to marry her. "Boy, she's marvelous!" he'd said to Dick.

Dick looked at the closed door of Jean's bedroom. Well, he decided, it was good it hadn't gone any further. He could never have looked Hank in the eye again if he'd wolfed his girl while Hank was stuck out at Pearl.

In a few minutes he started to dress. And as he slowly pulled on his clothes, he began to get sore. At Jean. After all, how was he supposed to have known she was engaged? Why had she kissed him? Why hadn't she told him about Hank? Oh, yes, she'd said "something happened" to the flyer she used to know. Well, nothing had happened to Hank. In fact he was due back any day now. Couldn't she wait even a day or two for the guy who for years had dreamed of marrying her?

Dick packed, then wrote a note: "For reasons too painful to go into, this is good-by. I frankly thought you were the finest girl I'd ever met. But it seems I was all wrong. From now on, I think the less I see of you the better. R. W."

IN the city room at his newspaper that day, Dick spent the lowest hours of his life. He had circles under his eyes. He swore at the copy boys. He dreaded answering the phone. If either Jean or Hank were to call, he didn't have the dimmest idea what he'd say. Yet twice he dialed the Veterans' Housing Bureau—and twice he hung up before it had a chance to answer. He wound up the day by stalking into the editor's office and demanding an immediate transfer to Paris.

He was just reaching for his hat—to begin the rounds of the hotels again—when his phone rang. It was long-distance, calling from Chicago. Then came a familiar, raucous voice:

"Hiya, Daddy? Guess who's back!"

"Hello, Hank."

"Well, you jerk, is that all you've got to say? Don't you get it? I'm in Chi—"

"Sure, I get it. How are you?"

"Wonderful. And I'm catching a plane for the big town. Where do we get together? Little Hank's going to buy you a great big drink in just about five hours!"

"I'm not sure that I can make it."

"You punk—you've got to make it! You've got to meet my girl. See you at the Biltmore at ten sharp. Got to run for the plane now, Daddy."

Dick hung up and moaned.

THE Biltmore was jammed, but Dick managed to get a table. He ordered a double bourbon. It was almost ten. He was just raising the glass when he saw the freckled ruddy face bearing down on him.

"Good ol' Daddy. Knew you'd make it." Hank yelled for a waiter and ordered two more double drinks apiece. "Boy, is it great to see you!"

A girl came over to their table. Hank stood up. "Dick," he said proudly, "I want you to meet Terry Swenson."

She looked like something on a magazine cover—ash-blonde hair, blue eyes, willowy figure.

Dick gaped at her.

"Well, stupid," Hank exploded, "don't just sit there. Isn't she gorgeous?"

"Why—sure," Dick stammered, and without thinking, blurted, "But what happened to that other girl—the one in the picture on the Yorktown?"

The blonde's blue eyes darted at Hank. He reddened and glanced from her to Dick.

"Why, you see, Daddy, I met Terry in Pearl. Just last month. She was in the Waves there, and—well, I guess it's all off with Jean."

Dick jumped up. "I've got to run. Life or death—" Ignoring a hundred stares, he broke into a sprint.

WHEN he breathlessly rang the buzzer at Jean's apartment, he could hear a tumult of voices inside. He burst into a room filled with people.

"Quick—where's the hostess?"

A dismayed little fat woman came up to him. "I'm the hostess. Is something wrong?"

"Doesn't Miss Casterhill live here?"

"She *does* live here, but she's not here right now. She's letting us use the apartment this week and we're having the jolliest party! Can't I get you a drink?"

"But where's Miss Casterhill?"

"Why, she just left. She seemed very upset about something. She was going home. Cleveland, I think it was."

"That's it," somebody else said. "Eleven-thirty train."

Dick galloped into Grand Central at precisely eleven thirty. A trainman was just closing the gate under the sign that said "Clevelander." Gasping something about "life or death," Dick persuaded the trainman to let him run for it. He leaped onto the last car.

He plowed forward through the Pullmans, and three cars up he caught sight of the red-gold bell of Jean's hair. She was sitting by a window with an unopened book in her lap. She didn't see him.

He motioned to the porter. "See that young woman there?"

"Yassuh?"

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"I've got to get her off the train at the Hundred-and-Twenty-fifth Street Station. She's mentally unbalanced. Schizophrenia, downhill stage. I'm her physician, Dr.—uh—Freud. She's running away."

The porter looked unhappy.

"Why, doctuh, you can't just—"

"Here." Dick whipped out his wallet and gave the porter a handful of bills. It was practically Dick's weekly salary. "Just put her bags by the door. I'll take care of her. No time to lose."

The porter still hesitated.

"You wouldn't want her to become violent on the train, would you?" Dick persisted.

HE walked up to Jean and quickly sat down in the seat next to her. When she saw him, she gave a short stifled scream.

Dick looked meaningfully at the porter.

The porter, alarmed, hurried off to put the bags in the vestibule.

Dick took both of Jean's hands and whispered to her fiercely, "Jean, I love you, I *love* you. It was all a horrible botch. You've got to forgive me. You've—"

"Don't talk to me." Her voice was wobbly. "Don't ever—"

"Look, darling, it was Hank. I saw the envelope on your desk. He's a good friend of mine. We were on the Yorktown together. I thought you two—"

Jean looked at him with big eyes.

"I *love* you, Jean. You've got to give me a chance—"

She started to say something, but instead she began to sniffle, silently.

"Aw, sweetie," Dick said softly. "Everything's going to be all right. In fact, wonderful!" In a moment he added, "It really doesn't make much sense for you to go to Cleveland now, does it?"

Pulling into One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, the train ground to a stop. Suddenly, without warning, Dick bundled Jean up in his arms.

"This is *our* stop," he whispered in her ear.

At first she squirmed and protested, but then she rested her head against his shoulder as he carried her down the aisle. Other passengers watched incredulously. "Bad heart," Dick explained over his shoulder. A minute later they were down on the street and Dick was lifting her into a taxi.

Then he realized she had begun to cry in earnest.

"What's the matter, darling—don't you love me?"

"Of course I do, Dick," she sobbed. "But—"

"But what?"

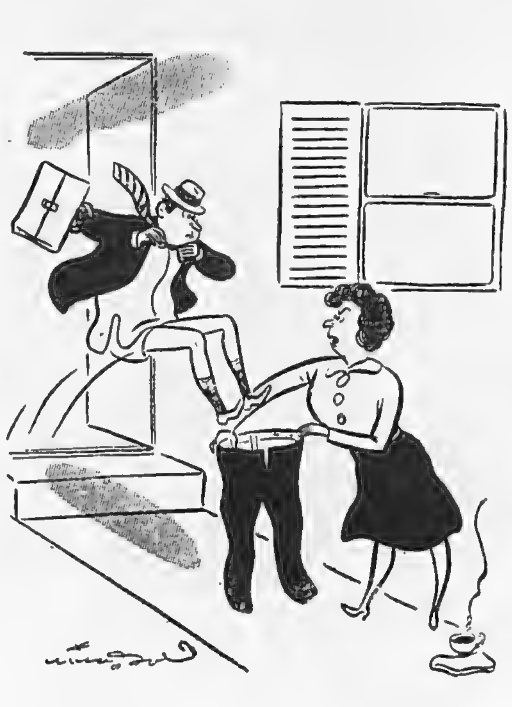
"But now I've given up my apartment, and—"

They looked at each other—and then burst out laughing.

The cabby glanced back at them. "Where to?"

"Central Park," Dick told him.

THE END



"I can't see where those extra few minutes sleep are worth this!"

LIBERTY

## THE MAN WHO WON THE WAR

### Continued from Page 17

Pvt Pratt sat down and eyed S/Sgt Murray with one eye squinted as the General's secretary removed his blouse and shirt, put his OD towel around his neck and went back to the latrine. When S/Sgt Murray returned from the latrine, Pvt Pratt said, "Hey, come here."

"If you're talking to me, soldier, call me sergeant."

Pvt Pratt gripped the edge of his bunk. "O.K., sergeant. But I've just been thinking. It's awful funny that a general, with all he's got on his mind, should of suddenly asked me how long I'd been overseas. Now, you was here this morning while I was sewing on them four Hershey bars, and you're the General's secretary. That seems awful funny to me, sergeant," Pvt Pratt remarked, arising from his bunk and strolling toward S/Sgt Murray with doubled fists. "In fact, that's almost a coincidence. Ain't it, sergeant?"

S/Sgt Murray was half a head shorter than Pvt Pratt, and he was soft from riding a swivel chair. The other men in the barracks watched expectantly as Pvt Pratt slowly drew a fist back. S/Sgt Murray had had it coming a long, long time. He was overdue.

"So you're trying to coerce me into revealing the sources of the General's information!" S/Sgt Murray cried. "Soldier, this will go hard on you if I want to report it!"

Pvt Pratt turned away with helpless fury and vented his spleen in a blistering gripe. He made loud remarks about the Army in general and certain personnel in particular.

Griping, as you know, sir, is one of the few inalienable rights a GI has. It is a recognized safety valve and a morale factor. However, a man's unguarded remarks in the privacy of the barracks can sound very different when repeated, and S/Sgt Murray was adroit at dropping a word at just the right moment in the ears of his boss. And that, sir, is possibly the reason why Pvt Pratt remained a buck private instead of being made back up quickly as is customarily the case when a man is busted for a trifling offense.

D DAY came, sir, as no doubt you recall. There was the Normandy campaign, the break-through at St Lô in July, and the sweep across France in the autumn, and then the stalemate of the winter. The headquarters had moved to Paris and Pvt Pratt had had to learn how to drive on the right side of the road again. There wasn't much news at the front so the correspondents had to file stories about something, and we suddenly got a lot of publicity about equipment and matériel. The impression got around that the American GIs were sitting up there on the front lines practically in their underwear, and armed with stone clubs, and General Forge made a tour of the front in early December to see what should be done about it. Private Pratt drove him, and S/Sgt Murray went along for the paper work, for the General wanted all conferences taken down in shorthand and read back to him in the evenings.

A command car was used, inasmuch as no staff car could buck the roads; and a command car is not a vehicle designed primarily for comfort. Pvt Pratt wore two pairs of long-handled GI underwear, two pairs of pants, two shirts, a sweater, a battle jacket, a muffler, a mackinaw, an overcoat, boots with two pairs of socks, overshoes, and a wool cap under his steel helmet. He was reasonably warm at times. But S/Sgt Murray had been coddled in headquarters so long that he had forgotten what the Army was like. He embarked nattily attired in Class A uniform and low-cut shoes. Before they reached the front, S/Sgt Murray had a nasty cold, a wheezing cough, and red eyes, and he was in no shape for attending to his duties.

"Damn!" the General said. "I wish you could take shorthand, Pratt."

"I can, sir."

"You can? Why didn't you tell me?"

"You didn't ask me, sir."

"How good are you?"

"I was secretary to the president of the Eureka Oil Company, sir."

"You don't talk like a secretary."

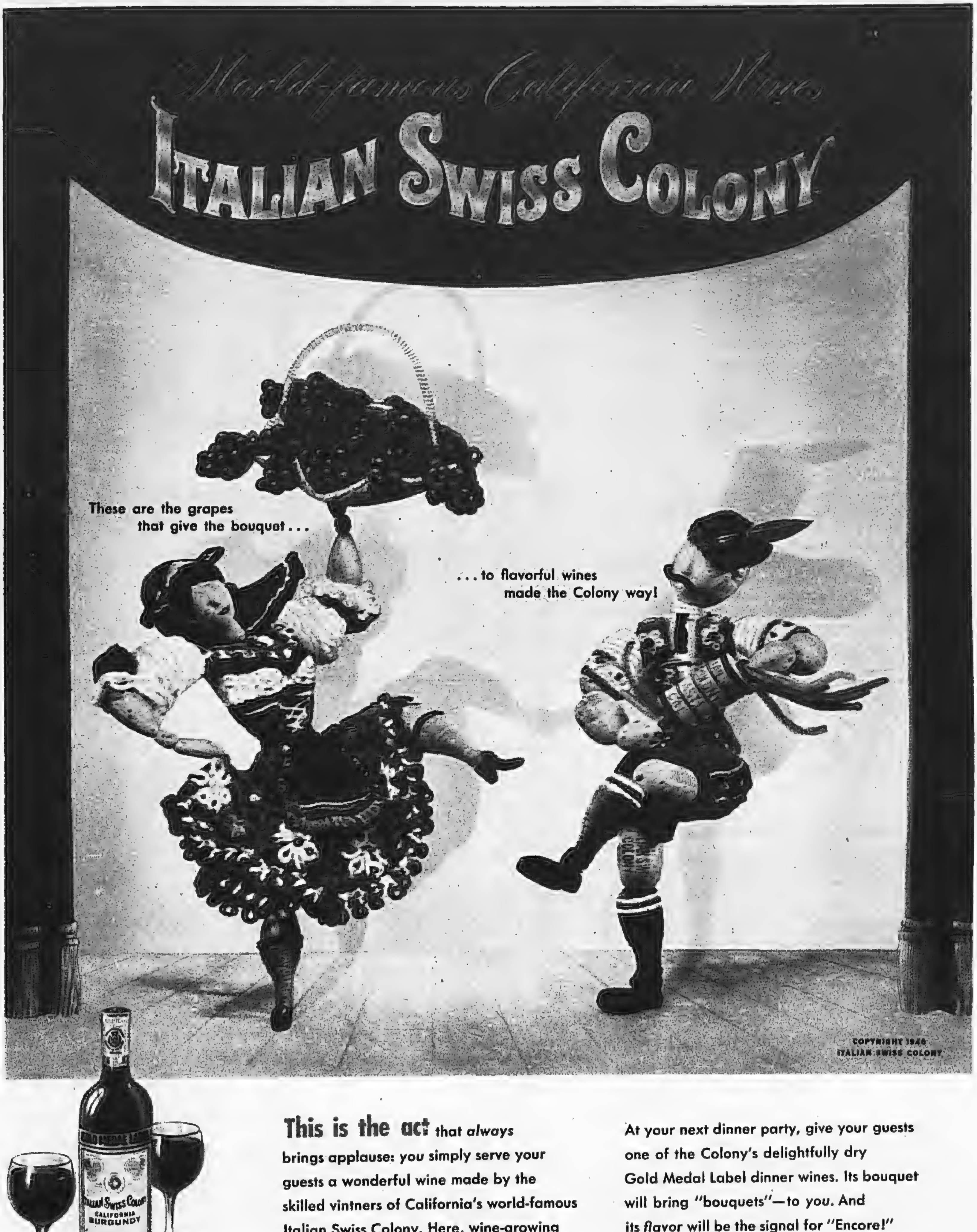
"I had to learn how to talk GI, sir."

The General looked him up and down. "Why are you a driver?"

"Sir, that's a point I've often wondered about."

So Pvt Pratt sat in on conferences with brass, and he followed the General on inspection trips to take notes,

(*Continued on page 70*)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GENERAL OFFICES: SAN FRANCISCO

(*Continued from page 68*)

and all in all, sir, Oscar Pratt was without question the best-informed buck private in the entire Army of the United States on the military situation at the time the Germans struck in mid-December in what is now called the Battle of the Bulge, or the Ardennes Push. I believe you will agree, sir, that the Ardennes Push was the climax and the turning point of World War II.

Those first days were hectic. The front was a thin crust and Pvt Pratt had been amazed at this fact while on the tour. A few miles behind the lines there was nothing. No trucks, no jeeps, no troops, no guns. Nothing but wires, on trees, on poles, along the ground. Communications. And now with the Germans through the crust and the wires cut, nobody knew anything. To make it worse, paratroopers were down, nobody knew where, in American uniforms and captured American vehicles.

THE General was trying to get back to Paris, but travel was rugged. The command car was stopped at every crossroads. Twice the General was haled to a command post for identification. The GIs were nervous and trigger-happy. S/Sgt Murray kept a tommy gun across his knees in the front seat, though probably he was too sick to use it.

It was along in late afternoon of the third day of the Push that they ran into the two Air Corps officers. They'd heard about Air Corps brass jeeping around looking at bombing results when the drive started and now trying to get back. Pvt Pratt was driving through the hills, with night coming on when he rounded a curve and saw two officers bending over the hood of a jeep. Instead of helmets, these two officers wore very beat-up garrison caps.

"Better stop and see if we can help," the General said.

"Yes, sir. What if they're Krauts?"

"Krauts? They're Air Corps," the General said, as if making a subtle distinction. "Look at those hats! If an officer in my command appeared in a hat like that— Have your gun ready just in case, sergeant," he told S/Sgt Murray.

"Yez, zir," S/Sgt Murray said miserably.

Both officers at the jeep saluted snappily. One was a colonel and one was a major. "Fired on by some GI from the trees, sir," the colonel said. "He recognized us and scrammed."

"Trigger-happy, sir," the major said.

"See if it's something you can fix, Pratt," the General said.

A line of bullet holes ran across the windshield of the jeep and through the rear of the canvas top. Pvt Pratt tried the starter, then looked at the engine; the distributor cap was off and the rotor gone; bullets had shattered a spark plug and punctured the radiator hose.

"Nothing I can do, sir."

"Glad to give you a lift, gentlemen," the General said. "We're all going to Paris." He was feeling better about the Air Corps already because the colonel and the major had revealed they were both old Regular Army GIs like himself. And so for the next hour or so the brass spun yarns about what a sad state the Army had come to with all these civilians in uniform.

THEY stopped for the night with an artillery outfit bivouacked in a deserted French village. The General told Pvt Pratt to have the car ready at seven next morning.

"Sir, can I talk with you in private?"

"Well—yes," the General said, surprised. They went over by a blasted wall. "What is it?"

"Sir, there's something funny about them Air Corps officers."

"Funny? All Air Corps officers are fu—they're different from us. It's the hats. What do you mean, Pratt?"

"Why would the rotor of their jeep be gone, sir?"

"Rotor of their jeep. What *is* a rotor of a jeep?"

"It's a gadget that goes inside the distributor. It's gone, sir."

"What are you trying to say?"

"Well, sir, I just know there's something funny on account of that rotor being gone."

"Are you keeping me from supper to talk about the rotor of a jeep? I'm glad you're on the ball but, after all, I'm hungry."

PVT PRATT had chow and laid out his blankets on a dry spot of the lower floor of a ruined house.

"Hey, Pratt." A flashlight was in his face. "Sorry to bother you, old man, but there's an Air Corps bombing target over here just a few kilometers and the General said you'd drive us."

So Pvt Pratt followed the two Air Corps officers. They had to get overcoats from their quarters and asked him upstairs to warm up a bit. Then the major pulled a bottle out of his bedroll and said, "On a night like this," offering it to Pvt Pratt.

"Sorry, sir. I'm on duty."

"Duty and be damned. This is a favor you're doing for the Air Corps. Relax, Pratt. Sit down. Here, use this box." He waved an arm about the room, which was toasty hot from a red-bellied stove. "This is Air Corps territory, Mac, and we do it different. . . . Say, Colonel, couldn't we swing a transfer? I hate to see a good man like Pratt stuck in the ground troops."

"Don't know why not, Major. Don't know why not. . . . Pratt, the General told us what you'd been doing. And a buck private! Here, take a drink, or do you want me to make it an order?"

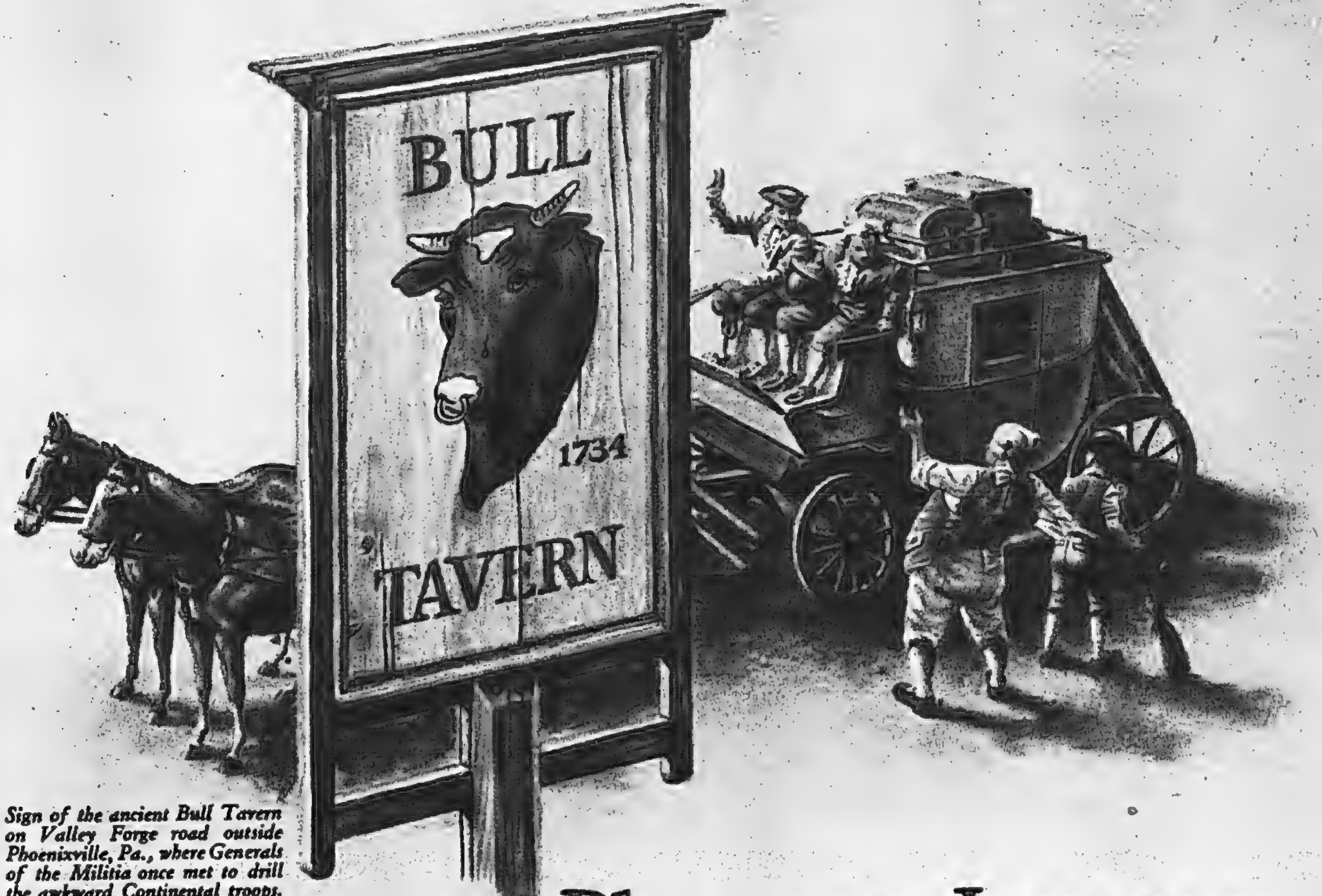
The colonel grinned good-naturedly; Pvt Pratt mumbled thanks, and took a pull from the bottle. It was bourbon, bottled in bond, stuff he hadn't tasted in years. Liquid fire warmed his gullet.

It was the first time Pvt Pratt had got really warm for thirteen days. The Air Corps officers treated him as one of them. They sat around passing the bottle and chatting, and the officers didn't seem in any hurry. By coincidence the major had come from Pratt's home town, Los Angeles, and the colonel had been there. They talked about back home and about a transfer to the Air Corps. Yep, they did things different in the Air Corps, the colonel said; why, Pratt would be an officer in no time.

Now, sir, you are General of the Armies with five stars, and I don't know how long it's been since you

(*Continued on page 72*)

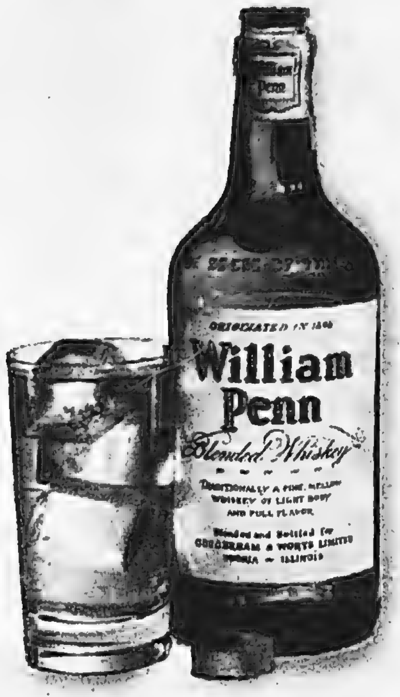
"Let's face it, *the street is going through, why buck City Hall?*" LIBERTY



*Sign of the ancient Bull Tavern on Valley Forge road outside Phoenixville, Pa., where Generals of the Militia once met to drill the awkward Continental troops.*

# Pleasant Journey

LONG AGO, when mail coaches rumbled on the turnpikes, your inn sign at sundown was pleasant to see. And millions today hold in like respect and affection the famous label on William Penn Whiskey. For it, too, signals the way to enjoyment. And no label ever identified a gentler inspirer of old-fashioned good cheer and hospitality. For bouquet and mellowness, *old-style,* always point to the label reading William Penn Whiskey.



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(*Continued from page 70*)

were a GI, if ever, but I hope you realize that such talk to a buck private is far more intoxicating than bourbon, and Pvt Pratt was being plied heavily with both.

"Why, what you're doing on this trip is an officer's job," the major said.

"Absolutely!" the colonel boomed. "Without question! . . . Pratt, I'll bet you've got a grasp of the fighting front few officers could boast of. You've been on this tour, and now there's this big Kraut drive. What would you do, now, to throw the Jerries back?"

Pvt Pratt blinked. *"Me?* What would *I* do?"

"You're officer material. Forget you're a GI. You've been on this trip and you know your stuff. If you were Ike Eisenhower, just what would you do right now?"

Pvt Pratt considered. He reached for the bottle and took a pull. He got out a cigarette and puffed as the colonel snapped his lighter.

"Hard to explain," he said. "Got a pencil?"

The major whipped one from his jacket pocket. The colonel whipped a white tablet from his bedroll. The major swung a box in place as a desk. The three heads bent over it.

"Well, sirs, I'd do it this way," Pvt Pratt said.

The two officers were simply amazed at Pvt Pratt's grasp of things. They asked questions. What was this division doing here? How about reinforcements? Where was Patton? Tanks massed where—amazing!

PERHAPS an hour later the bottle was killed. The major had just opened a fresh one when the door burst open and the General barged in. Behind him came S/Sgt Murray.

Pvt Pratt leaped to attention.

"Pratt, consider yourself under arrest!"

"Yes, sir!"

"And you, gentlemen," the General said to the Air Corps officers, "I am sorry you are not under my jurisdiction. Plying my driver with whisky and using your rank to pump him on matters of military security! You will confine yourself to quarters until proper steps can be taken. . . . Sergeant, I won't forget this," he said to S/Sgt Murray.

"I only done my duty, sir," S/Sgt Murray said smugly. "When you asked about the car, I come up here to see if they was through with Pratt, and at the door I overheard conversation of a nature that I reported immediately—*sir!"* The last was a squeal.

The major and the colonel had drawn .45s from the holsters at their belts and were pointing them at the General, S/Sgt Murray, and Pvt Pratt.

"Shut that door!" the colonel snapped.

S/Sgt Murray obeyed with alacrity.

GEORGE WOLFE
LIBERTY

The General sputtered. "What in the devil is the meaning of all this?"

"Line up facing the wall, you American swine," the colonel said.

"We can't risk the shots," the major objected.

"That's right. . . . Get down on the floor, belly first."

Very soon the General and the two GIs were tied hand and foot, their mouths stuffed with socks held in place by handkerchiefs tied tightly around their heads, and the major and colonel were gone. The General lay glaring at Pvt Pratt and mumbling unintelligible remarks through his gag that needed no words to convey their meaning.

When the officer of the day arrived about midnight with two MPs, he found the three of them still securely hog-tied. The officer of the day explained that two bodies, stripped of uniforms, had been uncovered in the woods near the disabled jeep. Buried with the bodies were two German parachutes.

The General was embarrassed. To be hog-tied by two Kraut paratroopers was bad enough; worse, the General himself had picked up the Germans and had been impatient with his driver when the driver had attempted to tell him about vague suspicions. But his duty was clear.

"Put my driver under arrest and incommunicado," he ordered as the socks were pulled from his mouth.

The two MPs grabbed Pvt Pratt and hustled him outside. Pvt Pratt had been untied, but he still was gagged. He went to the stairs peacefully enough, and then, with a lunge, he tripped one MP down the stairs and, bending over, flung the other over his shoulder atop the first. The officer of the day clawed at his pistol holster but crashed into the wall as Pvt Pratt sent him spinning with a shoulder block and charged back down the hall. The General turned, saw the madman entering, clawing at the gag with numb fingers, and, for the instant, the General allowed human reactions to overcome the dignity of his rank. His entire two hundred pounds left the floor, and when he crashed down, the fall was cushioned by the private beneath him. The MPs and the officer of the day returned disheveled and mortified and plainly anxious to get this guy outside. With a desperate effort of numb fingers Pvt Pratt pulled down the gag. He spat out the socks, and cried, "Sir! I knew they were paratroopers all the time!"

In practically no time at all Pvt Pratt was standing under a bank of lights in a room whose walls were covered with huge maps. Seated in the dimness beyond were vague shapes from whose shoulders came the gleam of much brass.

With a pointer and a big map, and a piece of chalk and a big blackboard, Pvt Pratt explained in detail the information he had given the enemy. From the brass came many sharp questions at first, then the questions became fewer; after awhile there were merely low chuckles.

"And that, sirs," Pvt Pratt concluded, "is it. I'm only a buck private, but I'm telling you, sirs—if the German High Command uses any part of that royal snafu I outlined, we've got nothing to worry about. They'll run into every strong point and miss the weak ones."

And now, sir, we all know the results of the Ardennes Push. The Krauts were stopped cold in the drive south from Echternach, toward Sedan. To the north they smacked their heads against St. Vith. Down the middle they hit Bastogne, which held until Patton broke through to relieve it.

PVT PRATT was held in custody until the shape of the German attack was plain. Then he was released and reported to General Forge.

"Sit down, Pratt."

"Thank you, sir." Pvt Pratt sat down, and then he blinked. S/Sgt Murray came in, handed the general a paper, and went out. The former S/Sgt Murray, that is. It was now Master Sergeant Murray.

"I just wanted to thank you for what you did, Pratt. But how did you know those men were Krauts?"

"The rotor of the jeep, sir."

"Rotor?"

"Yes, sir. You remember I mentioned it to you."

"H'mm! Yes, yes; go on," the General said, slightly miffed.

"If you're going to leave a vehicle unattended, you always take the rotor out. Then it'll be there when you get back. We even do it here in Paris, sir. Now, these two Krauts said they was driving along and somebody opened up on 'em."

"We saw bullet holes."

"Yes, sir, put there later. Funny nobody got hurt, wasn't it? Them Krauts couldn't make the jeep run and they thought maybe it was some little thing they'd ought to know how to fix if they was the real McCoy, so they shot through the windshield and put some slugs into the engine. But what kept the jeep from running was the rotor. It was gone. If they'd taken the rotor out, they'd have put it back in. You see, sir?"

"H'mm," the General said, still miffed. A general by habit and training rarely enjoys having something explained to him by a buck private.

"The way I figure it now, the real Air Corps officers had parked the jeep and took out the rotor and gone in the woods for something. Maybe they wanted to heat up some rations or grab some sleep. And the Kraut paratroopers killed 'em and took their uniforms. I figure—"

"Never mind what you figure, Pratt," the General grumphed.

"Yes, sir. Well, when I figured—when I suspected them guys didn't belong to that jeep, I watched other things. Remember how smart they saluted when we came up? That ain't strictly Air Corps, sir, not salutes like that. A real Air Corps colonel sort of scratches his ear or wipes a speck of dust from his eyes—they don't go in for snappy saluting. But the biggest thing was they called the Air Corps the Air Corps. Why, sir, guys in the Air Corps call it the Air *Force*."

"Er—h'mm—you're right, there. But now look here, Pratt! Why did you try to handle this yourself? Why didn't you report to me?"

"I didn't figure it all out at once, sir. There was just that rotor at first. But when they got me up in the room and started working on me—why, sir, I was secretary to the president of the Eureka Oil Company. I know how to soften up a client. So why was I being softened up? So I knowed they was phonies."

"H'mm," the General growled. "Very good, Pratt. Very good. I have arranged for your transfer."

"Transfer, sir?"

"You're too good a man to be a vehicle driver. I'm having you transferred where your abilities can be realized."

"Why, thank you, sir. Thanks a million, sir."

AND next thing you know, Pvt Pratt was transferred to Intelligence as a file clerk, buried to his chin in papers. Siberia, the boys in the file section called it, and they asked him, "Oscar, what'd you do to get exiled here?"

"Just the breaks," Pvt Pratt admitted sadly. "I proved I was smarter than a general."

"Breaks, hell!" they cried. "Any GI who shows up a general is just plain crazy! Boy, you must be bucking for a Section Eight!"

4. And now, sir, that you have the full facts, I hope there will be no more quibbling about who won World War II.

5. As for Pvt Pratt, he is not after glory.

*a.* He just wants to put the record straight, settle the issue, and have credit given where credit is due.

*b.* In fact, Pvt Pratt would not even accept a decoration for what he did, namely, to win the war singlehanded.

(1) Unless, that is, it was something really worth while. A man who has won the war, naturally wouldn't want to cheapen the feat with a measly Bronze Star or something. Pvt Pratt would, however, accept the Congressional Medal of Honor, if urged.

6. And, sir, if this letter is not exactly in military form, I hope you will forgive me. Since getting discharged a year ago I have done my best to forget many Army details. Too, my experience there was as a vehicle driver and a file clerk in Intelligence, positions which did not involve the writing of military correspondence.

Yours sincerely,
/s/ Oscar Pratt
/t/ Oscar Pratt
Former Private,
Army of the U. S.

THE END

JIM DIVED INTO TROUBLE BUT THEN...
HELP! QUICK! SHE'LL DROWN!
EQUIPPED WITH FACE-MASK AND SPRING DRIVEN HARPOON, SUE DRISCOLL HAD ENJOYED HER FIRST TRY AT FLORIDA "GOGGLE-FISHING" UNTIL HER FRANTIC QUARRY SNARLED THE HARPOON LINE, TRAPPING HER IN DEEP WATER...
HOPE WE DON'T COME UP UNDER MY BOAT
SHE'LL BE OKAY NOW, BUT WE'D BETTER GET HER HOME
THAT'S OUR PLACE ON THE POINT
WHAT HAPPENED, SON?
SIS ALMOST DROWNED, BUT THIS MAN SAVED HER
I APPRECIATE THE INVITATION, SIR, BUT I'VE BEEN ROUGHING IT AND...
AS A GRATEFUL FATHER, I INSIST. LET'S GET YOU FRESHENED UP..
SHAVING'S A CINCH WITH THIS BLADE, SIR! MY FACE FEELS GREAT!
YES, THIN GILLETTES ARE PLENTY KEEN
..AND AFTER FOUR YEARS IN THE ARMY, I'M UNDECIDED ABOUT RETURNING TO WAYBURN U.
WAYBURN! WHY THAT'S MY SCHOOL. I DO HOPE YOU COME BACK
FOR QUICK EASY SHAVES...GOOD-LOOKING AND REFRESHING...USE THIN GILLETTES. THEY'RE THE KEENEST, LONGEST-LASTING BLADES IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD. ALSO THEY FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR TO A "T" AND PROTECT YOUR FACE FROM THE HARSH, IRRITATING EFFECT OF MISFIT BLADES. ASK FOR THIN GILLETTE BLADES
THAT THIN GILLETTE SHAVE TURNED THE TRICK
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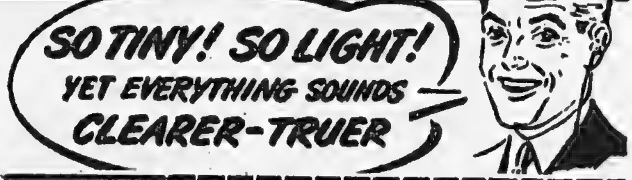

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Street____________________
City________________State________

## TEN WAYS TO LABOR PEACE

Continued from Page 15

ciples and practices of sound collective bargaining, or else this process would be unworkable.

The fact that it is workable and can be made a constructive economic instrument is evidenced by the thousands of cases where unions and companies co-operate to the mutual benefit of both parties and the general public. There are currently some 55,000 union contracts in operation throughout the United States, and about 15,000,000 American workers are organized in unions.

From my experiences and observations. I would like to draw a few conclusions concerning the prerequisites of sound collective bargaining.

At the outset we must appreciate that there is no simple, magic formula which will produce the clear-cut answer to harmonious labor-management relations. Although there is no set pattern of "good behavior," I believe that there are at least ten attitudes and practices which contribute to compatible and successful collective bargaining. In fact, where this process is working harmoniously, you will find that both union and management abide by these principles.

LET us begin with the sincerity of intention to bargain collectively. Lip service is a prolific feature of, but hardly a contribution to, collective bargaining. All too frequently management and labor look at the collective bargaining process largely in terms of what can be forced down the other fellow's throat, and consequently the process doesn't produce beneficial results.

Collective bargaining can't justify itself as a valuable economic instrument merely by erecting a bulwark of working-class force to pit against the force and strength of the employer. The equalization of "power," *per se*, between workers and management may minimize certain abuses found in individual bargaining, but hardly establishes a sound basis for genuine copartnership.

It is probably true that the average business man would prefer to conduct his enterprise without the presence of unions. We all find it easier to make decisions and plan our activities when we have only ourselves to please. However, the rank and file of entrepreneurs accept competition as a way of life that is good for the economic system and capable of producing more benefits than evils.

So, too, we must regard collective bargaining as a way of life and an integral part of this thing we call free enterprise under a democratic process. The challenge is to accept it genuinely and make it work effectively. It must not be accepted just because the law of the land says it is legal. But rather it must be accepted as a characteristic feature of the twentieth-century industrial fabric.

*FAIRNESS, firmness, and moderation are essential ingredients of management's practical approach to sincerity in collective bargaining.*

This brings up the question of responsibility by both parties. For a contract means little if entered into by persons who are not, and possibly do not intend to be, responsible for their bargains.

The average labor contract is filled with negative statements defining what "can't be done." Analyze many contracts and you will find that all types of so-called "protective clauses"—to protect union security, union rights, to protect management's rights and management's position—are largely the result of both parties' suspicion of each other and of two parties bargaining over their "rights" rather than their functions and responsibilities.

This is indeed a most undesirable and negative approach to the major issue of contractual responsibility —and a contract not based upon mutual responsibility is just a piece of paper.

It is high time that both management and labor begin to think more clearly of their individual responsibilities to each other and not merely of their individual rights—and, at the same time, to recognize their respective valid functions.

A union contract is a business contract and, like any sound business contract, must not be a one-way street. Furthermore, a contract once entered into is binding upon both parties. At the end of the contract there will be an opportunity to make corrections.

Court action is not a desirable solution to violated labor contracts, and this avenue of protection or correction should exist only as a last resort.

Very frequently both sides set up a "bargaining reserve" by overstating their demands or proposing a great many issues not particularly relevant to the true situation. The issues, as they often come into being, are far from what each side wants and is willing to give. The result is the most extreme type of horse trading.

Labor and management each must be willing to support its demands with an honest and genuine supply of facts. Furthermore, both the union and the company should be more open with each other in furnishing genuine and pertinent facts and information. Actually, management and unions are frequently deficient in basic evidence to justify their claims.

Only by the full display and discussion of all pertinent facts can collective bargaining be taken out of the atmosphere of inconclusive, and often unworkable, compromises made to overexpressed demands and understated offers. Poker-playing bluff and techniques should be eliminated from the bargaining table.

However, before this kind of close harmony can prevail, the union must prove its responsibility, its integrity of leadership, and its sincerity of purpose, while management must demonstrate its honesty of purpose, its genuine sense of co-operation, and its acceptance of collective bargaining.

Collective bargaining relations very frequently break down under the pressure of conflicting areas of jurisdiction, the fourth station on our way to industrial peace. Management often becomes irritated by the inroads which unions seemingly wish to make upon so-called executive authority and rights. The fact is that, under collective bargaining, business is not conducted "as usual." The coming of a union does alter some of the traditional decision-making authority of management, but this by itself does not undermine the fundamental rights and functions of management.

That management has undeniable functions to perform in our type of economic system is self-evident. However, without the copartnership of labor, these functions are valueless. Under genuine collective bargaining this copartnership can become a productive reality. The collective bargaining process would be immeasurably improved by two steps:

First, if both unions and management would talk and think of their respective "functions" rather than their respective "rights."

Second, if the union and management in a given plant, and industry, could and would establish a workable and sound definition of their respective functions and of mutual or joint functions. Within the boundaries of these areas of functions we might then proceed with effective bargaining on the details of good employer-employee relations.

And good employer-employee relations, our fifth point, mean far more than the periodic negotiations of contracts. The negotiation and signing of a contract may be the dramatic high light, but the day-to-day relationships between management and workers are the warp and woof of effective collective bargaining.

AMONG the essential facilities required for good year-round, day-to-day relations are: (1) effective grievance machinery; (2) an arbitration process to settle differences within the framework of the contract which are not resolved by mutual consent; (3) the effective use of labor-management committees on areas of problems where this joint approach has a valid basis of operation; (4) an industrial relations structure which offers adequate reward for work done, which recognizes the status of the union in the

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social pattern of the modern factory with its complex fabric of craft-and job-consciousness and its hierarchy of authority, and which is compatible with the motives and aspirations of workers and the individual's attitude toward his job.

*Industrial relations should be recognized by management—with or without unions—as a technical and indispensable function of top policy-making executives. The same amount of skill, judgment, and professional know-how is required in this task as in solving the production, sales, and financial problems of the enterprise.*

Below the ranks of top executives, every business enterprise has layers of supervisors who are the "noncommissioned officers" of management. These "corporals and sergeants" are on the daily firing line of industrial relations, and if they are not fully and adequately trained in good employer-employee relations, the best-negotiated contracts will produce unsatisfactory or bad results. By analogy, every business man will recognize the waste and imperfections of an excellently planned sales campaign if the salesmen in the field are inadequately equipped for their assignments. Top management must give time and attention to the professional welding of an integrated industrial relations organization throughout all strata of its enterprise. Unions must present capable and qualified stewards and union representatives.

THIS brings us to the acceptance and recognition of productivity as the basis for wages and employee benefits. Each business, large or small, is an income-producing unit, and the size of this income determines the benefits to be received by all the co-operating elements. Wage structures must be related to the productivity of the workers and not depend fundamentally upon the bargaining strength of the union or company. Labor leaders must not only recognize the equation of wages to productivity, but must sell the concept of rising productivity to their constituents.

As a plant, as an industry, and as a nation, we can raise the real wages of workers only by producing more of the goods and services which satisfy human wants. Individual efforts to restrain productivity are unsound as a policy of economic enterprise and benefit specific groups only at the expense of the total economy.

Another important phase of collective bargaining is the adequate presentation of cases. Frequently during negotiations, either the labor side or the management side, or both, is so poorly and inexpertly presented that the best bargaining is impossible. Individual firms and unions should apply the research techniques and practices, so fruitful to other phases of business, to their studies of wages and other labor relations problems. Too often these issues are approached with preconceived ideas and emotional thinking rather than with studied, scientific information.

Both labor and management also must stop undermining each other. In order to gain short-range advantages, both sides frequently engage in tactics which have a profoundly bad long-range effect.

Finally, so long as there is a governmental agency with authority and power to determine and settle issues and lay down the formula for each case, each side will point its claims toward this agency and not engage in genuine and responsible collective bargaining. Labor-management relations must be taken away from the environment and atmosphere of bureaucratic determination and settled within the walls of industry.

In viewing the application of these ten prerequisites, neither labor nor management has any right to point an accusing finger at the other. The collective bargaining process is a two-way street, and both parties must observe the "traffic rules" and not attempt to crowd the other fellow off the road.

THE END

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## THE MILLION-DOLLAR S-Q-U-E-A-K

Continued from Page 20

and the host puts out his cigarette. Suddenly Hi Brown stops drinking from his thermos of hot tea, throws the first cue, and the show is under way.

The organ plays a few *misterioso* chords. The door squeaks open. The host puts a sneer into his voice, and begins, "Good evening, friends of the Inner Sanctum. This is your host, inviting you in through the Squeaking Door. I've just had the place done over . . . in blood red . . . and everybody thinks it's gore-geous. Notice that corpse-white chair over in the corner . . . and those drapes of wrath. I had the whole job done by that man who does those wonderful morgues. Don't you notice his fine Italian hand . . . in the arm of that sofa? But one touch is really my own. That's dear old grandpa—hanging over the fireplace."

He punctuates each quip with his ghastly chuckle. When the commercial has come and gone, he says, "Now, turn the lights down low . . . curdle close to the fire . . . and get ready to hear a story that's a real chiller-diller. Remember, if your flesh crawls, step on it before it gets away." The organ swoops in with suspense chords and the story begins.

WITH the exception of the guest stars, big names from Hollywood and Broadway, most of the same actors appear on Inner Sanctum week after week. They are all versatile performers and any one of them is accustomed to playing any type of role, including double roles in the same play. The radio audience rarely catches on, with the exception of one faithful listener, the blind pianist, Alec Templeton. His acuteness to sound is astounding. As soon as the broadcast is finished, Templeton phones in to name each actor and to tell which one played which role.

So far he has never been wrong.

Approximately once a month a celebrity appears on Inner Sanctum. The most unlikely star ever to come to Inner Sanctum was mild-mannered Victor Moore. He played a gentle gardener who loved his flowers and couldn't bear to see them hurt. However, he had no objection to killing young ladies. He plunged his pruning shears into the lovely throats of girl after girl, and then buried them in his garden.

Inner Sanctum was born five years ago when Carter's Little Liver Pills wanted to go on the air and asked Hi Brown if he had a program for them. Hi had a series of scripts called The Creaking Door. They were routine detective stories, but the Liver Pill people liked them. However, they felt that the program title wasn't dignified enough. Hi had been noticing Simon & Schuster's Inner Sanctum book ads with a gnome peeking out from behind a book. The name intrigued him and Carter's thought it nice and dignified, so a deal was made with Simon & Schuster. But after seven weeks of detective stories. Hi got a yen to do something different. He had just received a script in which there was a torture rack, three murders, a poisoner, and a dozen screams. It appealed to his sense of humor. He put it on and held his breath, not knowing how people would react. Two days later came a deluge of fan mail. They loved it, wanted more.

************ ★ ************

> **An old adage says, "Be good and let who will be clever." But today you've got to be clever in order to be good!**
>
> *—Shep Standard.*

**************************

And thus was born the first sponsored horror show.

Then came the creation of the host. The first one was Raymond Johnson, a tall thin individual with a sinister air and a chuckle that sounded promisingly spooky. But he had to be trained, because the host is a difficult role to play. There has to be a great deal of the verbal lifted eyebrow, the shrugged shoulder, and other exaggerations that must sound casual. Hi Brown found a peculiar way to coach Johnson. He suddenly remembered that Yiddish is rich in offhand satire, and he sent Johnson out to the Yiddish vaudeville houses to memorize the inflections that he heard. Then he had Johnson read the host's lines with a Yiddish accent. When that had sunk in, he simply eliminated the accent and the host was born.

As time went on, the host grew into a personality of more importance than a mere commentator on the play that was being performed. Apparently he lived a life of his own behind the Squeaking Door.

The role seemed to affect his personality. Before that he had been a serious actor. Now he was the host, a gruesome jester who held court one night a week. It began to change his everyday conduct at home. He would frighten visitors by making Inner Sanctum remarks about their coffins, and chuckling till their nerves were raw. He would go into a restaurant and order "breast of ghost with ectoplasm sauce." His wife, being an actress, understood perfectly, but strangers would listen to him and walk away with a dazed, panicky look in their eyes. Then a peculiar and unhostlike thing happened to Raymond Johnson. He was drafted.

THE next and present host is Paul McGrath, a slender distinguished man who looks like a matinee idol. So far the role doesn't seem to have touched his life, but Brown insists that there is a different look in his handsome Irish eyes lately.

Brown also had his troubles when it came to getting scripts. At the present, he has a stable of regular writers, any one of whom can turn out a script on a few days' notice. They know all the special Inner Sanctum rules and obey them instinctively. For example, they know that if a woman is going to kill a man with a poker, it is not enough to bash out his brains—no, he must be hit at least five times more than is necessary so that the listeners' sense of horror will be increased. In a recent story a writer had a woman decapitated, but in order to make the crime more vivid, he also had her three cats lose their heads too.

Of course the murderer always pays the penalty in the end, but it's not what you might call a happy ending, because the hero and heroine are rarely among the survivors.

Naturally a program like Inner Sanctum is besieged by crank mail. The most persistent crank was a woman who would phone some hours before each broadcast to demand that the program be kept off the air. She claimed that it set off vibrations in the atmosphere and gave her arthritis. She had a knack of getting to talk to even the busiest executives in CBS, people who have a flying wedge of secretaries to run interference for them. When she finally threatened to complain to the sponsor, things happened—just what, nobody knows—but her telephone calls stopped. Maybe she ran out of nickels, maybe the arthritis went away—or maybe she was dealt with in the traditional Inner Sanctum manner. Hi Brown isn't telling.

THE END

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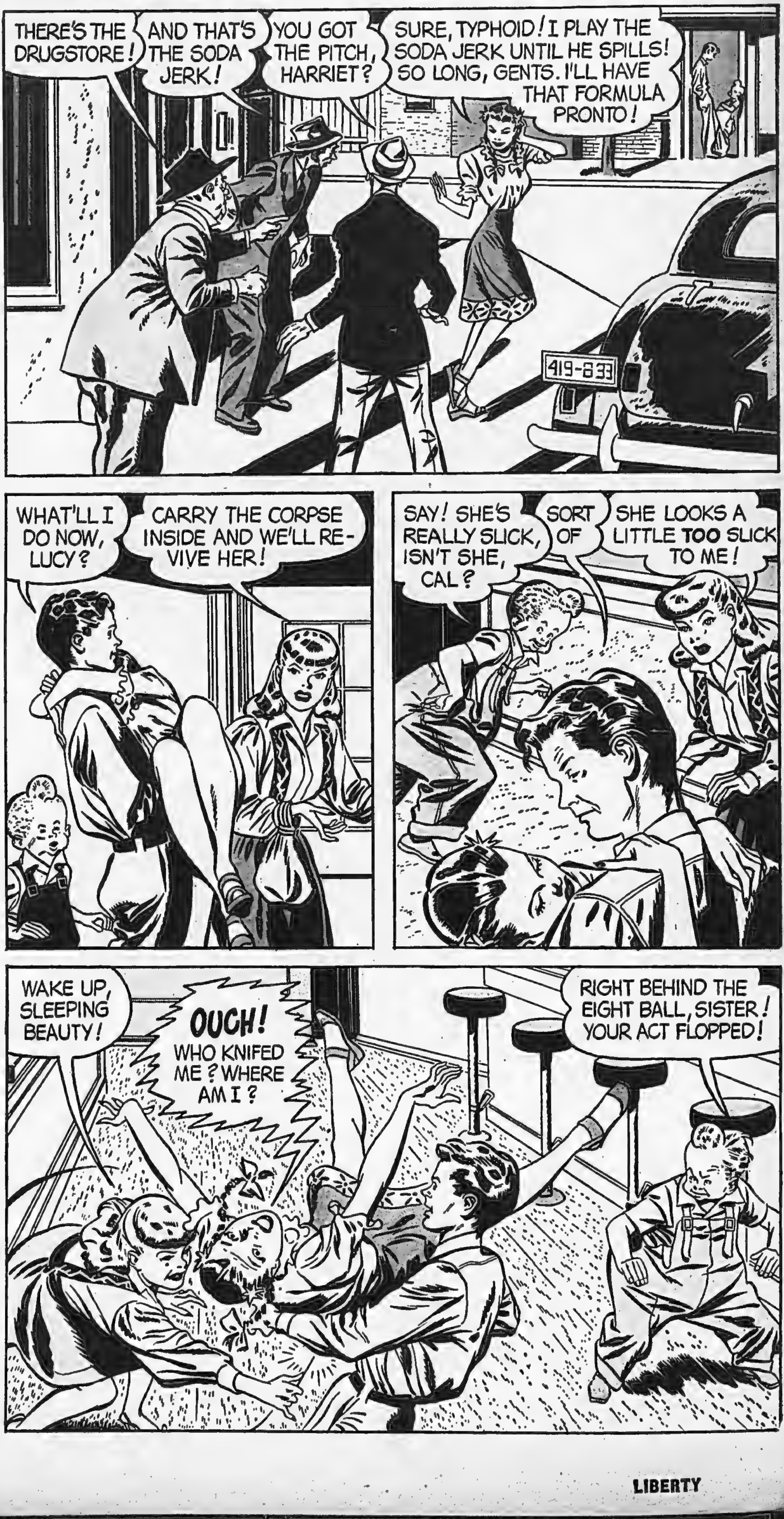
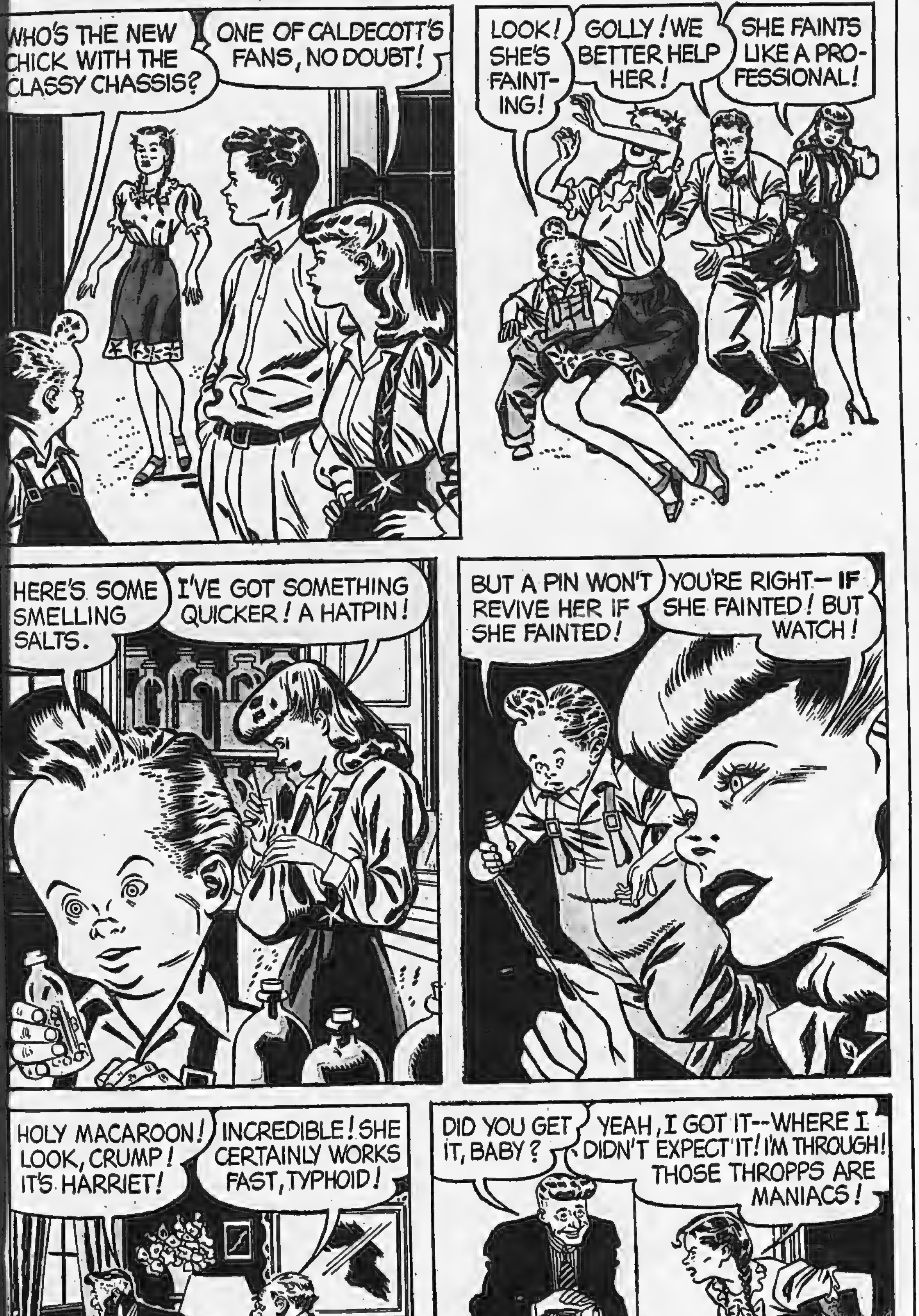


THERE'S THE DRUGSTORE!
AND THAT'S THE SODA JERK!
YOU GOT THE PITCH, HARRIET?
SURE, TYPHOID! I PLAY THE SODA JERK UNTIL HE SPILLS! SO LONG, GENTS. I'LL HAVE THAT FORMULA PRONTO!
419-833
WHAT'LL I DO NOW, LUCY?
CARRY THE CORPSE INSIDE AND WE'LL REVIVE HER!
SAY! SHE'S REALLY SLICK, ISN'T SHE, CAL?
SORT OF
SHE LOOKS A LITTLE TOO SLICK TO ME!
WAKE UP, SLEEPING BEAUTY!
OUCH! WHO KNIFED ME? WHERE AM I?
RIGHT BEHIND THE EIGHT BALL, SISTER! YOUR ACT FLOPPED!

# FAMILY

*Written by* **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
*Illustrated by* **DONLOU**


WHO'S THE NEW CHICK WITH THE CLASSY CHASSIS?
ONE OF CALDECOTT'S FANS, NO DOUBT!
LOOK! SHE'S FAINTING!
GOLLY! WE BETTER HELP HER!
SHE FAINTS LIKE A PROFESSIONAL!
HERE'S SOME SMELLING SALTS.
I'VE GOT SOMETHING QUICKER! A HATPIN!
BUT A PIN WON'T REVIVE HER IF SHE FAINTED!
YOU'RE RIGHT—IF SHE FAINTED! BUT WATCH!
HOLY MACAROON! LOOK, CRUMP! IT'S HARRIET!
INCREDIBLE! SHE CERTAINLY WORKS FAST, TYPHOID!
DID YOU GET IT, BABY?
YEAH, I GOT IT--WHERE I DIDN'T EXPECT IT! I'M THROUGH! THOSE THROPPS ARE MANIACS!

*Continued next week*

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Thousands have found relief from Psoriasis with Nelore Preparation. Nelore quickly softens and helps to remove the ugly scales of Psoriasis. It promotes healing—guards against infection. In seconds, Nelore relieves the itching due to many externally caused skin diseases. Act now. Get Nelore today in the $3.00 Economy size jar. Sold by Liggett's, Walgreen's and other leading drug stores—or send 60c for trial size to Nelore Co., 202E East Illinois St., Chicago 11, Ill. Use as directed. *Your Money Back* if you aren't satisfied.

## THE GREAT STAMPEDE

**Continued from Page 21**

back to work by mounting living costs and when they cease to draw unemployment insurance.

California's enthusiasts laugh off the unemployment and the possibility of a million jobless in the state by the year's end. Industry is coming to the state, they say, and soon there will be jobs for all. They will describe for as long as you'll listen the various industries which are developing there: General Motors is putting up an $3,000,000 Chevrolet assembly plant at Van Nuys; Ford is erecting a Mercury and Lincoln plant; Kaiser-Frazer has taken over the huge Douglas Aircraft factory at Long Beach. When production gets rolling, California will put together 650,000 cars a year compared with a prewar 210,000.

Continental Can, they continue, is constructing a plant at Sacramento; American Can is expanding its Los Angeles plant. International Business Machines is building a huge factory. A million dollars is being spent on a new plant for beds, springs, and metal furniture. A new radio factory is going in at Riverside; work is starting on two new refrigerator factories; General Electric has begun a fifty-seven-acre plant at San Jose; International Harvester is building a truck factory. Why, the people of Los Angeles County alone, they will tell you, need the entire output of factories producing 500 consumer items.

The most seriously limiting factor on California's industrial future is the economic axiom which says, in part, that access to raw materials is a factor governing industrial growth. Nowhere is this more aptly illustrated than in the Pacific Coast's war-fed baby steel industry, which will try to sustain itself through competitive peacetime operations.

ALTHOUGH there is some ore in the San Bernardino Mountains, the nearest coal to Henry Kaiser's Fontana steel mill is in Utah, 800 miles away. This also is the nearest coal to northern mills which also hope to survive. As a result, California steel costs a considerable premium to produce and, being no better than steel produced in Indiana or Alabama, isn't worth a cent more. It is, however, *in* California, which saves shipping costs, and for that quantity which can be processed more cheaply for local consumption there is a future. If that should amount to as much as 2 per cent of total capacity for the country, many Californians will be happily surprised.

California is now enjoying a real-estate boom which has created an infectious optimism and is astonishing in its proportions even to old-timers. Partly as an inflation hedge and partly because many people have more money than they know what to do with, speculation and investment in ceilingless real property have, along with housing needs, stimulated fantastic prices.

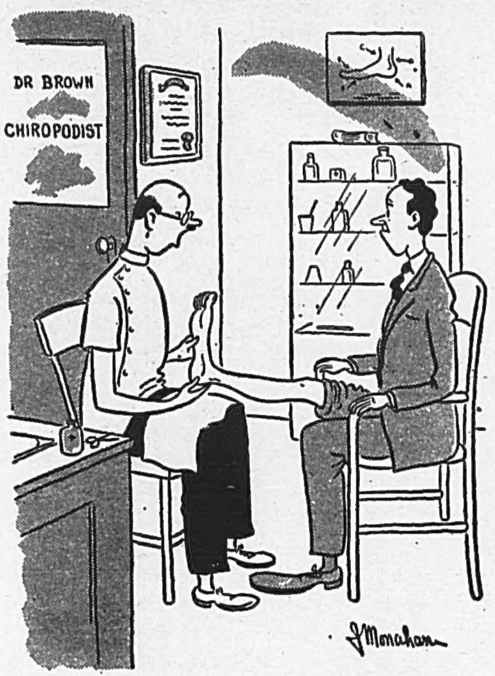
Houses which sold for $12,000 in 1939 today bring at least $36,000 and often more; second-rate orange groves bring $3,500 an acre, three times the prewar price, and sales of good groves are not unusual at $7,000 an acre. If oranges were solid gold, according to one old grower, no grove would be worth that much. "Ranch" homes in the popular San Fernando Valley, with no more land than three city lots, sell for $25,000 to $50,000. Unimproved five-acre tracts on the Mohave Desert, forty miles from a main highway and 150 miles from Los Angeles, sell for as much as $2,250. And, brother, they sell!

PRICES have spiraled to such an extent it is difficult to determine precisely what a property will bring. Under these conditions it is possible to sell at less than top price, something which a California real-estate salesman abhors. To remedy this situation a new technique has been introduced into the real-estate business by those whose observance of ethics is less than precise. Known as the "stairway" deal, it consists of getting a bona fide offer from the prospect, backed up by a cash deposit, and then telling him sorry, but the price is now somewhat higher. Scores of anxious buyers who failed to insist that price quotations be put in writing have been caught on this deal. Some have had the price stepped up twice on a single property before they finally got a deed. Owners and their unscrupulous agents aren't risking anything. If the prospect doesn't go for the higher price, they can step it down and accept his offer which is a binding contract. Until the boom breaks, thousands risk getting stuck with California real estate bought at inflated prices.

In addition to a swarm of encouraging statistics buzzing about their heads, Californians also live in the midst of innumerable plans which color their outlook and serve to hypo languishing civic interest. Almost any proposition, however ephemeral, which might be classed as an improvement is given a rousing welcome and, by some peculiar local alchemy, becomes at once a reality.

California newspapers assist the process. For instance, plans — not contracts, just plans—for a yacht harbor rate, with art, as much as five columns in a single metropolitan paper. Hecklers say that if when President Truman announced the atom bomb he had also praised California weather, every paper in the state would have played the climate comment as the lead story.

Just the same, California does have a climate that will have a major effect on its industrial future. For one thing, it will assure California an abundant labor supply. All the workers the state can support will gladly go there to live. It also will



"My regular fee is five dollars. I'll give you a special price of ten dollars."
LIBERTY

generate higher output per worker. Looking through rose-tinted glasses, it is easy to see that California's decentralization of industry spreads the workers' homes over large areas. That means they can have more space to live in. They can have back yards with gardens growing, in much of the state, the year around. They can see their kids going to good schools and thriving in out-of-doors, off-the-street activity. They can also live near their jobs and lose little time getting back and forth to work. All this means contented labor and adds up to more and better-made products per employee.

At the moment, however, this concept is as much vision as reality. Many industrial workers are, by Western standards, greatly overcrowded, with thousands living in trailers and shacks. It may be true, as Californians insist, that those conditions are temporary and will be corrected. Whatever action is taken, the climate will be there, doing everything a man could ask of it.

CLIMATE is having still a further stimulating effect on business and industry. It is attracting management. One of the largest drug chains has recently moved its executive offices from the east coast to California simply because its top executives want to live there. You can enjoy climate as much on $50,000 a year as you can on $50 a week, evidently, and big business in San Francisco and Los Angeles claims to get better executives for less money than comparable Eastern firms.

Because of its climate, California now leads the world in the manufacture of sportswear, a rich and growing industry. Its products' drawing power is tops with men, and with women second only to those of Parisian designers. Manufacturers in other states who want to stay in the sports-clothes picture may soon find themselves forced to move to California for the glamor which goes with that label. Its continued smart promotion may even ultimately attract to California huge chunks of New York's garment industry.

California's per capita income is high—$1,415 last year against a national average of $1,117. Wet blankets warn that 1945 was a year of war prosperity, and more typical would be 1939, when the average was $741. But that was still 40 per cent above the nation, and the average Californian's wage or salary that year was a whopping $1,581, second only to New York's $1,588. That puts California just about on top so far as standard of living goes—a major consideration for anyone looking for a place to settle. It doesn't satisfy the native sons, however. Even though living costs are climbing fast, they want it known that a California dollar will still buy more of what people want than a New York or even a Florida dollar. There is plenty of evidence to back this up: dull stuff like the number of automobiles owned and refrigerators and telephones per family.

More interesting is an example like the Lexas family.

FRANK LEXAS and his wife live in a suburb of San Diego. They have three acres of ground and a tiny bungalow. Schools and shopping centers are within walking distance.

Lexas is just an average man with a job and a family, but here is what the Lexases have on their place: 186 lemon trees, 46 lime, 6 orange, 2 grapefruit, 2 tangerine, 9 peach, 7 avocado, 1 sapote, 2 persimmon, 1 plum, 2 apricot, 2 almond, 1 loquat, 2 guava, 2 black walnut, and 2 English walnut. This orchard and nut grove pays a handsome return. But they have grapevines, too, and boysenberries, raspberries, blackberries, dewberries, tomatoes, lettuce, carrots, and other vegetables. And, believe it or not, they also raise chickens, geese, and ducks.

Obviously the Lexases are enjoying a bountiful living, in addition to Frank's salary. But Californians want you to know that even if they didn't raise their own, the Lexases would find fruit and vegetable costs low the year round. And, they add hastily, most houses don't need cellars or elaborate heating units, so are less expensive. Just the same, home-building costs today are from $7 to $8.50 a square foot (and even up to $10 to $12 on the black market).

With all its problems, California is nevertheless still a land of opportunity.

But if you plan to go there to stay, don't start without a place to live. Better take some cash along, too; at least enough to pay all your expenses for two or three months. The famed climate has one major flaw—you can't eat it.

THE END

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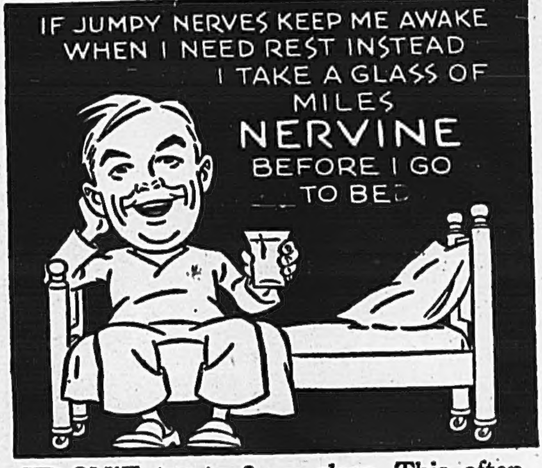
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SEPT. 21, 1946

PAUL HUNTER
*Publisher*
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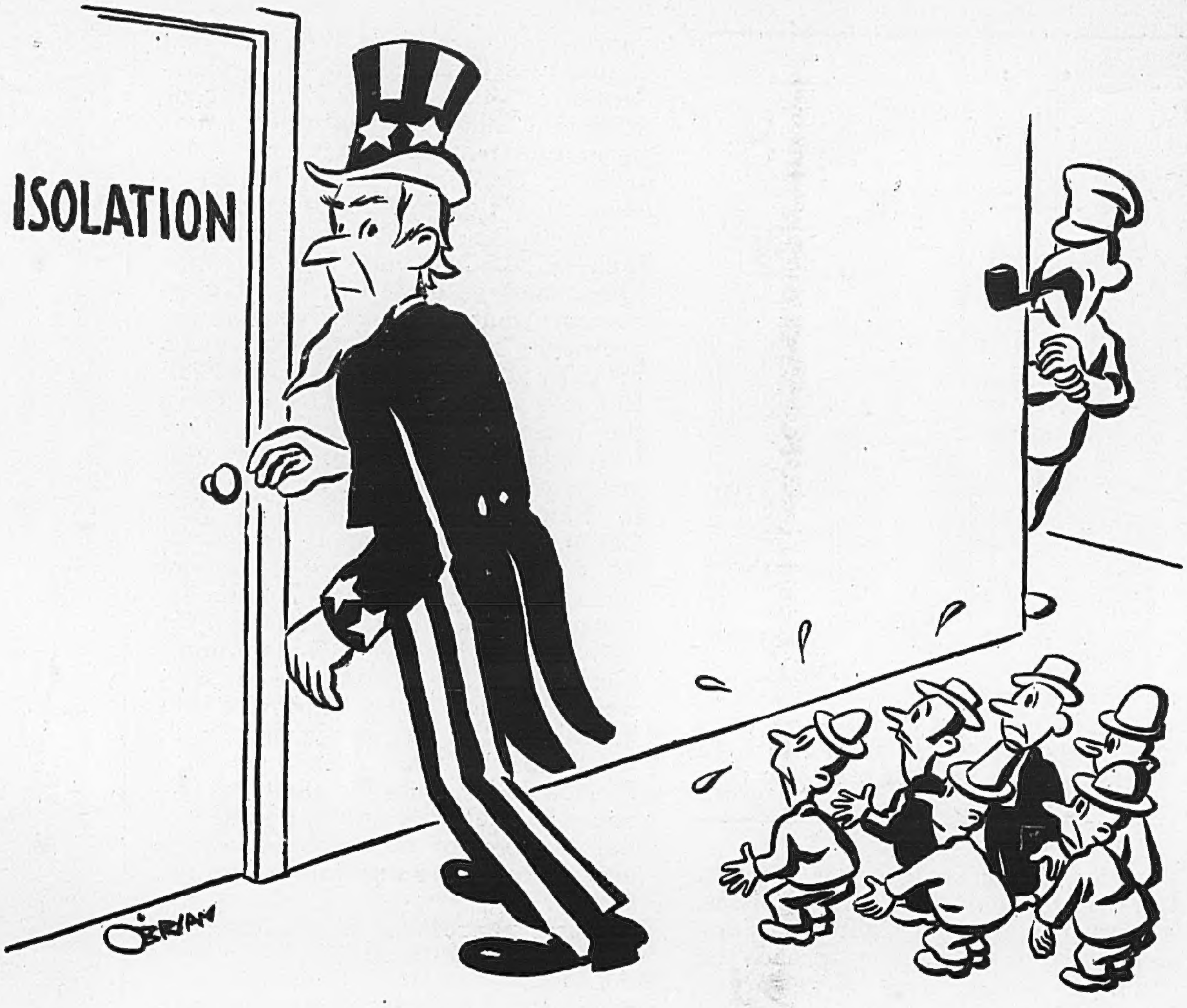
Liberty
... FOR ALL



# WE CAN'T RISK ISOLATION!

IT IS now only too evident that our alliance with Soviet Russia came to an end on V-J Day. Since then we have been rivals, not allies. Our interests, which were identical, have become opposed. It is unrealistic to pretend that the alliance continues. Those smaller nations who have cast their lot with Russia, either voluntarily or by Hobson's choice, also are our allies no longer. Russia, supported by these satellites, vies with us throughout the world for prestige, influence, and advantage both military and economic.

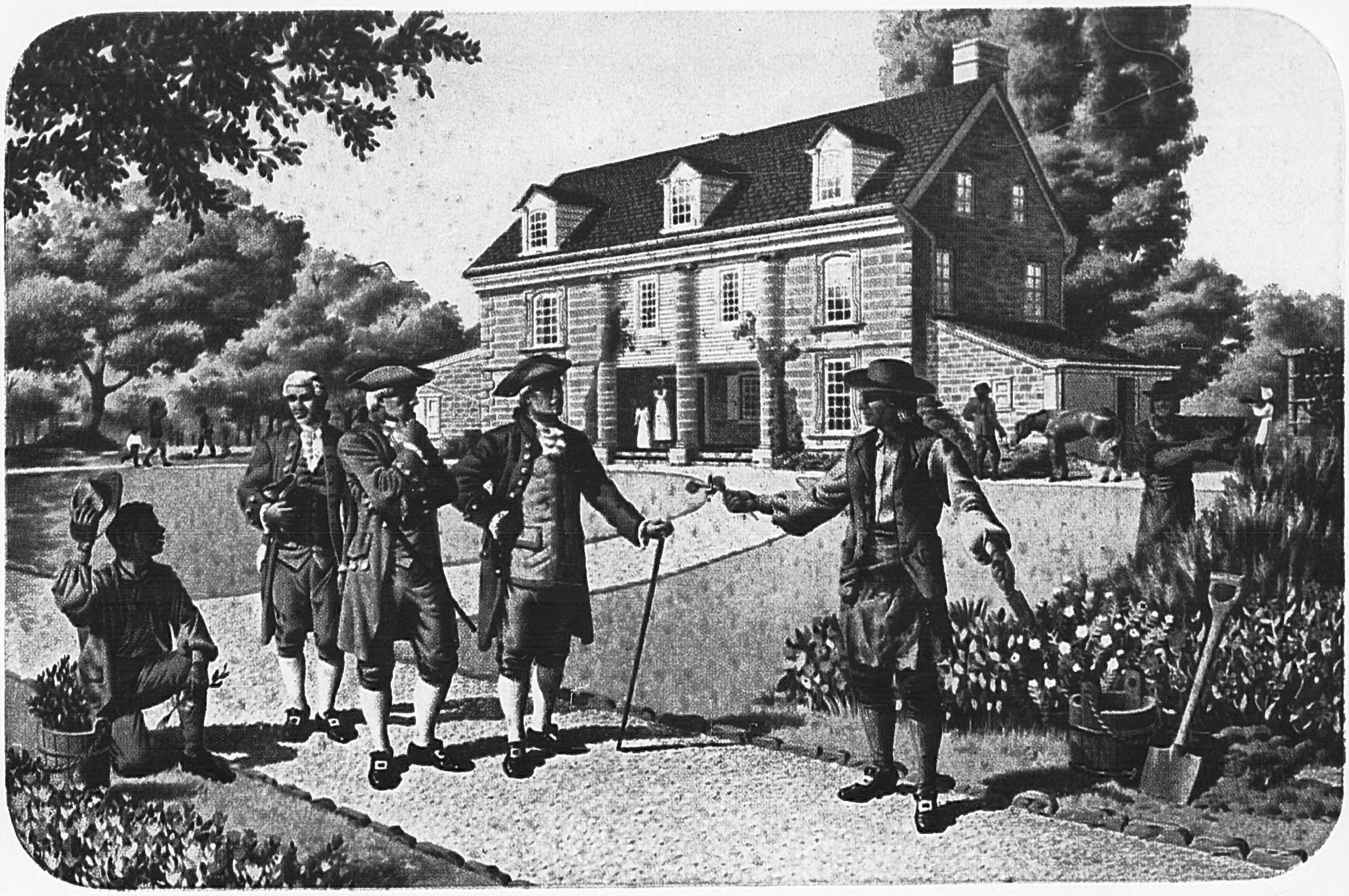
So what? Should we get alarmed about this and beat our breast? Competition, as Americans well know, is a great stimulant. Are we afraid of any Russia can dish out? The U. S. A. would soon grow fat in the head and complacent if we ever found ourselves unchallenged top dog in the world with all other nations fawning on us. Competition will keep us on our toes, alive to the trends of international politics and fit for whatever happens. And what happens might be war! It would be unutterably tragic, but sober thinking cannot rule out the possibility. It will take statesmanship of a high order to prevent the peaceful competition in which we are now engaged from turning into all-out military competition.

Meanwhile, the mistake we must not make is to allow disillusionment with Russia to cause us to revert to isolation. In fact, with Russia as a rival to our beliefs and way of life, it is all the more imperative that we continue to play the active role of leadership in world affairs which our size and power impose on us.

We, also, have a bloc of nations which looks to us for leadership. Ours is larger, more widespread, and more important. The nations of South America, western Europe, Africa, and the Middle and Far East are on our side. We must work with these nations, plan with them, help them, and act in concert with them. The Russians make and will continue to make strenuous efforts to win additional friends. Their propaganda is tireless; their maneuvering inexhaustible. If we abdicate our position, we'll make the Russians' job that much easier.

It would be a fatal error for America to return to isolation. We must become more international-minded than ever. We must counteract Russian efforts with intelligent propaganda and maneuvering of our own. This does not imply saber rattling or a chip-on-the-shoulder attitude toward the Soviets. We and our friends can live peacefully in the same world with Russia if we learn forbearance and mutual respect. The best way for us to achieve this is to have a clear idea of where we stand in the world and where we intend to remain standing—and to keep intact our friendship with all the nations which believe and think as we do.

Paul Hunter



JOHN BARTRAM IN HIS BOTANICAL GARDENS, WITH DE CREVECOEUR, FRENCH MAN-OF-LETTERS—PHILADELPHIA 1769*

## A HERITAGE TO REMEMBER

*"Read this kind epistle which the good Queen of Sweden, Ulrica, sent me a few years ago. Good woman! that she should think in her palace at Stockholm of John Bartram on the banks of the Schuylkill..."*

—IN "LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN FARMER" (1782)

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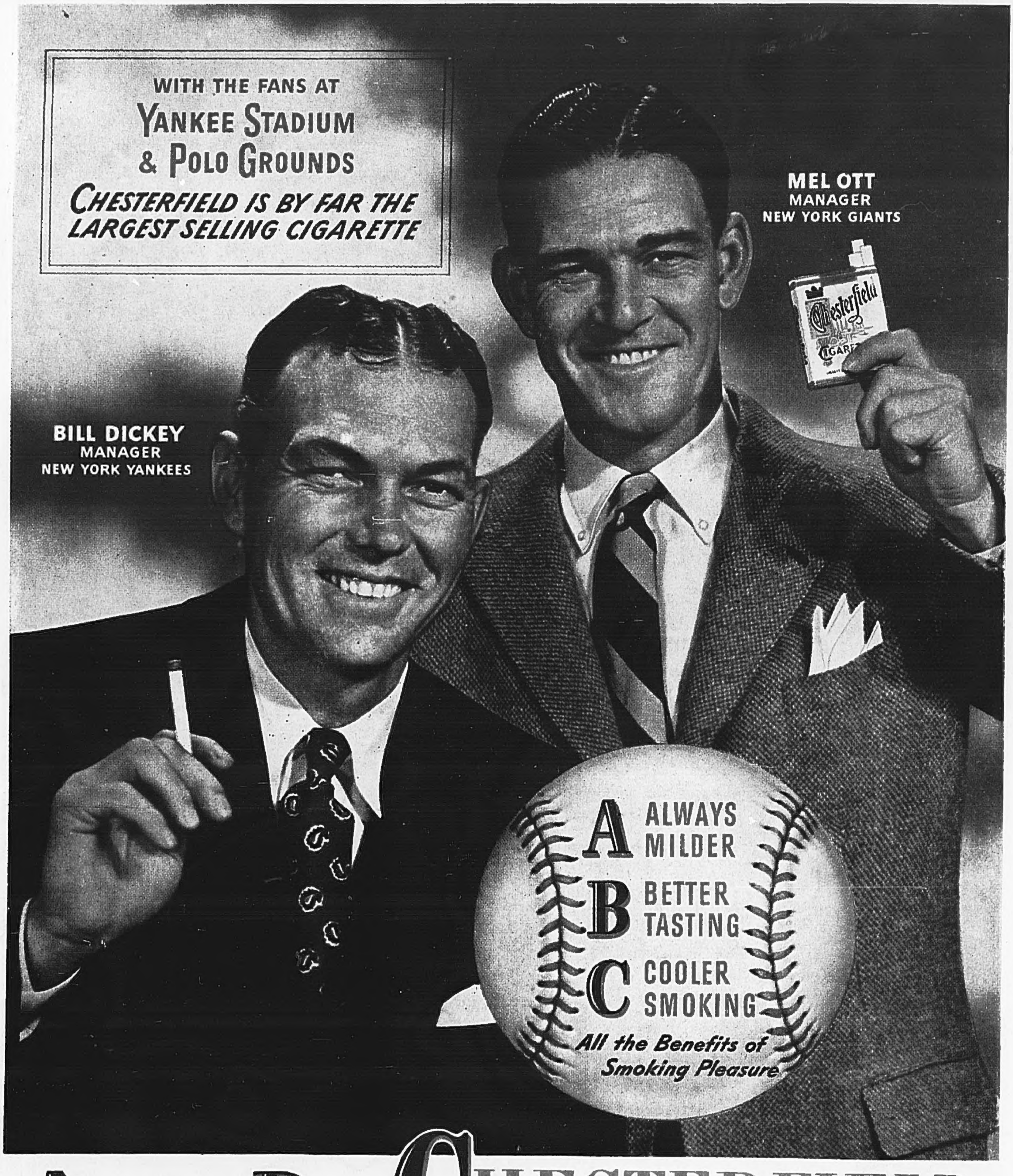
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